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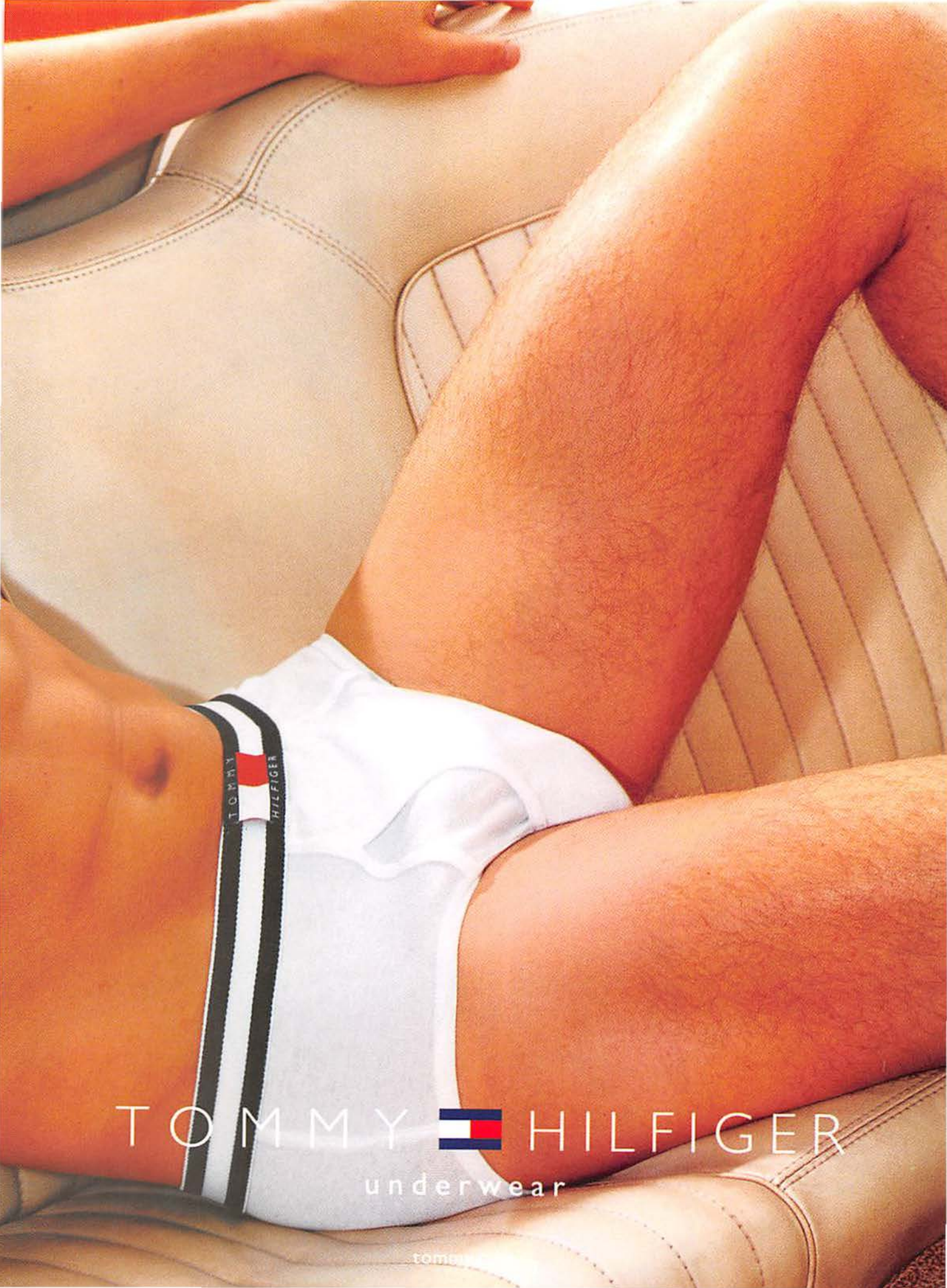
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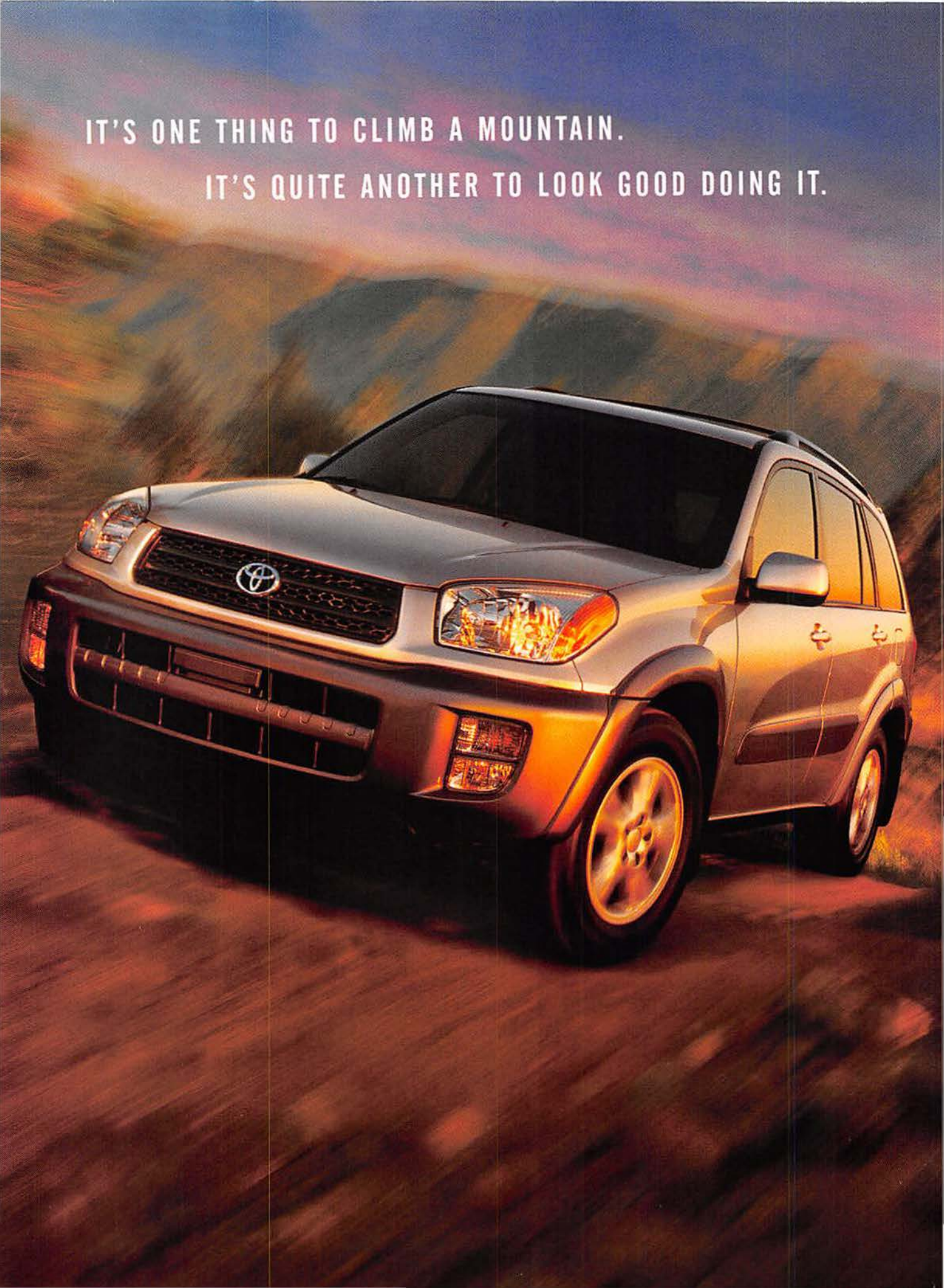
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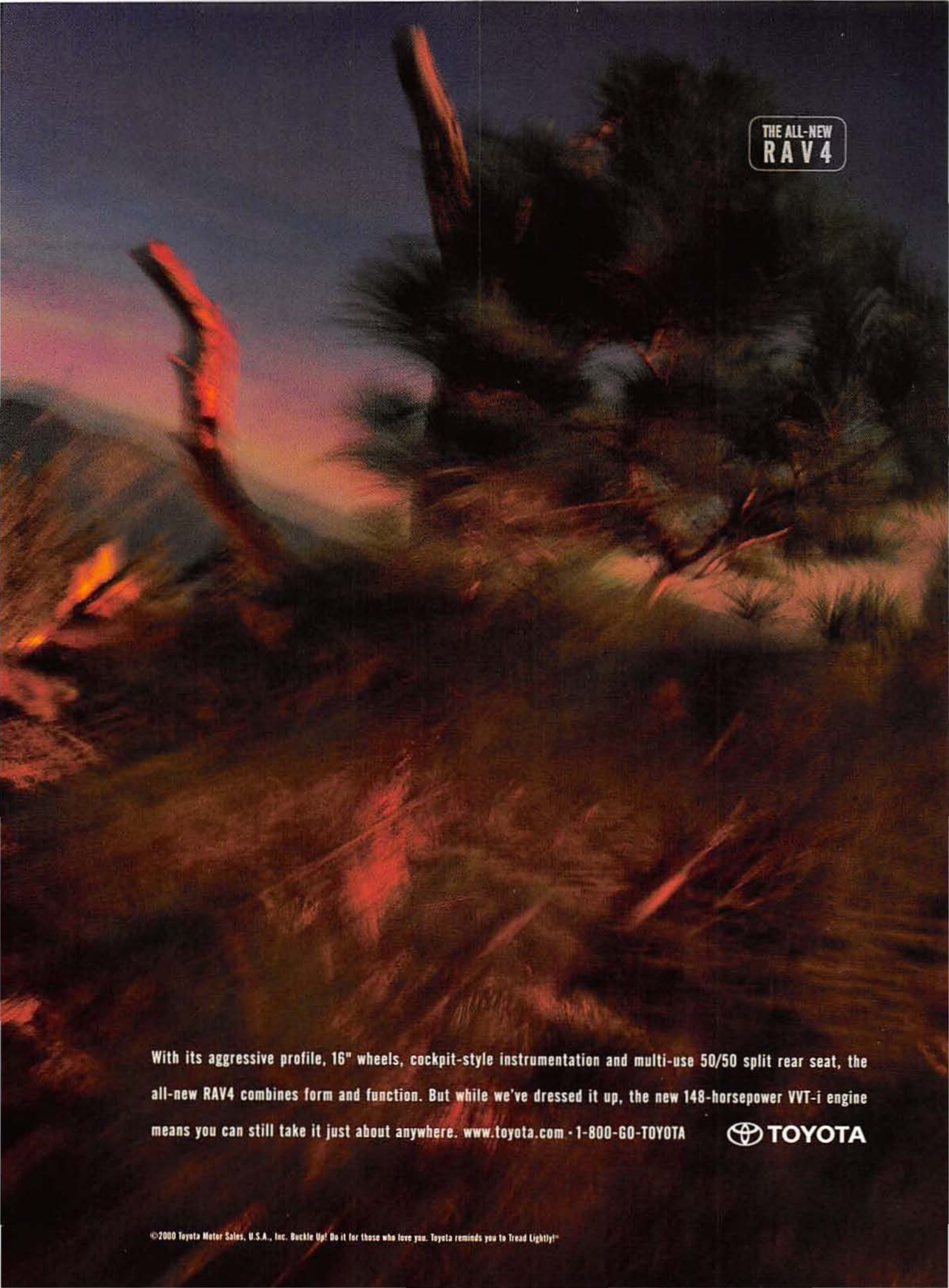
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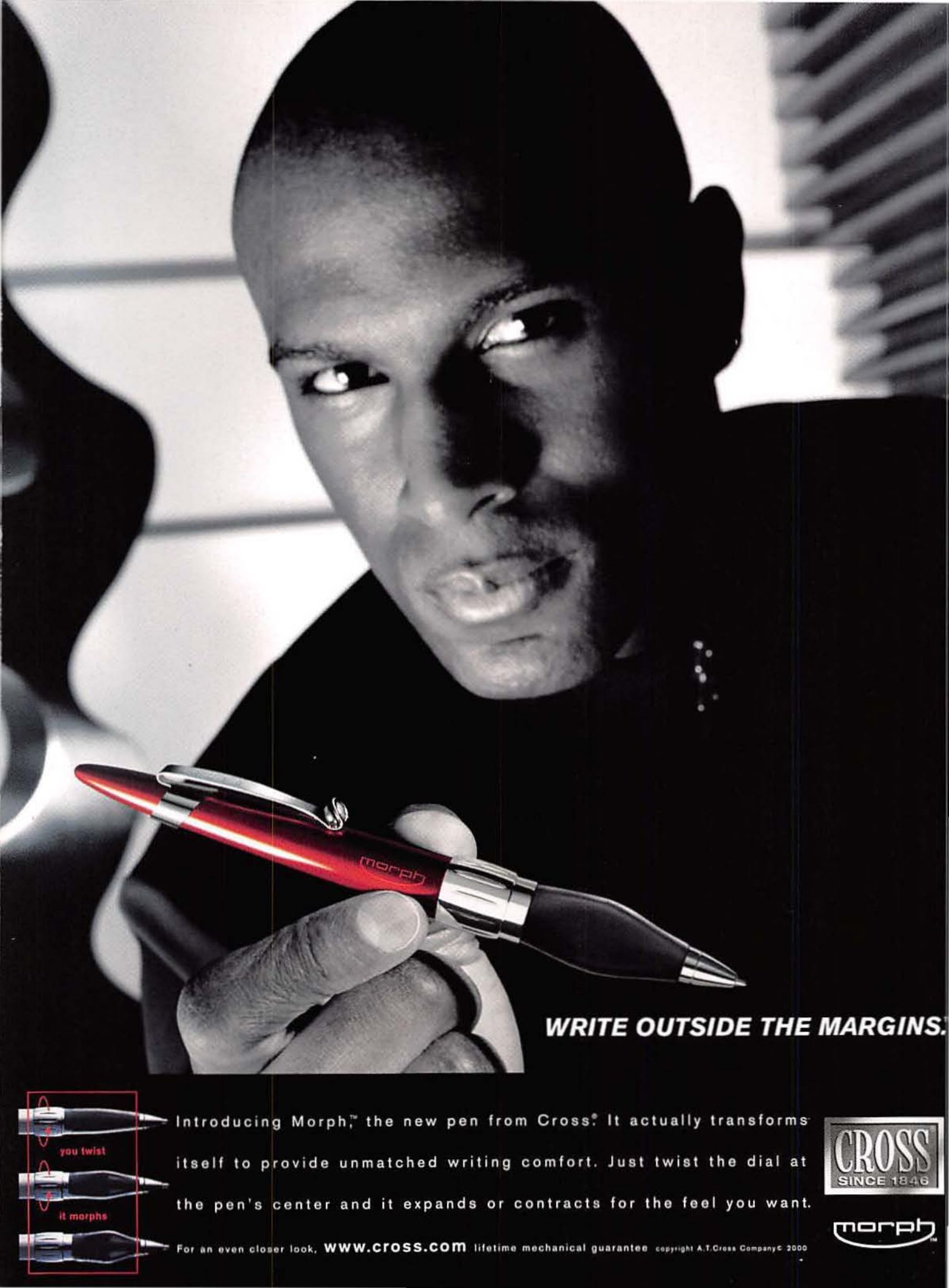
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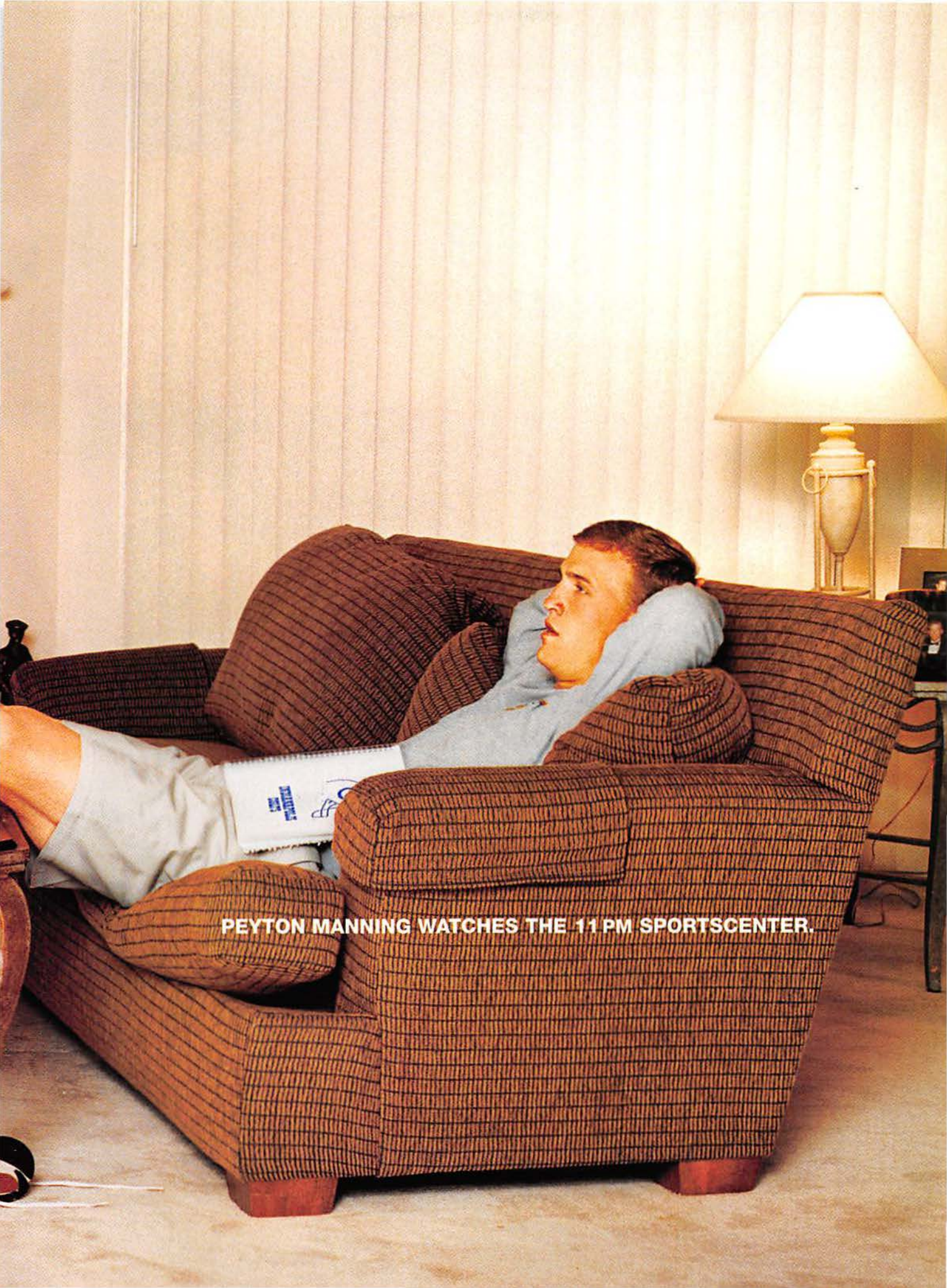
PEYTON MANNING WATCHES THE 11 PM SPORTSCENTER.

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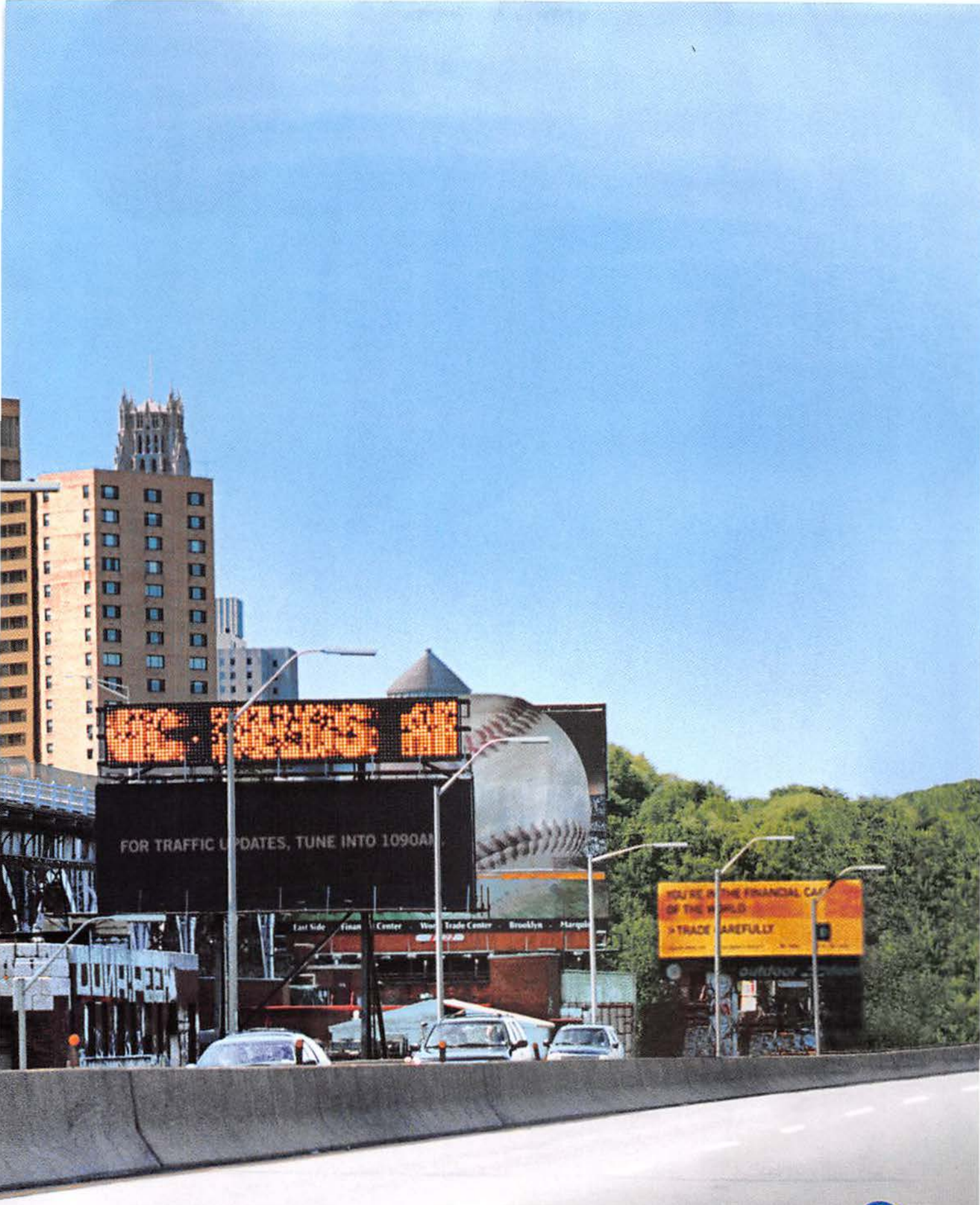

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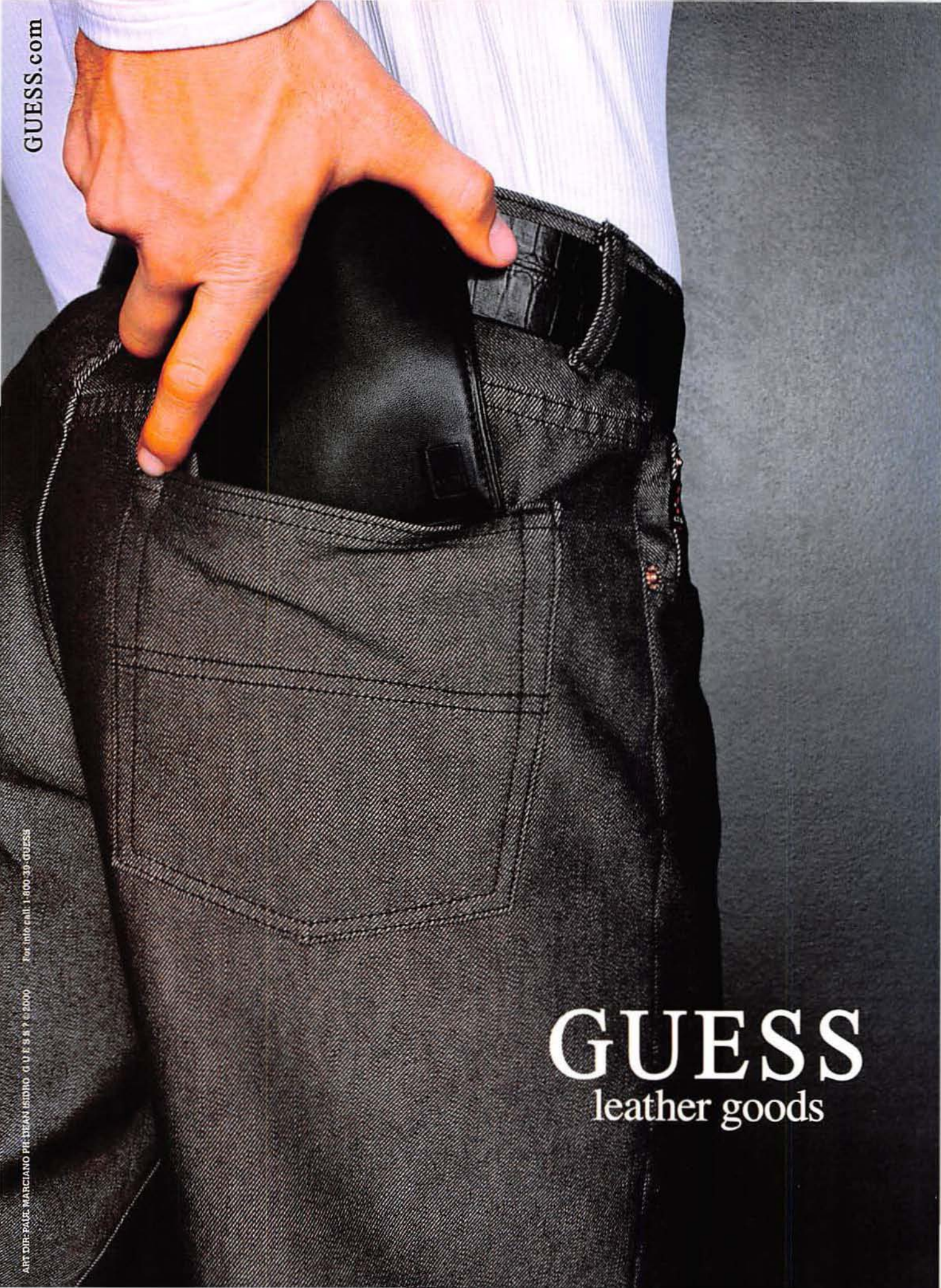
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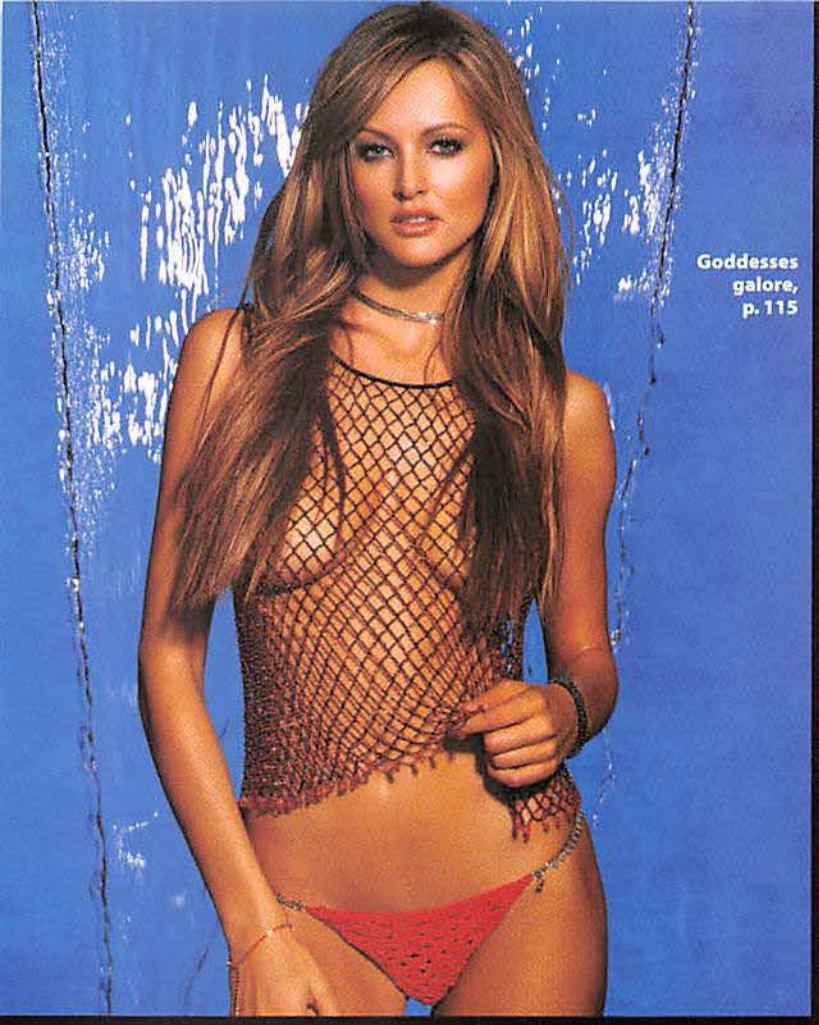
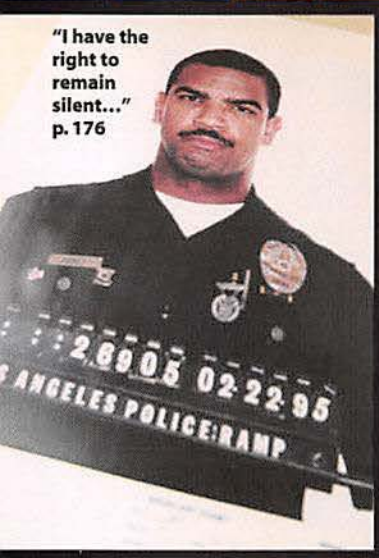
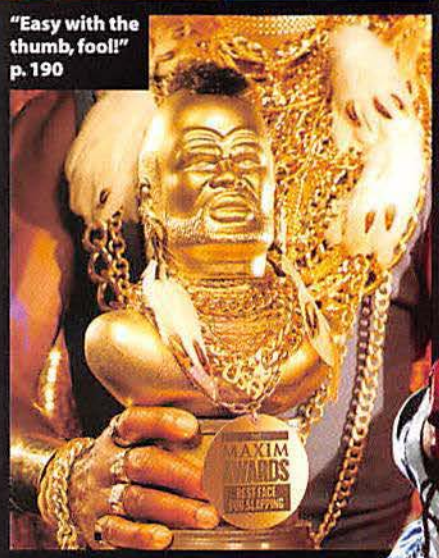


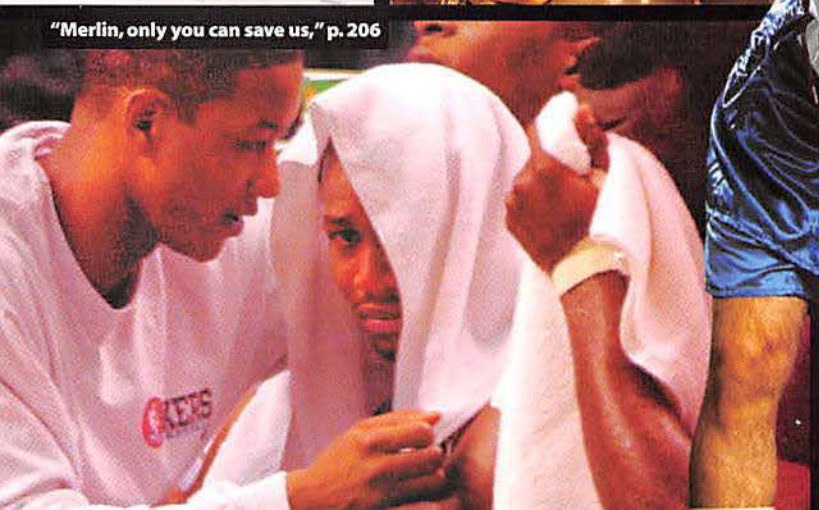
Goddesses galore, p. 115



"I have the right to remain silent..." p. 176



"Easy with the thumb, fool!" p. 190



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"These shorts are making me Wilt," p. 206

NOVEMBER 2000

MAXIM

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112 JON STEWART

The host of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* cracks wise on elections, erections, scoring chicks at the Republican Convention, and why young voters don't give a yea or a nay.

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

115 MAXIM MODEL MANIA 2000

The girls of Victoria's Secret (Yamila, Magdalena, Shakara), our all-time favorites (Gisele, Tyra, Laetitia), and some mind-blowing up-and-comers you won't wanna miss. Check out a very special 42-page blowout!

It's a booby trap! p.198

STINKING BADGES

176 THE DIRTIEST COP ALIVE

When good cops went bad in an isolated, crime-ridden ghetto, it led to drug trafficking, beatings, murder, and more. And we're talking about the *good* guys. What went wrong in Los Angeles' Rampart, the most crooked precinct in U.S. history.

GOLDEN SHOWER

190 THE 125th ANNUAL MAXIM AWARDS

At last, the award show you've been waiting for: Best Battle Scene, Most Satisfying Gratuitous Nudity, Best Robot or Monster...Come celebrate the year in pop culture. The virtual beer's on us.

TICKLE HER PINK

198 FREAK YOUR SEX LIFE

The inside scoop on what makes ladies cut loose in the sack: Get her to shave below the belt, host a ménage à trois...Sky's the limit. Plus: weird sex gone horribly, entertainingly wrong!

CHOKE ON THIS!

206 THE AGONY OF DEFEAT

Never ones to miss a chance to take pleasure in other people's misery, we showcase the sporting world's biggest chokes, most lopsided losses, and most horribly cursed franchises. Plus: the loser hall of fame!

POLO RALPH LAUREN

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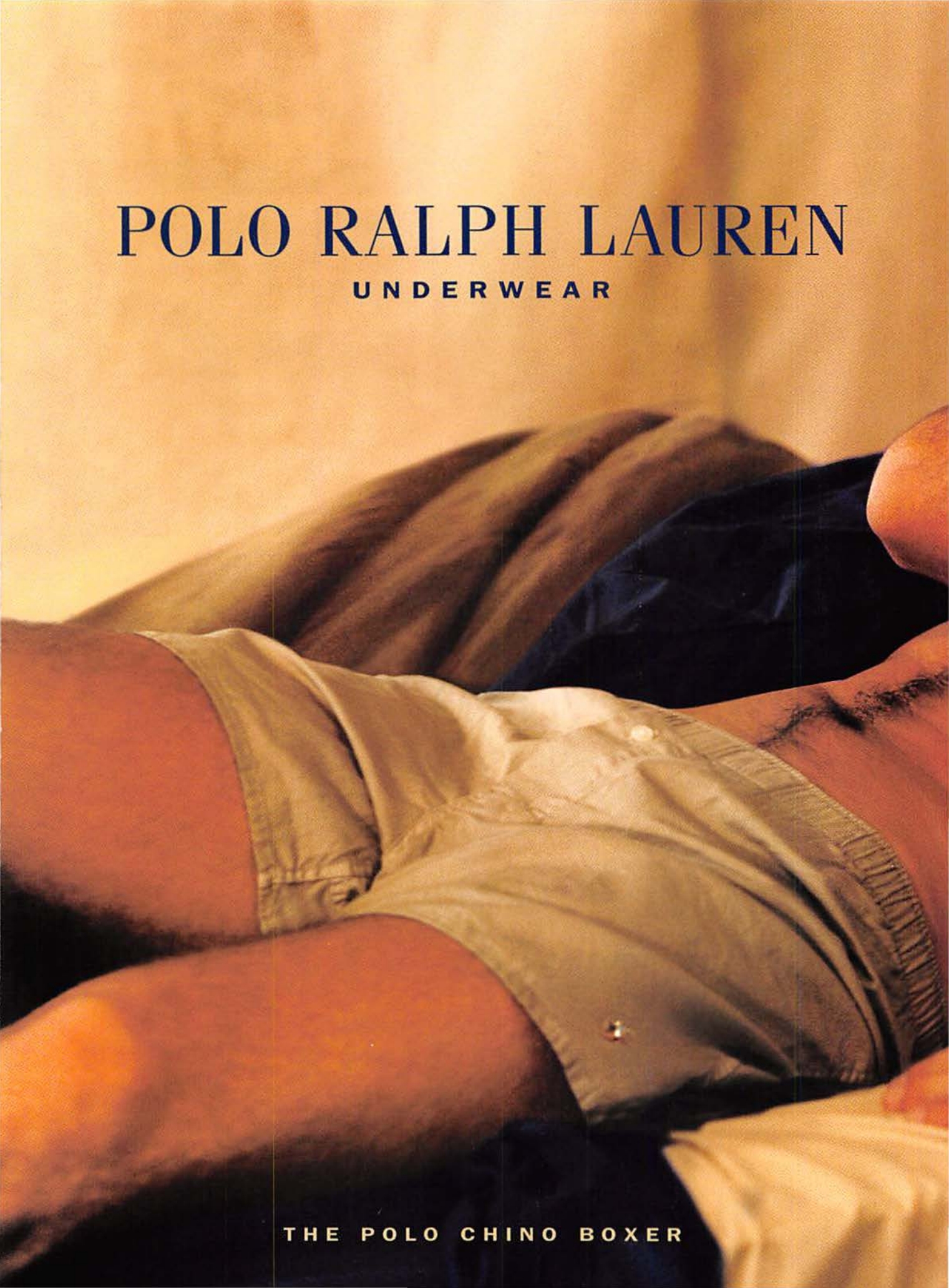
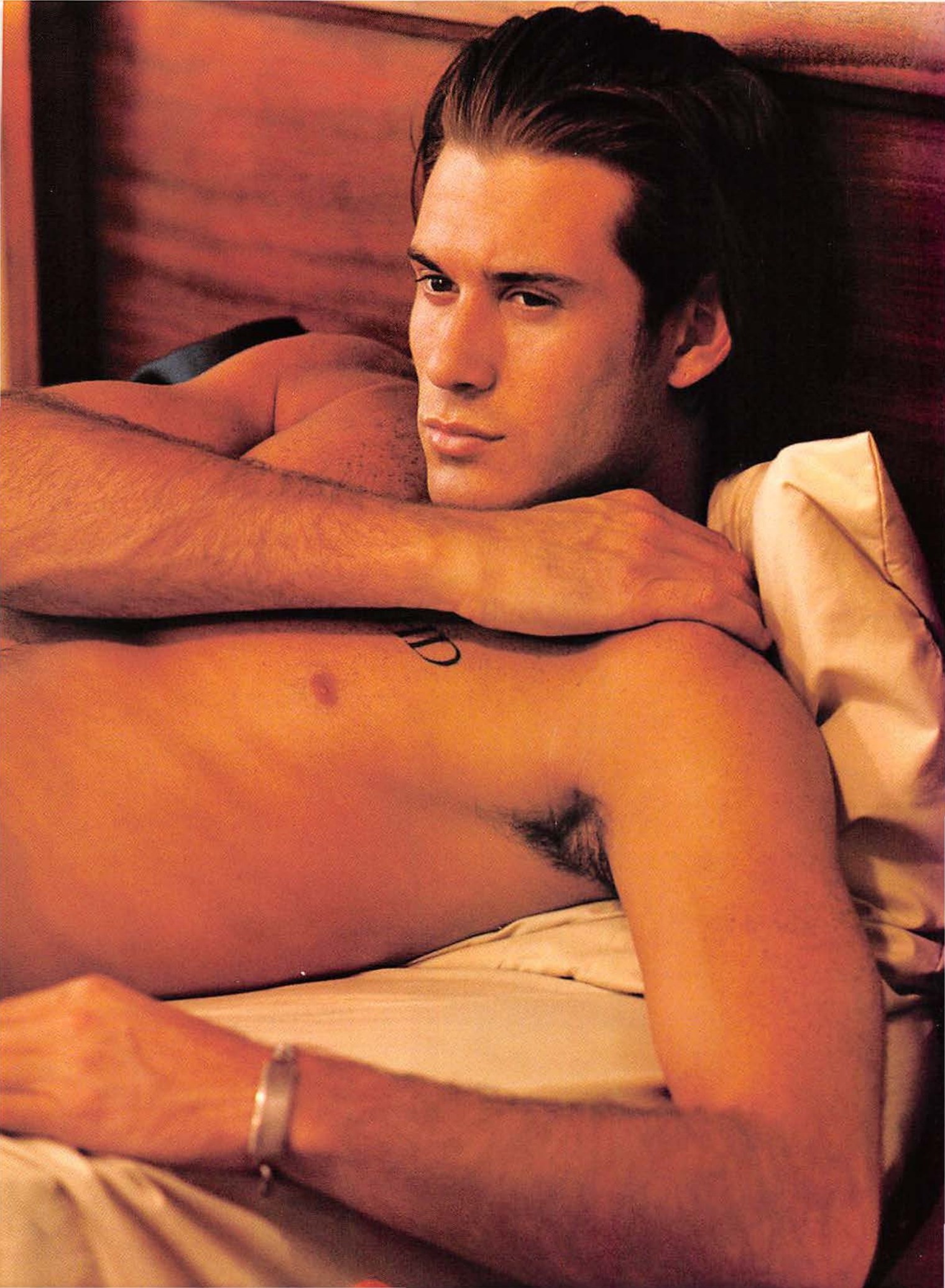


THE POLO CHINO BOXER



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46 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
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72 HOW TO
Have sex in space, supercharge your computer, blow smoke rings, mummify a body, jump-start your car, and drop, er, hold a baby.

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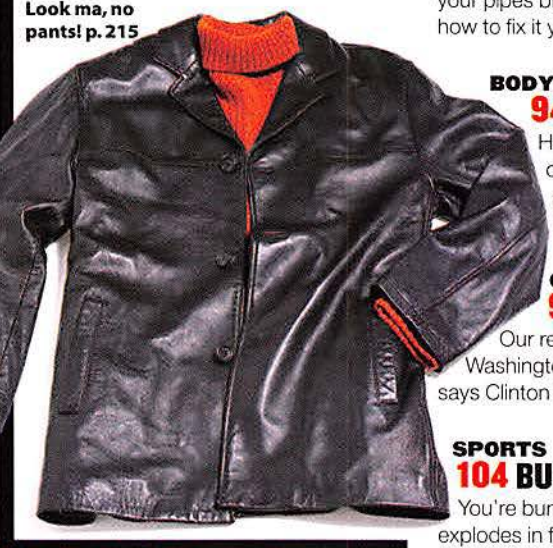
82 HER SECRET FEARS
She thinks she's fat, lousy in bed, and doesn't hold a candle to your ex. Assuming she's wrong, here's how to handle your gal's every insecurity.

INSTANT EXPERT
90 E-Z PLUMBING
Tired of pouring cash down the drain when your pipes break? Let our plumber show you how to fix it yourself. Butt crack not included.

Cut it out! p. 264

"Is he thinking about me?" p. 82



Look ma, no pants! p. 215

BODY SHOP
94 ASK DR. MAXIM
Having trouble peeing in public? Getting rid of your dandruff? Finding a casing for your sausage? Our sexy M.D. handles your pressing health questions.

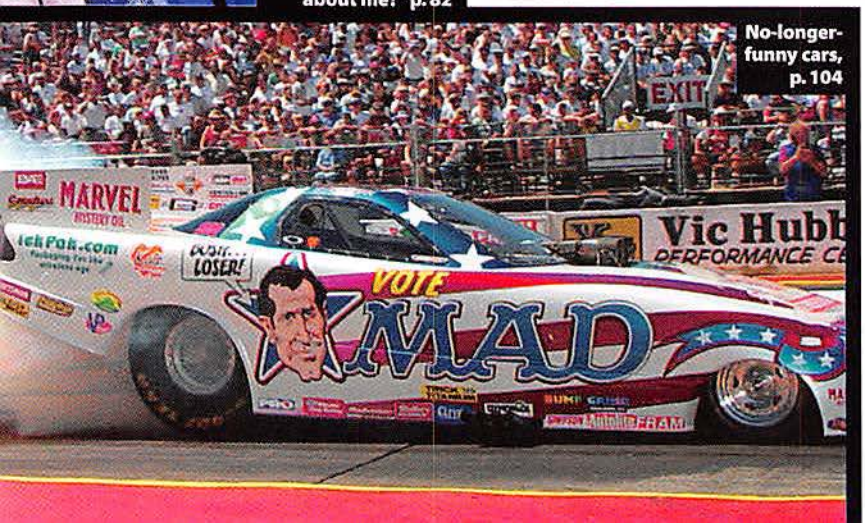
OFF THE GRID
98 CAPITAL PUNISHMENT
Our reporter goes in search of sexy au pairs in Washington, D.C., the nation's murder capital. Who says Clinton isn't a role model anymore?

SPORTS
104 BURN RUBBER!
You're burning down a straightaway when your car explodes in flames. You're moving too fast to get out. What do you do? Drag racer Dale Creasy Jr. remembers.

215 MAXIMWEAR
High-end suits she'll wanna rip off you, 10 great pairs of shoes that double as paperweights, the hottest threads for under $100, and all the news from around the globe.

247 REVIEWS
Adam Sandler, Everlast, video pub games, and more. **Plus:** slicing up giraffe bones with the world's sharpest knives, the planet's lamest airlines, and the *Maxim* Hoagy Hall of Fame!

280 WHAT IF...
...people had one regular hand and one giant lobster claw?



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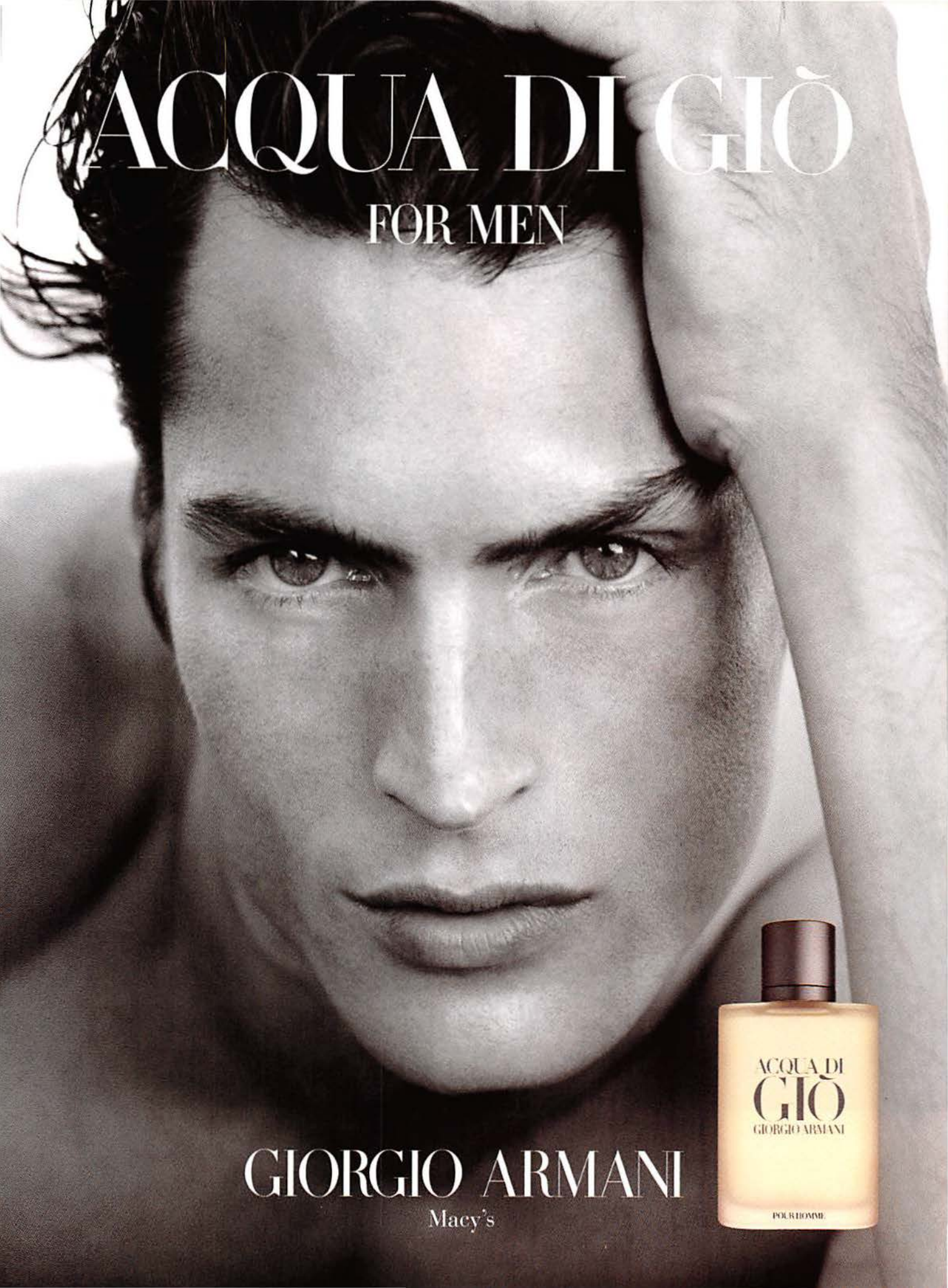
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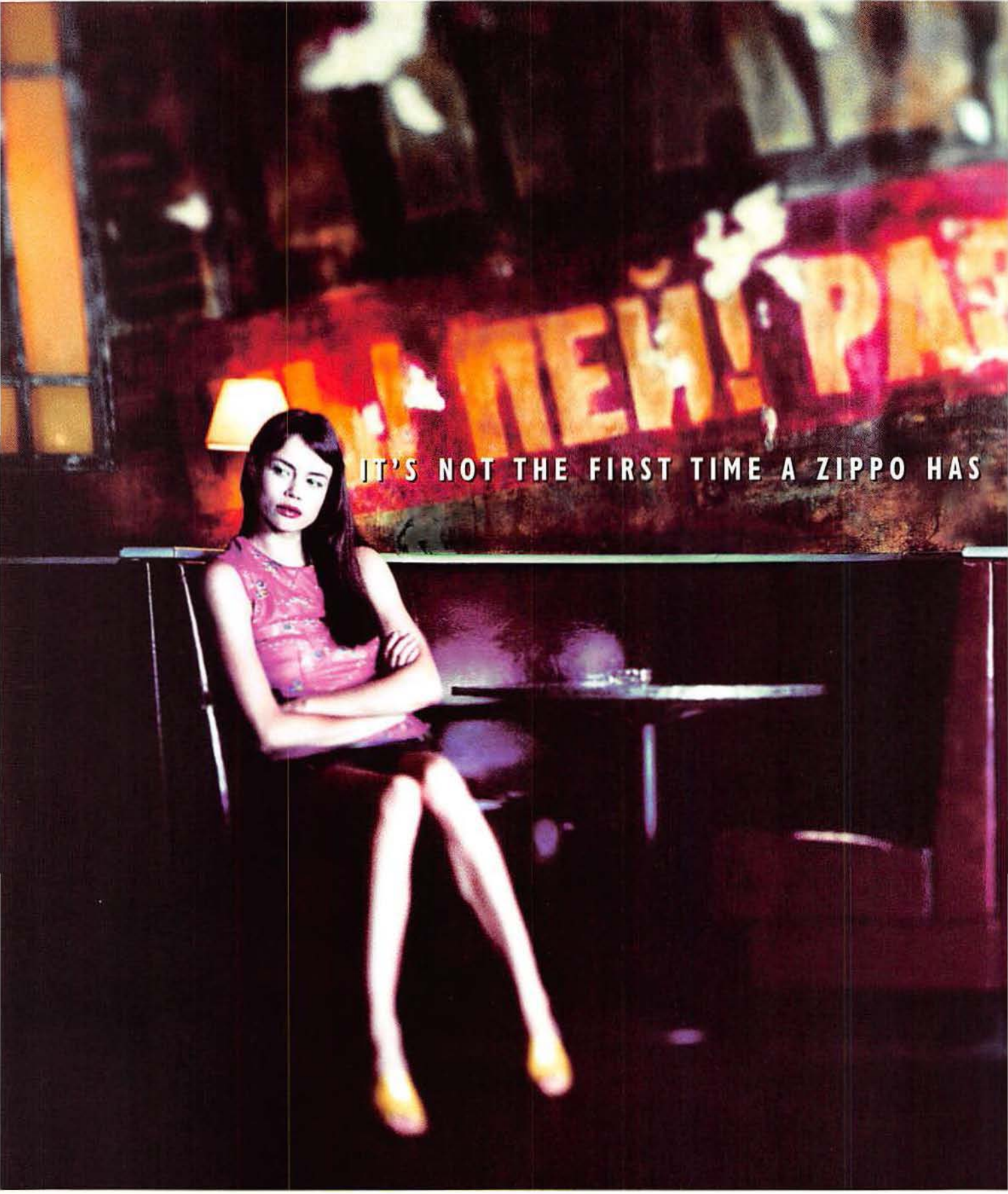
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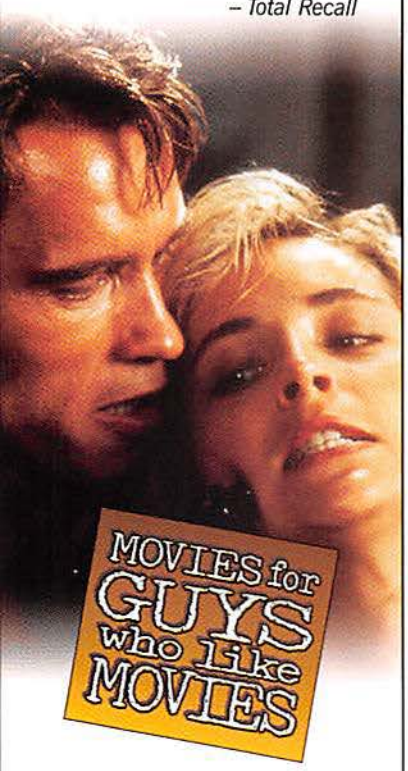
– Total Recall



SCHWARZENEGGER HOSTS AN EXPLOSIVE THURSDAY NIGHT

Arnold takes you behind-the-scenes as he hosts a night of "Total Recall" with George & Karyn. He will deliver an eye-popping look at all the stuff guys like–from brain scans to Sharon Stone. Be there November 16th.

THE NOVEMBER MOVIE SCHEDULE

Programming subject to change.

11/02	8:05pm/et	The Quick & the Dead
11/09	8:05pm/et	The Running Man
	10:20pm/et	Rocky IV
11/16	8:05pm/et	Total Recall
	10:35pm/et	Red Heat
11/30	8:05pm/et	Striptease
	10:35pm/et	Smokey & the Bandit

It's a guy thing.

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Editor's Letter

YAMILA—photographs: Michael Zeppetello; stylist: Karen Shapiro; set design: Sam Cook; hair: Mitch Barry for Bryan Bantry; makeup: Bryin Smoot for Club Monaco/ARTISTS; manicurist: Larissa; cover clothing: white crotchet swimsuit by J.P.Gaultier; shoes by Guiseppe Zanotti Design; bracelet and ring by Agatha New York; shoes by Giuseppe Zanotti Design, available at Diavolina L.A.

MAGDALENA—photographs: Michael Zeppetello; stylist: Jane Harrison for Danielle Forsythe; hair: Patrick Melville for Patrick Melville Salon; makeup: Linda Hay for The Agency; cover clothing: denim bikini with sequins by Maja Gold; waist chain by Alice Roi; gold hoop earrings by Noir; gold ring by H. Stern

KIM SMITH—photographs: Michael Zeppetello; stylist: Karen Shapiro; set design: Sam Cook; hair: Patrick Melville for Patrick Melville Salon; makeup: Bryin Smoot for Club Monaco/ARTISTS; cover clothing: black top by Dolce & Gabbana; bottom by Patricia Field for House of Feld

MICHELLE BEHENNAH—photographs: Michael Zeppetello; stylist: Lisa Cooper; hair: Howard Fugler for The Agency; makeup: Linda Hay for The Agency; set design: Sam Cook; cover clothing: white jump ring bikini by Resurrection Vintage Clothing, NYC

There are 4 editions of the November issue of Maxim (#35) available. Each may be purchased at $5.00 plus $2.95 shipping and handling, or 3 editions for a total of $17.95 (S&H included). Please write to: Maxim Issue #35, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. Please specify which editions (1–4) you are purchasing. Check or money order in U.S. funds only. Supplies are limited.

Model Mania!

"Beauty of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears."

Start weeping, pages 115 to 174.

Before we made the decision to create our very first "model issue," we thought long and hard (you in the back—cut that snickering). We at *Maxim* already take more than a bit of heat for our, ah, fascination with the female form; surely an entire issue shamelessly devoted to earth's living goddesses would only stoke the flames.

But then we said, ah, screw it. Let's see some half-naked girls.

Edgar Allan Poe, source of the above quotation, wasn't exactly the type of guy you'd want manning the keg at your bachelor party. (Guest: "Hey, you in the ascot—beer me." Poe: "Young napkin-hatted fool, / The cavernous maw of death is upon you.") But he had reasons to scowl. In his day society required that women wear full-length dresses over tight corsets fortified with metal and whalebone undergarments it took a master's degree and a team of mules to remove. You'd be a morose drunk, too.

If the hardened matrons of the age brought tears to Poe's eyes, surely Magdalena, Yamila, Kim, Michelle, and the other lovelies draped across these pages would inspire the poet to new heights. "Her gilded panty doth shimmer upon her / Like the wet wings of dragonflies. / And is that not the ghost of a nipple up there / If thou dost squint thine eye thusly?"

Beauty is only a part of the endlessly entertaining mystery that is woman, but it's impossible to ignore. Millennia of evolutionary competition have conditioned man to root for perfection in all its forms, including relentless physical beauty. Who are you to argue?

I just realized I'm sitting here trying to coerce two and a half million guys into checking out a supermodel special. As if you'd paused for even a second on this miserable cracker of a page en route to the feast.

Hope you liked the girls . . . and the rest of the mag too. See you next month.

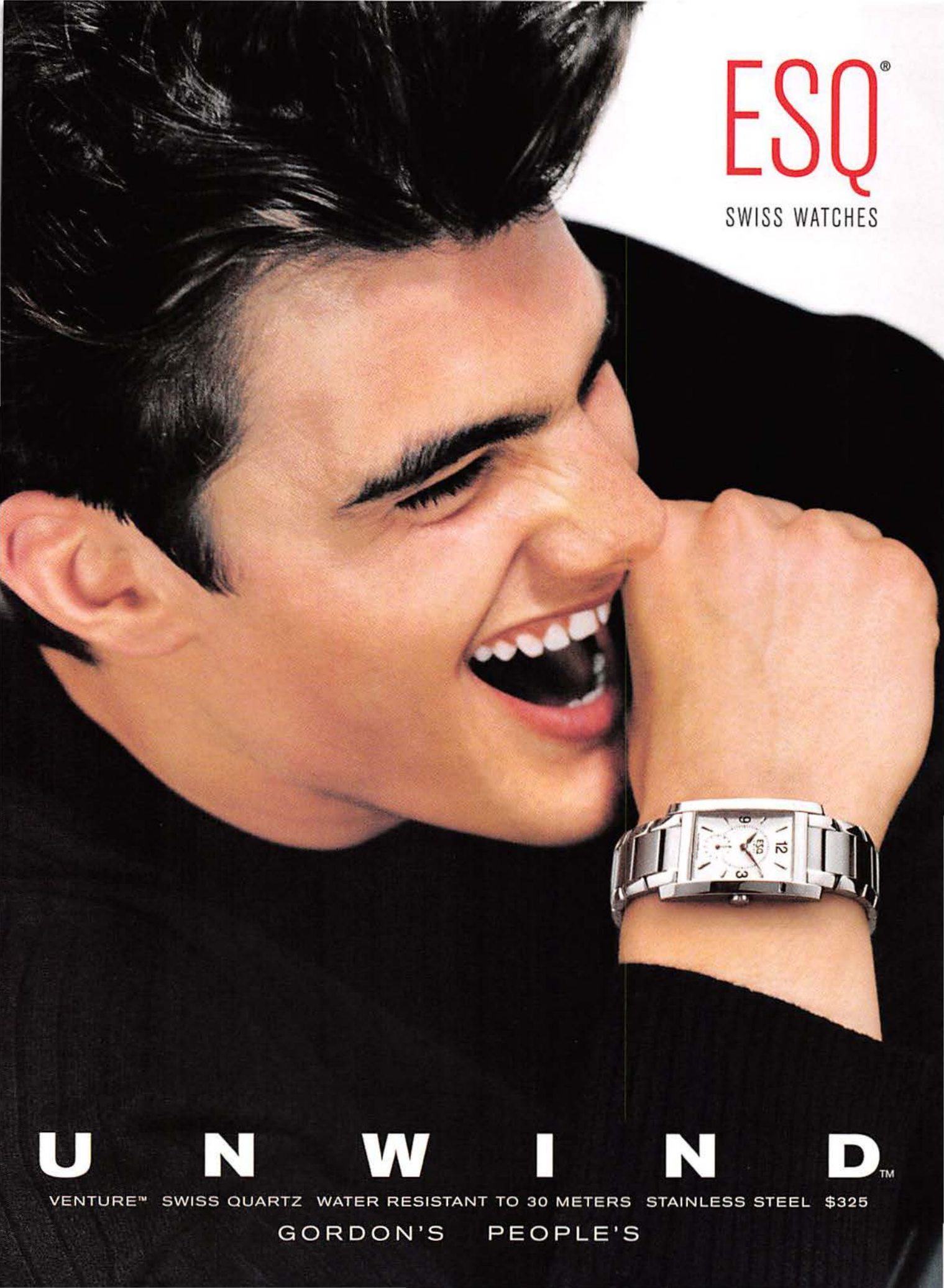
Keith Blanchard
Gravely displeased with art department hijinx

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Total number of models considered for this issue	**50**
Photos of Mr. T called in to create the perfect *Maxim* award statuette	72
Female staffers who wanted to crash Jon Stewart photo shoot	**5**
Number allowed to attend	0
Photography assistants busted for smoking pot	**1**
Giraffe ribs hacked up by Hiroki during knife test	2
DO NOT REMOVE in-flight safety cards liberated from airplanes	**3**
Glasses of wine downed by one senior editor before proposing to his gal	7
Big Mac Extra-Value Meals eaten by one freelance researcher this month	**19**
Weight, in pounds, of that freelance researcher	120 and climbing
References to Scopes "monkey trial," including this one	**3**
Maxim employees currently with child thanks to another employee	1

Photograph: Christian Lantry for Exposure NY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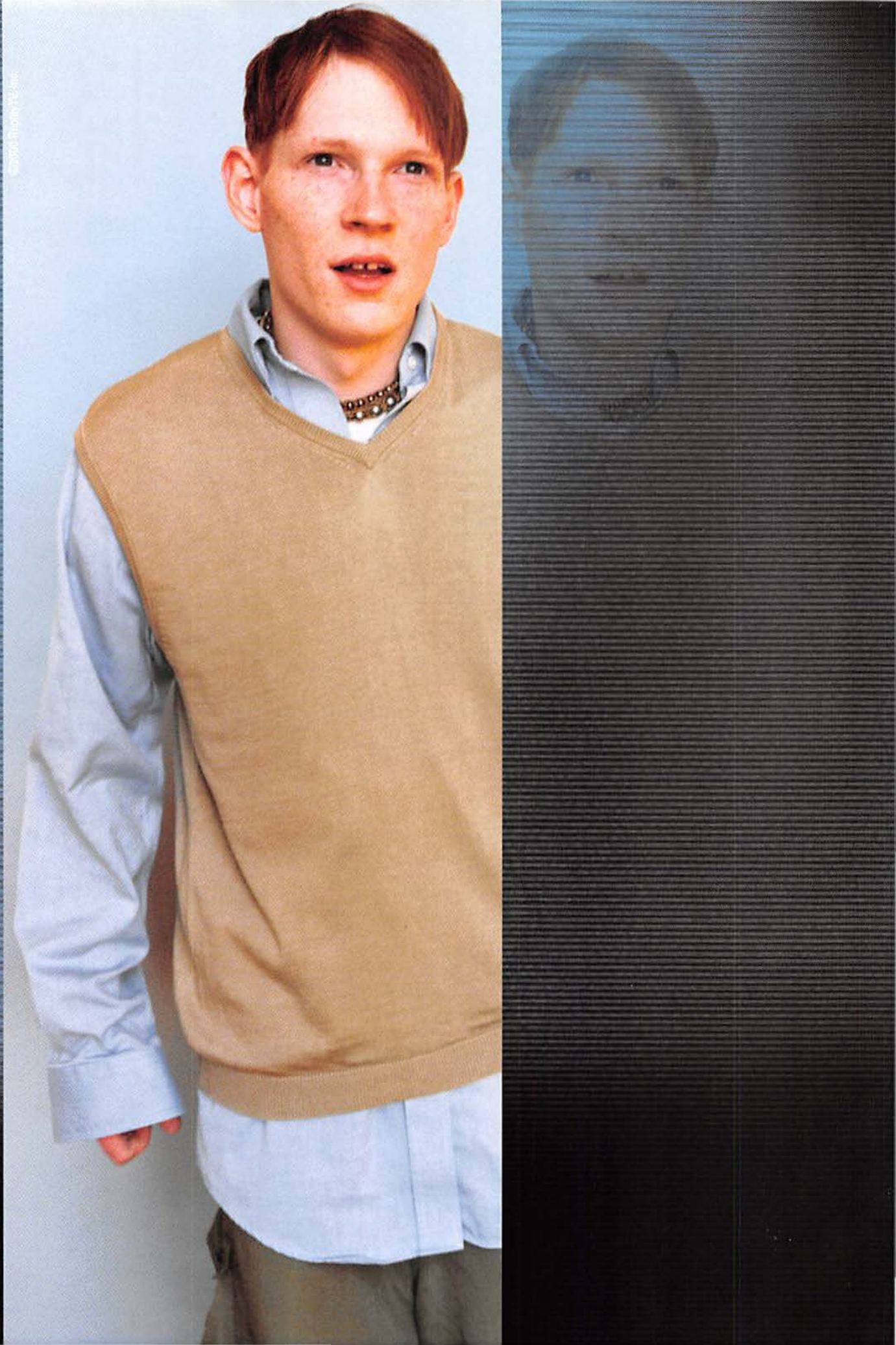

If I could program my own primetime, I would only watch shows that had "amazing" and "attack" in the title.

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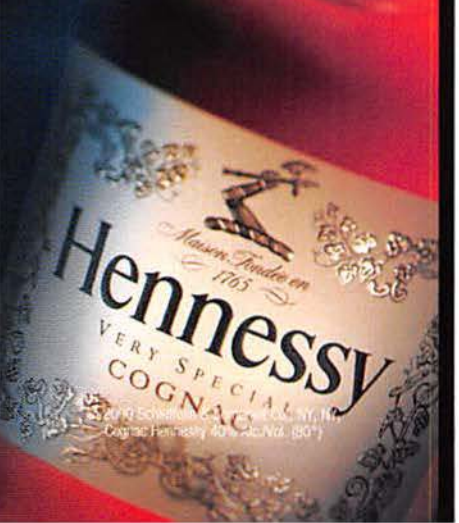

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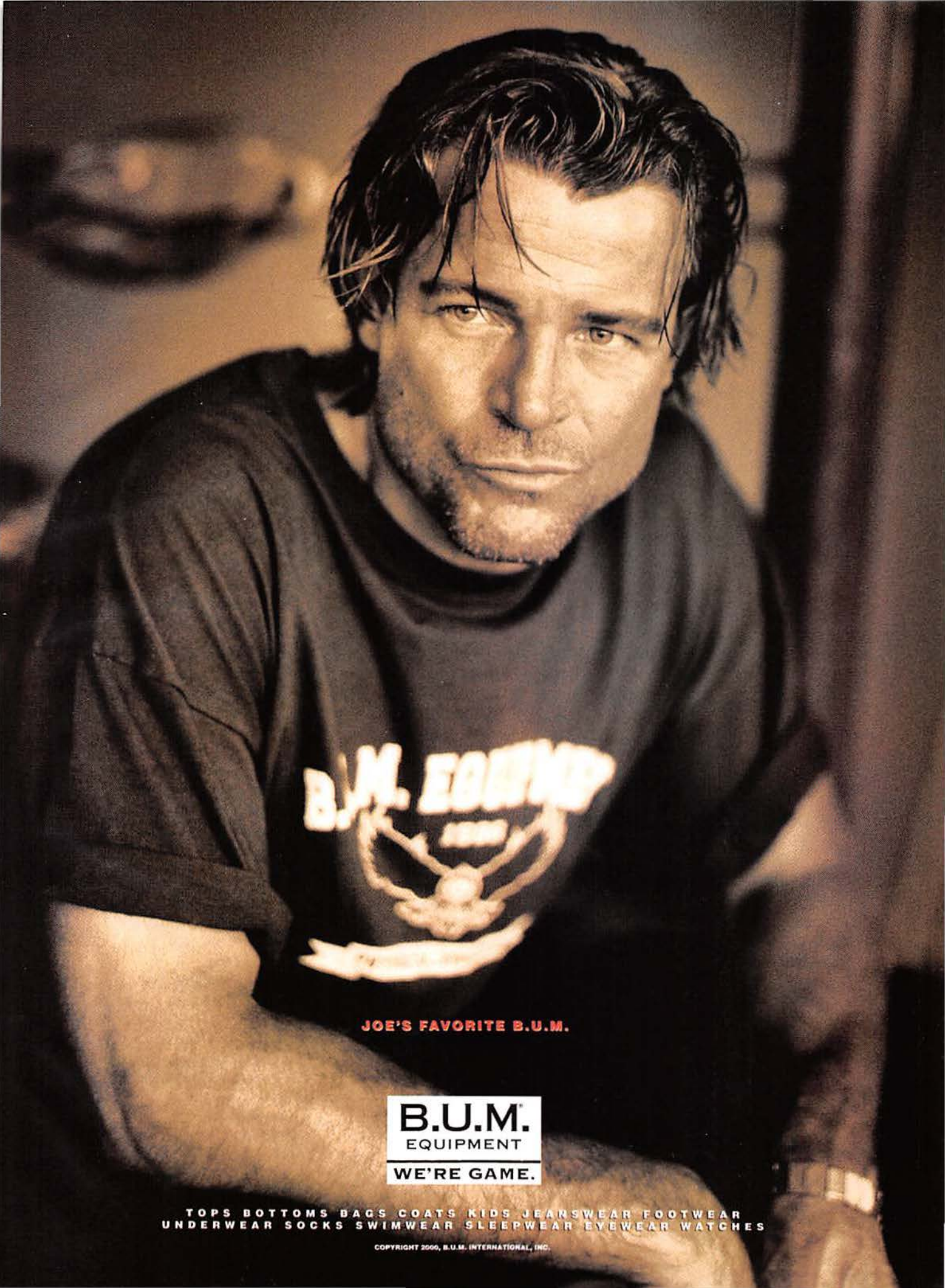
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Letter Bombs

Did you know that a guy in Rugby, England, once projected the contents of a zit seven feet, one inch?! If it weren't for one of our well-read readers, we never would have known. Hey, you complete us...so let's keep those tips, thoughts, feelings, and vomitrocious fun facts coming!

Arrested Development

I logged on to the *Maxim* Web site (www.maximonline.com) to find Kirsten Dunst was your next cover girl. I've adored her since *Interview with the Vampire* and I've watched everything she's been in since. Thanks for another reason to subscribe.

Patrick Fredrick
Macon, MO

Since Interview with the Vampire, *huh? When she was, like, 10? Settle a bet: Doesn't wearing a trench coat with nothing underneath chafe your erect penis? We've always wondered.*

The Hole Truth

Dear Mr. Coxe,
Recently I applied for the position of editorial assistant at *Maxim*, and decided to follow up by contacting some editors directly. I figure my chances are better with the man who was described by his boss as having "an ass like a Jell-O teardrop." Are there any other openings in writing, design, or editing for a diligent, dedicated worker who relishes men's popular culture?

Dave Khalaf
Santa Ana, CA

Charles never shows his openings until he's good and drunk.

It Hurts When I Do This

Just one comment about Kirsten's cover shot. I want what's in her first-aid kit.

G.A. Newby
San Diego, CA

Sorry. There's nothing in there that'll make the swelling go down.

God Save the Queen

I went to the salon to get a haircut. As I waited, I happened to pick up an *EW* mag. In one of the articles, it said you guys (mag) is British. Isn't that just as bad as being Canadian?

Jerry Bedford
Los Angeles, CA

Ha, ha! Jerry gets his hair cut at a salon! Woo-woo! Nice purse! No, we're not British—we took great pains to kick those pasty, snaggle-toothed kidney-eaters out of our beloved homeland back in 1776.

The Second Coming

Your September joke winner ripped off an old Cheech & Chong bit! Don't give that fucker $150 or a greasy pork chop! We're talking from the '70s, before Cheech was making kids' albums and going through Don Johnson's "home movies" and before Chong was acting like...well, a burnout...on *That '70s Show*. Tell Larry to get a life! I'll take my DVD player now. Love your rag. Now let's see the still-sexy Bernadette Peters in something see-thru.

Metal Forever,
Marshmallow Mike
Boston, MA

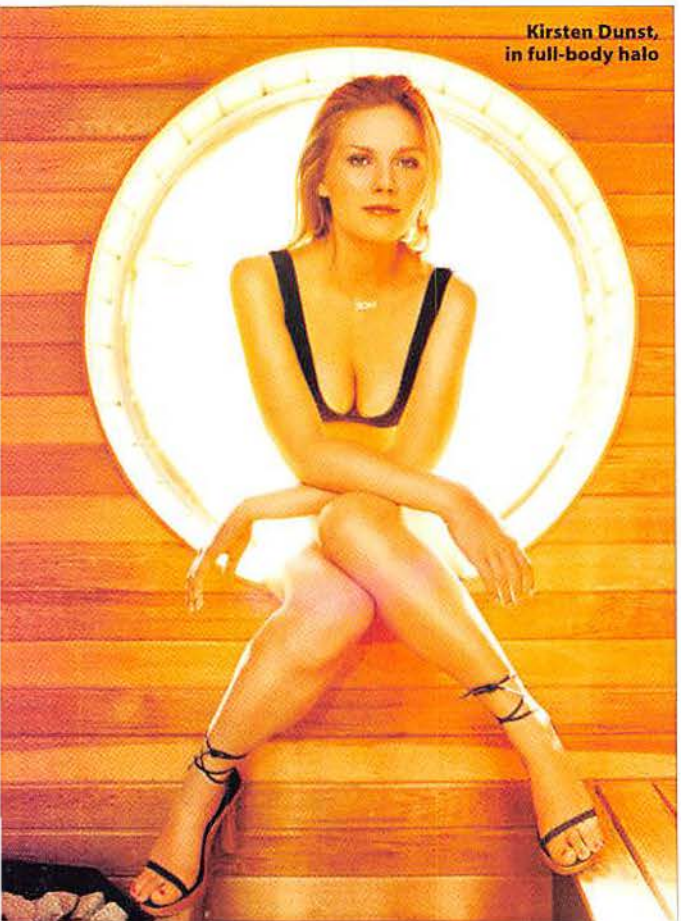
Bernadette Peters? Cripes. We were having such a nice day, too. But if she's your cup of tea, you'll enjoy Bette Midler's hilarious new sitcom, Bette.

Sermon on the Mounds

The Joke of the Month [September], the one about the pope—is it just me, or do the two cardinals' hats look like tits? And isn't the pope sitting there with his hands above them getting ready to squeeze?

Eric Marcotte
Estevan, Saskatchewan

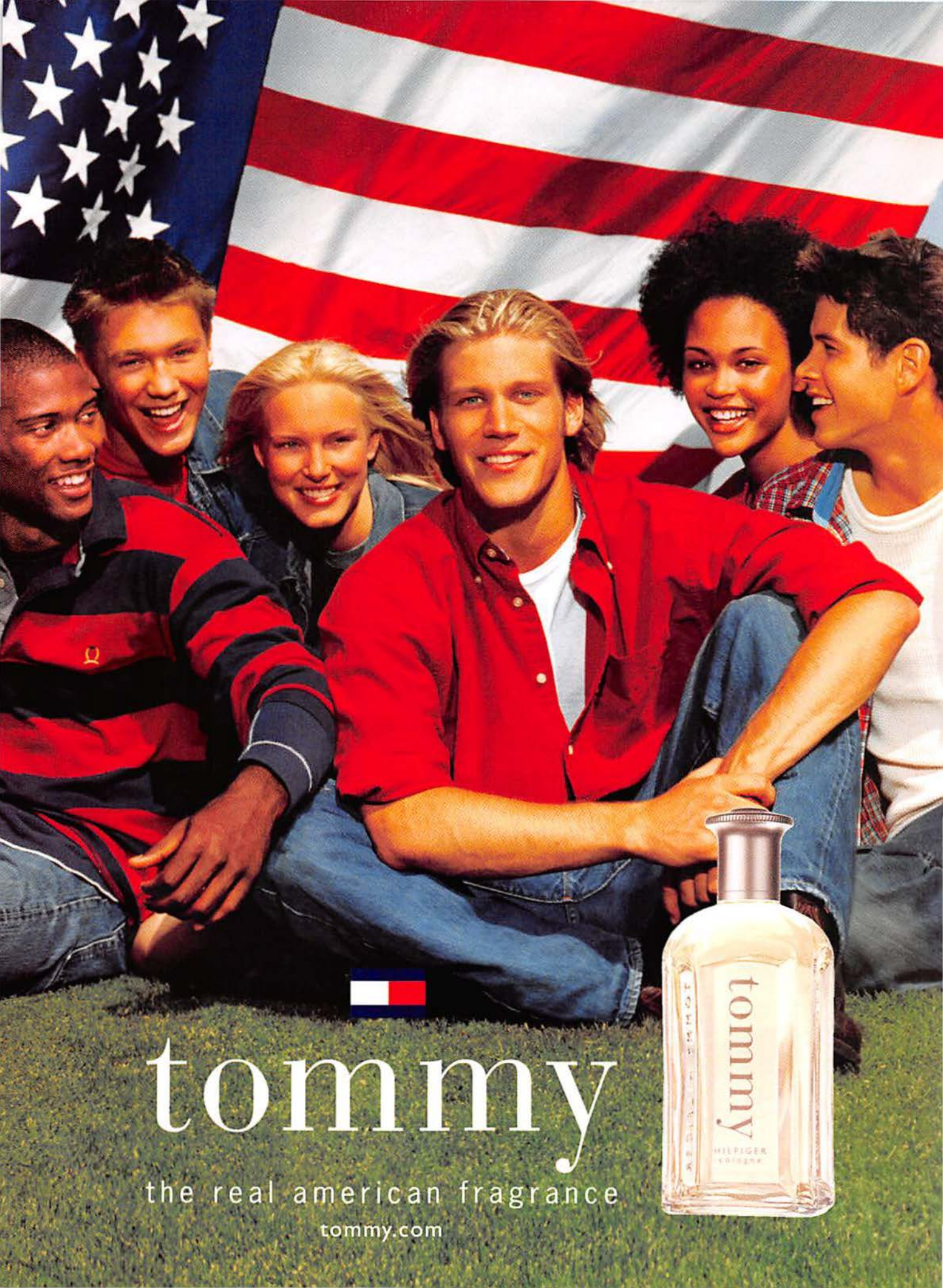
Hats like tits? What kind of crazy are you selling, buster? Next thing you know, you'll be saying the Washington Monument looks like a dick!


Kirsten Dunst, in full-body halo

GIVE IT AWAY, NOW!

Hot Rod

Is your 20-year-old Pinto on its last leg? Upgrade without dropping a dime. Infogrames Entertainment, maker of the *Driver 2* game, will dish out a '67 GTO muscle car—a prime cruiser with power shifters, a 350-horsepower engine, and a spectacular back seat (wink, wink)—to one damn lucky *Maxim* reader. Condom and Led Zeppelin CD not included. For a chance to win, log on to www.maximonline.com, look for Hiroki's head, then click on his face to enter. This is the only way to enter. Faxes will flambéed.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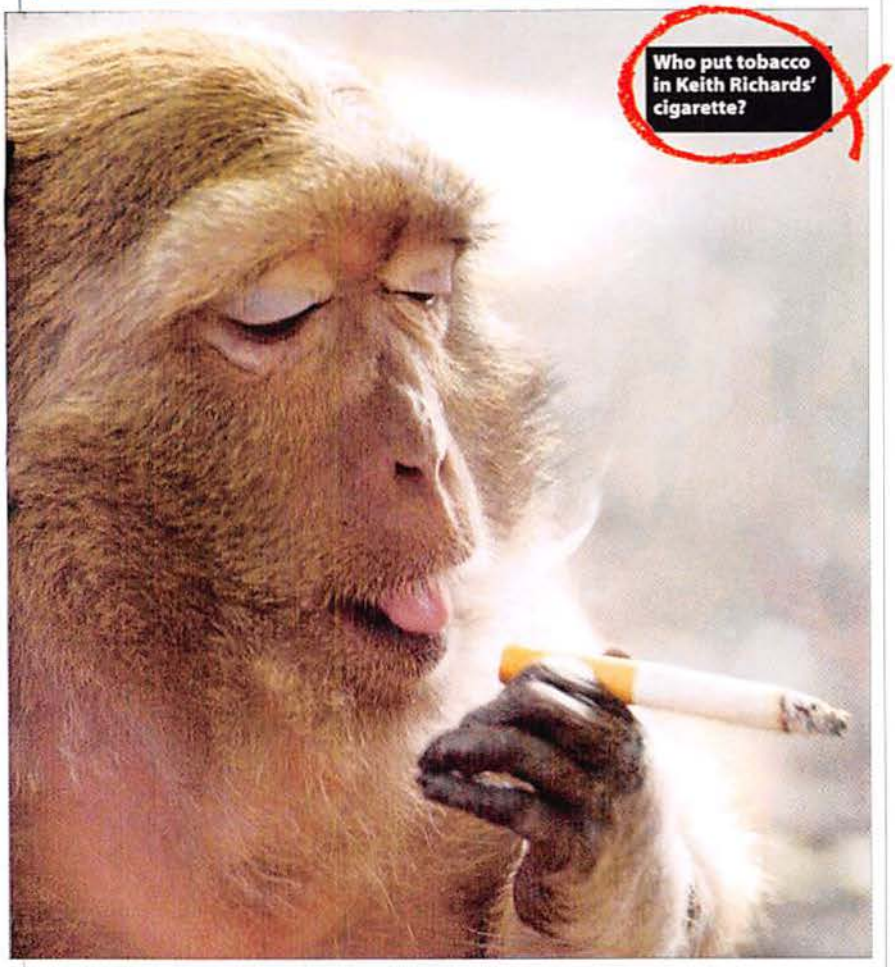

Beat This Caption!

As you read through *Maxim*, ever get the feeling you could come up with wittier captions than we do? Prove it! Check out the monkey with a habit, above. Drum up a caption that beats the one circled and we'll send you boxing gloves worn and signed by Jon Stewart (page 114). We'll also display your caption on this very page in a future issue. E-mail your best to caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail "Beat This Caption!" Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-9701. Faxes will be forwarded to the French Embassy.

▲1st Prize: John's gloves

August's Winning Captions

Winner:
"From you, all right? I learned it from watching you!"
Rachel S. Goldman, Delray Beach, FL

Runners-up:
Why can't we all just get a bong?
Preston Smith, Columbus, GA

Looks like David Crosby made more than one sperm donation.
Sean Smith, Phoenix, AZ

Nice to see that Tipper and Hillary are still close.
Ed Finn, Istanbul, Turkey

Is That a Pickle in Your Pocket?

Guys, I was a little disturbed by one of September's Readers' Tips, the one titled "Genital Hospital." How did Xing Lau come to the realization that vinegar on your "wanker" could diagnose genital warts—trial and error? How many substances did he try before he found one that worked? Maybe down in Washington they enjoy that sort of thing, but where I come from, we try to keep acidic chemicals away from our most vital organ.

Greg Turner
Boston, MA

Wanna come to our company picnic? Xing Lau's bringing the potato salad!

Puppy Love

In that *Maxim* salary special ["Pay Dirt," September], you say we veterinarians don't have to go through all the "foolish schoolwork" it takes to be a doctor. Well, it's been 15 years, but I seem to remember four years of college and four more grueling years of vet school; that's the same time a "real" doctor goes to school. But I still love your magazine—just do better research next time. If you had, you would also have learned that vets are better in bed than "real" doctors.

Jerry Crownover
Tullahoma, TN

Yes, we've heard all about vets' sexual prowess. Is it true that if you wear hip-boots, you can tuck your partner's back legs in so it can't run away?

Tuna Helper

I was reading your article on 15 ways to please your woman ["The Move," August]. There's some good stuff in there. I've used some of it in the past. But there's one that's not in there that should have been. It's called the Starfish. The woman lies on her back, and the man lies on his side at her hips, then puts her far leg between his and her near leg over his hips. This way, he can enter her and there is penetration. Stirring is very good in this position.

Michael See
Vacaville, CA

Stirring? Wait, we've got to do all this and make dinner too? We'll stick with the traditional woman-on-top-feeding-you-pizza, thanks.

Famous Barr • Robinsons May

What Battery?

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READERS' TIPS

Nothing ruins an entrée like static cling

Cling On

Clean that scummy burned lasagna pan without trying. Put a sheet of Bounce in, fill with water, and leave overnight. The fabric-softening chemicals will soften the food while antistatic agents weaken the bond between the food and the pan.

Sheri-Lynn Herman
Lethbridge, Alberta

Sexy Peel

When I get my *Maxim* in the mail, the first thing I notice is my address label covering the nicer parts of the beauty on the cover. To remedy: Take a blow-dryer to it for 15 seconds and that baby peels right off.

Bob Charron, Cleveland, OH

Can Can

Hate cleaning the crapper? Try this lazy man's method: Dump a can of Coke or Pepsi in the toilet and let it sit there overnight. The acid will eat away at all the crud in the bowl. Then in the morning, just flush.

Erin Tolson, Brattleboro, VT

Blistered Sister

To avoid blisters while hiking, walking, running, or whatever, spray some antiperspirant on your feet, then rub the stuff all over. You won't get blisters *and* your feet won't reek.

Melissa Patrick
Middletown, OH

Back to the Future

Your "Travel Through Time" piece [How To, December] works like a charm! It's gotten me out of more than a few binds. I've "won" a shitload on sports gambling; I went back and removed all that crap from my hard drive before the feds kicked down my door; and I even patched things up with my girlfriend before they got bad. I can screw up as many times as I want without repercussions. Thanks for turning me into a god, you wonderful bastards.

James Dutton
Methuen, MA

No problem, dude...and thanks for the great idea!

Gas Attack

Regarding the dumb-ass question in your August issue, "When will the world run out of oil?" Possibly never, according to Thomas Gold, author of *The Deep Hot Biosphere.* Gold posits that, contrary to what we've all been told, oil, coal, and natural gas are not products of the earth's first days—they continue to be made and probably will continue to be made. The petroleum industry wants us to believe that there's a finite supply of these raw materials in order to maintain artificially high prices. If these "fossil" fuels are abundant in areas other than where the industry has looked, the raw-material cost goes down to zero, distribution costs should drop dramatically as many new fields can be exploited, and we no longer must sacrifice "blood for oil."

John F. Schlagetter, AIA
ForeGenitor Consulting, LLC
Cincinnati, OH

If you're right that gas and oil have always been plentiful everywhere, we just have one question: How come the Flintstones had to drive cars with their feet? Huh, brainiac? We can't he-e-e-e-ar you...

Why Ask Vai?

Thanks for the Steve Vai article ["Axe Grinder," Gear Up!] in September's issue. Good stuff all the way around—until you got to the Ibanez guitars, that is. "To hear what a seven-string Ibanez sounds like, pick up a Korn or Limp Bizkit CD"? Oh come on! If you wanted to steer the *Maxim* readers right, you should have suggested that they pick up *Passion and Warfare,* by Mr. Vai himself, or Dream Theater's *Awake.* Both Vai and Dream Theater's John Petrucci were taking advantage of the seven-string's heavy sound and larger range long before Korn and Limp Bizkit made it trendy for everyone to do so. The guitarists from Korn and Limp Bizkit are mere journeymen but Petrucci and Vai are virtuosos.

Phil Carter
Atlanta, GA

Wait—the guys in Korn and Bizkit used to be in Journey? Wow! You think they know any of the guys from ELO?

Unwanted Election

Can you confirm the whereabouts of Andrij Witiuk at approximately 12:15 A.M., Thursday, August 3? I saw somebody who looked suspiciously like your presidential candidate in Philadelphia, on the outskirts of Chinatown.

Jeff Arnold
Philadelphia, PA

Yeah, the candidate scampered off for some crack and a whore. Er, allegedly.

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Hey! You! Write to Readers' Letters, *Maxim,* 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com. Letters may be edited for length or clarity. Include a daytime phone number or no dice.

Photographs, previous page, Robert Glasgow (gloves); this page, Maria Quiroga (top); Robert Glasgow (magazines)

How to pack for the weekend.

1.

2.

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Sex Machines

Q: Why do rednecks like having sex doggy-style?
A: So they can both watch Nascar.
—*Ash Hoden, Ft. Collins, CO*

Hard Labor

Three boys in a schoolyard are bragging about their fathers.

Billy: "Dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, calls it a poem, and they give him $50."

Bobby: "Oh, yeah? My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, calls it a song and they give him $100."

Ricky: "I got you both beat. My dad scribbles a few words on a piece of paper, calls it a sermon, and it takes eight people to collect the money!"
—*David Anderson, Sevierville, TN*

Suitable Exchange

A woman goes into a funeral home to make arrangements for her husband. She tells the director she'd like him to be buried in a dark-blue suit.

"Wouldn't it be easier to bury him in the black suit he's wearing?" he asks. But she insists on dark blue and gives him a blank check to buy one with.

The woman returns for the wake later that day and sees her husband in the coffin wearing a dark-blue suit.

"It's beautiful," says the woman. "How much did it cost?"

"Nothing," says the director. "After you left, a corpse with a blue suit was brought in. They were about the same size so I asked his widow if she would mind if her husband was buried in a black suit. She said fine, so...I switched the heads."
—*Michael See, Vacaville, CA*

Un-Abridged Man of God

The Lord finds a man whose faith is unparalleled and grants him one wish.

"Build me a bridge to Hawaii," says the man, "so I can drive over anytime."

The Lord says, "Think of the logistics of that kind of undertaking. The supports to reach the bottom of the Pacific. The concrete and steel it would take. I can do this, of course, but it's hard for me to justify your desire for worldly things. Take a little time and think of another wish, a wish you think would honor and glorify me."

The man thinks for a while and says, "I wish I could understand women."

After a few minutes, God says, "You want two lanes or four?"
—*Jerry Ewing, London, England*

Dessert Droppings

A woman comes home with two buckets of manure for the garden.

"What's that for?" asks her five-year-old daughter.

"The strawberries," says her mom.

The girl stares at the buckets for a few moments, looks up, and asks, "Can I just have mine with whipped cream?"
—*Jason MacDonald, New York, NY*

Snow Man

Did you hear Michael Irvin is coming out of retirement? He's going to play with the Chicago Bears. Since they used to have a Fridge, they might as well have a Coke Machine.
—*Hershel Darby, Kyle, TX*

Habit Railed

Q: What's black, white, and red and has difficulty walking through a doorway?
A: A nun with a spear in her head.
—*Chad Newton, Tulsa, OK*

Pint for Pint

McGregor, Murphy, and Johnson are in a bar, having a good ol' time.

Murphy: "Aye, this is a nice bar, but there's a bet'ar one in Dublin. At Shaughnessy's ya buy a drink, ya buy anothar drink, and Shaughnessy himself will buy ya yer third drink!"

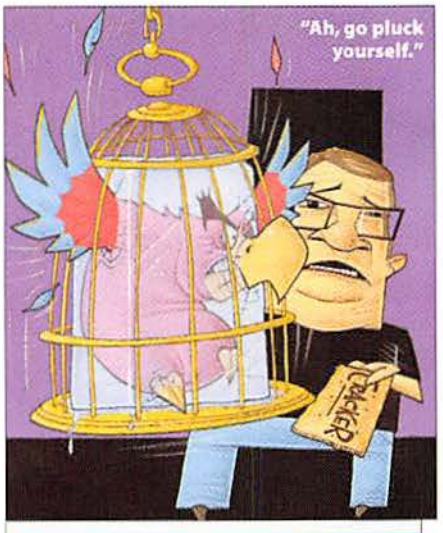
Johnson: "Thot's a bloody nice bar, but in London there's Monk's. Ya buy a drink. Monk buys ya a drink. Ya buy a second drink. Monk matches ya."

McGregor: "Ya think thot's great? Where I come from there's MacDougal's. At MacDougal's they buy *all* the beer ya can drink—then they take ya back and get ya laid!"

Murphy: "Yer kidding."

Johnson: "Ya must be joking, thot's too good to be true."

McGregor: "No, it's true. It happened to my sister."
—*Dave Freeman, Mobile, AL*



THE $150 JOKE

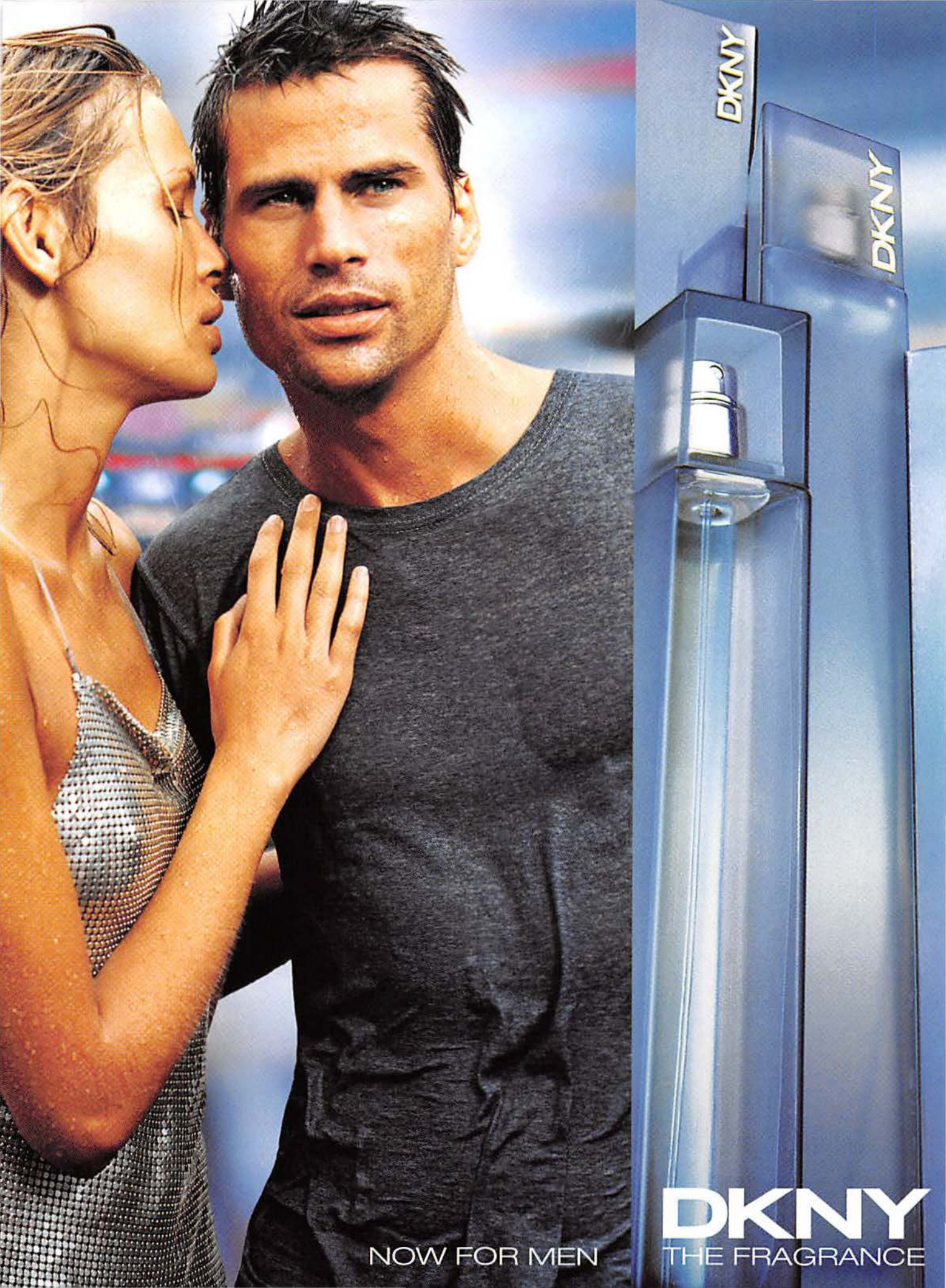
Dirty Bird

Dave gets a parrot for his birthday. It has a bad attitude and a worse vocabulary. Every other word is a swear. Dave tries to change the bird's behavior with polite words, soft music—but nothing works. Out of desperation, he throws the bird in the freezer. It squawks, kicks, screams, then falls silent. Dave, worried, swings the freezer door open. The parrot calmly steps out. "I believe I may have offended you with my rude language and actions. I will endeavor at once to correct my behavior."

Dave is astonished at the change in the bird's attitude and is about to ask what caused it when the parrot continues, "May I ask what the chicken did?"

Jason Mosher of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, earns a front-row seat at the first annual bareknuckle mime fight.

Illustration: Kevin February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THE FRAGRANCE

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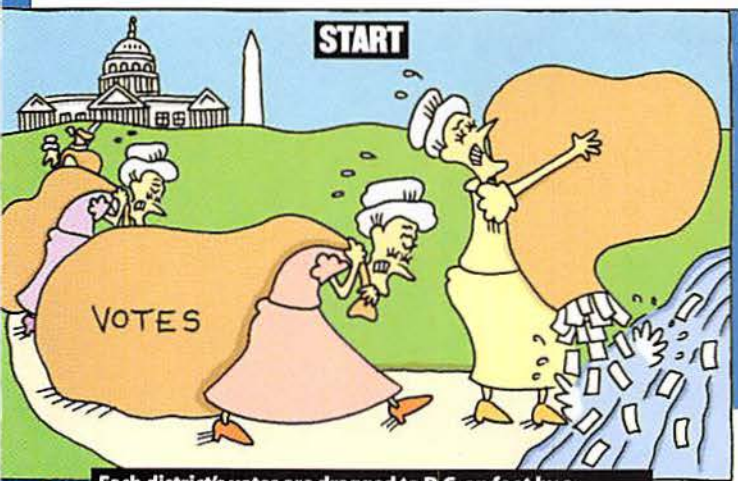
YOUR CIVIC DUTY

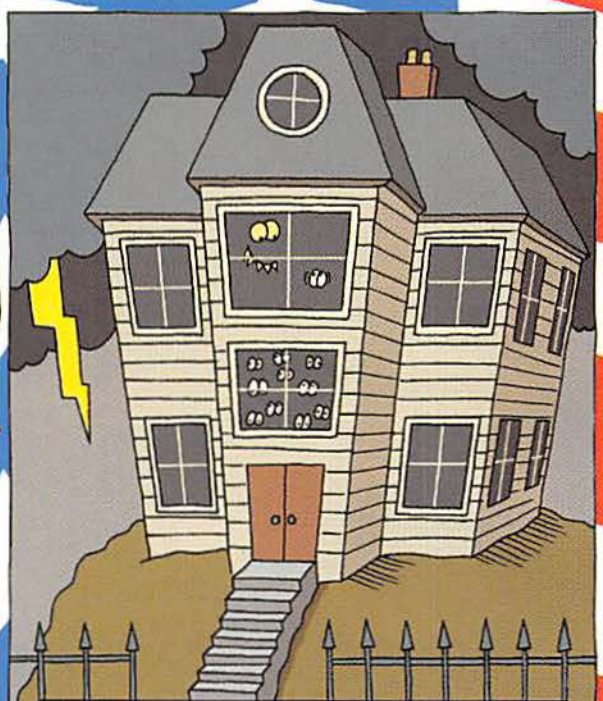
Electile Dysfunction

Learn where your vote goes after you yank your lever.

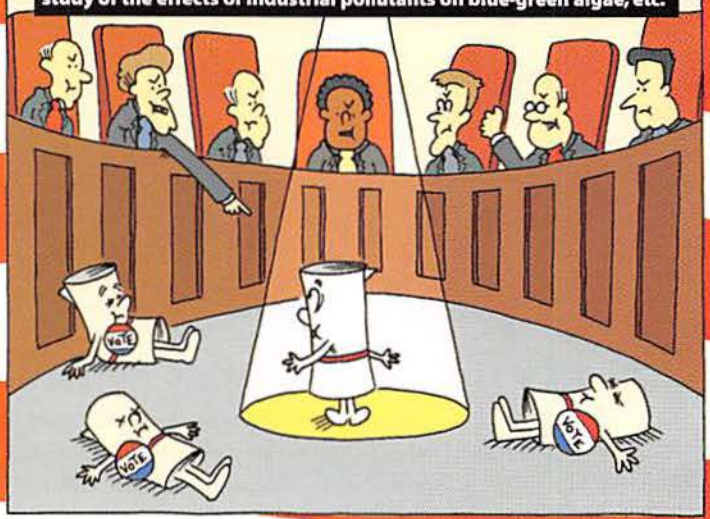
For the two or three hundred of us who bothered to register, the time has come once again to elect an attractive liar to run the country and molest our college-age daughters for the next four years. Lest you convince yourself that your vote doesn't matter, we've constructed this easy-to-follow chart to help you understand your valuable slice of the delicious pie we call democracy.



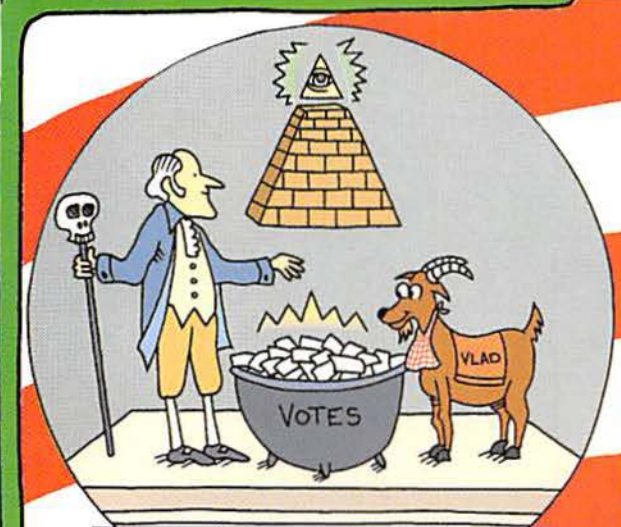
Each district's votes are dragged to D.C. on foot by a Daughter of the American Revolution. When the Daughters have assembled, all votes for independent candidates are tossed into the mighty Potomac and the process begins!



The remaining votes spend a night in a deserted mansion, a test made more challenging by a storm that knocks out the electricity and phones. In the morning those votes that have survived move to the next phase.



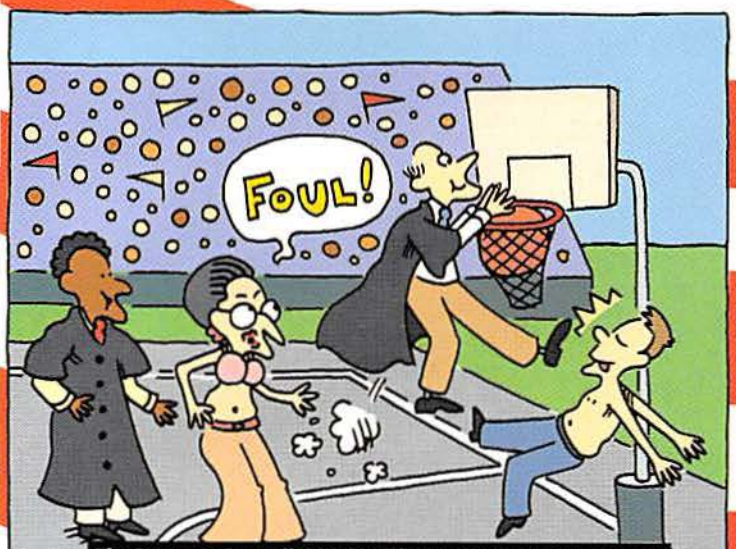
The House and the Senate break into subcommittees where votes are debated on their individual merits. Salacious details about the votes are openly discussed. Only a few votes continue on, along with riders for $3 billion renovations of Virginia highways, a $10 million study of the effects of industrial pollutants on blue-green algae, etc.



Deep in the inner sanctum of the Pyramid of the Floating Eye, the high priests of state run all votes through the mummified hands of John Quincy Adams, then offer them up to Vlad, the ceremonial goat. If Vlad eats some of the votes (he always does), the election is deemed valid.

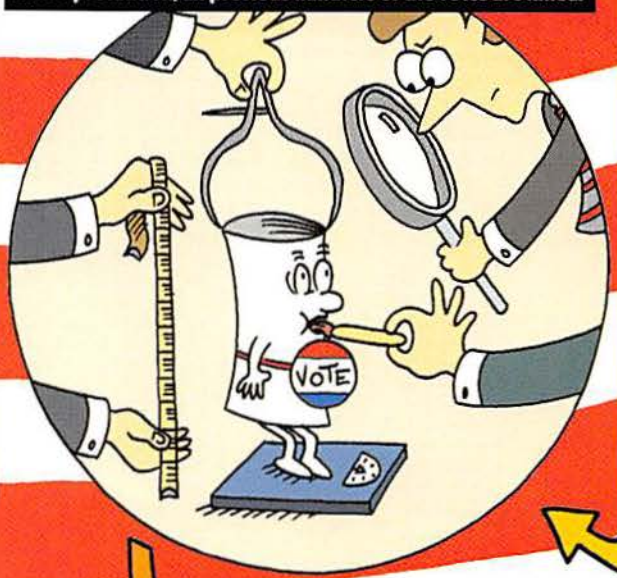
Illustrations by Jeff Cline

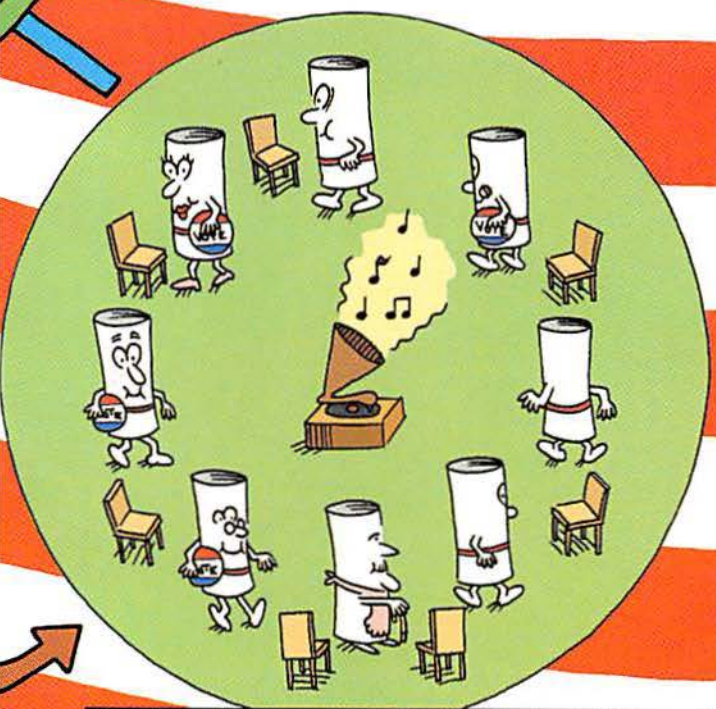
aximus



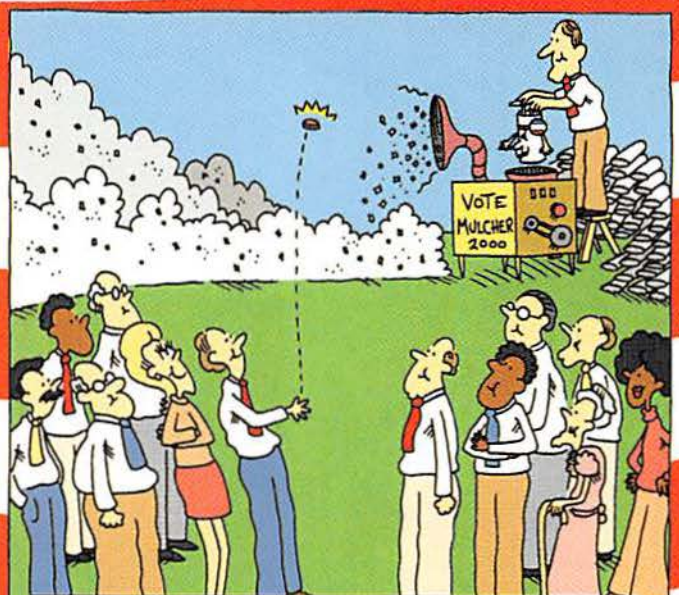
The Supreme Court divides itself into two teams for a game of shirts-versus-skins pickup basketball. (Justices O'Connor and Ginsberg are permitted to play in sports bras.) Two 10-minute halves are played; the winning team's vote count is multiplied by a factor equal to the point differential at the game's end.

The over-secretary general of the United Houses of Congress personally supervises the inspection of each vote; those votes that fail to meet high standards of cleanliness, legibility, posture, and grooming are burned on the spot. As a final "double-blind" precaution, all previous handlers of the votes are killed.





The votes walk around an array of chairs to the tune of Henry Mancini's "Baby Elephant Walk." The needle is randomly pulled off the record and the votes scramble to find seats; there is one chair too few, however, and the vote left standing is eliminated. This continues until the votes get cranky and break for nap time.



As the votes are fed into the "vote processor," the electoral college takes over. The Sacred Copper Disc of Lincoln is cast into the air. Upon its return to earth, if the portrait of our 16th president is showing, the Republicans win; if his memorial edifice appears, the Democrats win. The losing candidate is chemically rendered impotent (so that his progeny may never threaten the winning party) but is allowed to shill for potency drugs on TV.

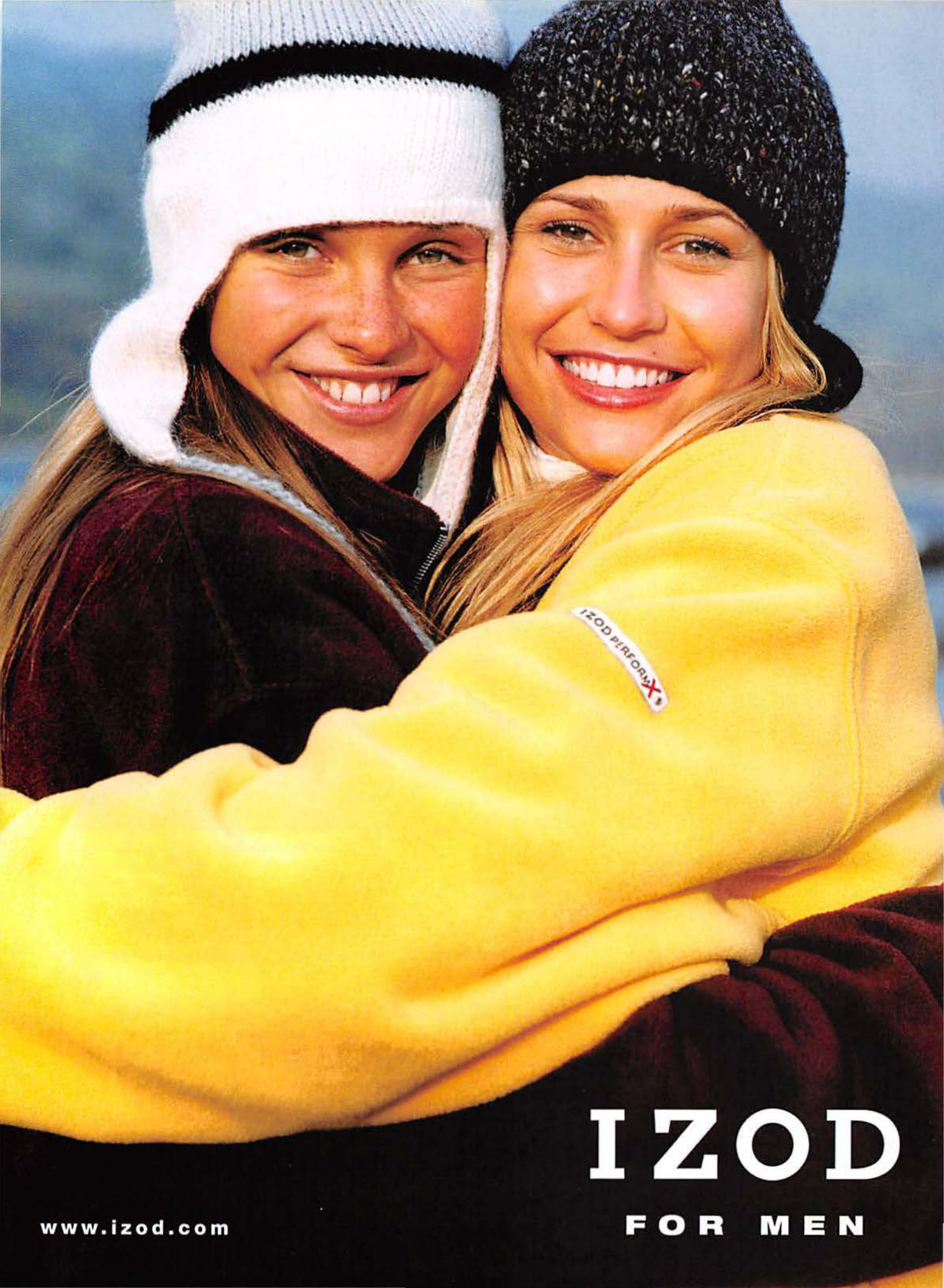
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Witchy Woman

Real name: Erica Leerhsen
Better known as: The wicked Wiccan of *Blair Witch 2: Book of Shadows*
Her story: When you grow up admiring Mia Farrow's performance in *Rosemary's Baby,* you shouldn't have to resort to black magic to land a role in the season's most anticipated horror flick. "Fortunately, I have a killer horror scream," jokes Leerhsen, who plays a member of the latest team of twentysomethings to get drawn into the Blair Witch mystery in the sequel to last year's surprise indie hit. But her talents don't end there—she's also got weird mystical powers: "I had a supernatural experience with a Ouija board when I was in the eighth grade," Leerhsen confesses. "I'd go into the girls' bathroom and use it to talk to dead teenage boys." Why, that's altogether ooky! In addition to Erica, the bigger-budgeted *Book of Shadows* features a tightly plotted script, the use of actual tripods, and—did someone say Bare Witch?—some artful nudity. So has *Blair Witch* gone Hollywood after all? "Hey, I don't need to go to the woods to get lost," says Leerhsen. "I've been to Los Angeles."
—*Dave Itzkoff*

***Blair* essential**

Photograph, Craig DeCristo; stylist, Chris Duran/Visage; hair, Laini Morrison for Profile; makeup, Litha Vasquez for Profile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Strip clubs?

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PartyByNight.com

HIROKI IS HONKY!

'Cue It Up, Bro

Our Japanese art assistant chows down on some soul food. Can you dig it?

"Please shut mouth—I'm just talking about Shaft."

Stouffer's Hearty Portions Pork and Roasted Potatoes
We paid $3.99 **Calories** 510 **Fat** 13 g **Cooking time** 9 min.
Comments: Judging from the stringy meat, Stouffer's pigs seem to have been beaten into submission.
Hiroki says: "Pork is real pork, but old, old pork. Potato like a marsh-a-mellow."

Churchs Three-Piece Chicken and Biscuit Meal
We paid $3.59 **Nutritional info, cooking time unavailable**
Comments: Though it didn't cleanse our souls, it did clean our palates. The colonel is dead...Long live the king!
Hiroki says *[Sings]:* "Chicke-e-e-n! Biscuit smells like sperm. My hobby."

Southland Chopped Collard Greens
We paid $.99 **Calories** 10 **Fat** 0 g **Cooking time** 8 min.
Comments: Collard greens aren't meant to be a meal in themselves, and now we know why.
Hiroki says: "When I bite, my tongue numb from agricultural chemicals."

Popeye's Sausage and Chicken Jambalaya
We paid $4.99 **Nutritional info, cooking time unavailable**
Comments: What's a cartoon sailor know about chicken? Still, we'd gladly pay you Tuesday for a jambalaya today.
Hiroki says: "Should be more hard rice. I have teeth so I can bite; I'm not old geezer."

Corky's Bar-B-Q Pork Dinner
We paid $6.99 **Calories** 480 **Fat** 8 g **Cooking time** 5 min.
Comments: These prepackaged meals from the Memphis hot spot are heart-attack-on-the-toilet good.
Hiroki says: "Beans! Beans! Mmm! Good! Apples is too much jelly. Jelly, jelly, jelly."

Healthy Choice Mesquite Beef with Barbecue Sauce
We paid $4.29 **Calories** 320 **Fat** 9 g **Cooking time** 5 min.
Comments: Like deep-fried Snickers bars, barbecued beef could only be a "healthy choice" in the land of Elvis.
Hiroki says *[Sighs forlornly]:* "I hate my job. Torture. Don't give me that shit."

OH, CALCUTTA

"Don' have cow, man!"

Three Reasons to Hate...Gandhi!

1 He was a lousy husband. Gandhi may have loved all humanity, but in 1906 he stopped loving his wife, Kasturba. He denied her sex and once almost threw her out of the house in a fit of anger (presumably brought on by low blood sugar).

2 He was a rotten father. The mahatma expected his children to follow in his own saintly, emaciated footsteps, and he was so overbearing that his disgruntled eldest son, Harilal, denounced his father, converted to Islam, and eventually died a drunk.

3 He was a poor role model. His hunger strikes and trim physique created an unrealistic body image for peace activists to live up to. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Mother Teresa, and other leaders battled Gandhi-inspired eating disorders all their lives.

31%

Percentage of Americans who believe that George W. Bush resembles a dog. Another 16% believe that he resembles a ferret.

Photographs: Satoshi (Hiroki); Robert Glasgow (food)

A man's way of supporting the arts.

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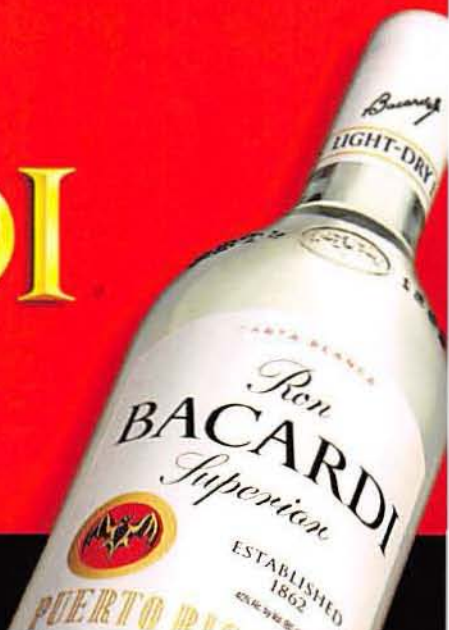

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Tragical History Tour

Whatever happened to...the Beatles?

George Harrison

John Lennon

Paul McCartney

Ringo Starr

RESPECTABLE

1977 Despite being critically panned, Wings' "Mull of Kintyre" becomes the biggest-selling single in British history.

1982 Two hit duets: "Ebony and Ivory," with Stevie Wonder, and "The Girl Is Mine," with Michael Jackson. "We Pity the Fool," with Mr. T, is not released.

1971 *Imagine* includes "How Do You Sleep?"—a scathing attack on Paul. "On a big pile of money," McCartney replies.

1980 Wings disbands after Paul is arrested in Japan for marijuana possession. Hopeful members of Poco cry, "This is *our* time..."

1985 Out from under Paul's nose, Michael Jackson snaps up the copyrights to the Beatles' catalog for $47.5 million, payable in equal installments of 15 llamas a year.

1975 After a trial separation, John reconciles with wife Yoko Ono. Son Sean is born 10 months later. The man moves quick.

1970 George's single "My Sweet Lord" hits No. 1.

1995 Buries the hatchet with Yoko and the two record the WWII tribute single, "Hiroshima Sky Is Always Blue." Needless to say, it, er, bombs.

1980 On December 8 John is shot and killed by Mark David Chapman. Within three weeks his album *Double Fantasy* is No. 1.

1988 Albert Goldman's book *The Lives of John Lennon* calls John a homosexual, drug-addicted anorexic. Lennon responds: "Leave me alone—I'm dead, you asshole."

1974 A drunken John is thrown out of a club in Hollywood for heckling the Smothers Brothers. No, *really*.

INACTIVE

1974 Eric Clapton hijacks George's wife, then writes the best song of his career, "Layla," about it. *D'oh!*

1979 George's Handmade Films Ltd. produces the Jesus parody *Monty Python's Life of Brian*. An indignant John declares he's "bigger than Brian."

1988 George's single "Got My Mind Set on You" hits No. 1. Complete lyrics: "I got my mind set on you" (repeat 150 times).

1971 Forms Wings; names tone-deaf wife "Linder" keyboardist. An inspired Ringo attempts to marry Mick Jagger.

2000 *Time, Newsweek, Spin,* and *Vanity Fair* all decline to excerpt the Beatles' new book, *Anthology. Highlights for Children* "still evaluating."

1988 George, Jeff Lynne, Roy Orbison, Tom Petty, and Bob Dylan form the Traveling Wilburys. Kenny Rogers waits patiently by a phone that never rings.

1972 Spaghetti western *Blindman* flops. A desperate Ringo begs for a little loose change from his friends.

1978 Reviewing the NBC television special *Ringo, The Washington Post* calls him a "lifeless mumbling cipher." That's bad.

1995 Surviving Beatles reunite to record new tracks with unused tapes of John Lennon vocals. Even Natalie Cole is horrified by the project.

1981 Stars in the prehistoric-slapstick comedy *Caveman*. A studio cave man is brought in when Ringo is unable to keep time with his club.

1973 Solo album *Ringo* is a hit, but follow-up records *Starr, Mr. R. Starkey,* and *Ingo-Ray* all bomb.

1976 A court rules that "My Sweet Lord" is a ripoff of the Chiffons' 1963 song "He's So Fine." Judge not struck by lightning, so ruling stands.

1989 Wins a role on the children's TV show *Shining Time Station*, beating out Tommy Lee and the one-armed guy from Def Leppard.

1987 Blocks the release of one of his own records, claiming he was drunk when he recorded it. Yeah, so?

EMBARRASSING

'70 '71 '72 '73 '74 '75 '76 '77 '78 '79 '80 '81 '82 '83 '84 '85 '86 '87 '88 '89 '90 '91 '92 '93 '94 '95 '96 '97 '98 '99 '00 '01

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"Damn—where's my baster?"

NEWS YOU CAN LOSE

This Just In!

If someone else printed it, it must be true.

Though all these stories seem too good to be true, three of them were actually reported in reputable news sources. See if you can spot the one *we* made up.

1. A blind man was arrested for trying to rob a bank. The 48-year-old bandit asked a security guard to guide him to a teller, where he presented a note demanding money. The teller simply mouthed, "It's a robbery" to the guard, who was standing next to him.

2. Spurred by the success of reality-based TV in the U.S., a British show will feature aspiring musicians on a desert island. BBC2's *Surviving the Band* will present "seven randomly chosen young adults between 18 and 25" who must learn to perform while roughing it in the Orkney Islands, north of Scotland. After the show's run, there'll be an album and a concert tour of Britain and, possibly, the U.S.

3. A company in Hamburg, Germany, has opened a "baby bank" where people can deposit unwanted newborns. The bank has a "letter drop" through which one can pass a baby to be cared for by the bank. Parents have eight weeks to reclaim their kids before they're put up for adoption.

4. A little girl reading a book about Barney the dinosaur discovered explicit pornography when a page came unglued, revealing a photo of a nude woman with her hands in her crotch, plus instructions (in French) on how to please a partner. Mommy is suing the publishers, who swear it was a printing error.

What's big, purple, and stands erect...

Answer: 2

REEL LIFE

XXX Fantasy Island!

Juicing up those '70s classics for a desensitized generation.

Hollywood's logic is infallible: Why waste time and effort creating, say, the next *Godfather* when you can simply dredge up forgotten '70s TV shows like *The Brady Bunch, The Mod Squad,* and *Charlie's Angels* and stretch them into major movies instead? Eager to hop on this Wavy Gravy train, we're frantically snapping up any remaining television properties we can get our hands on and heading into preproduction. Coming soon to a...oh, you know.—*Jacob Kalish*

"Kill us, please..."

THREE'S COMPANY—THE MOVIE

Jack Andy Dick **Larry** Freddie Prinze, Jr. **Chrissy** Jenny McCarthy **Janet** Janeane Garofalo **Mr. Furley** Regis Philbin

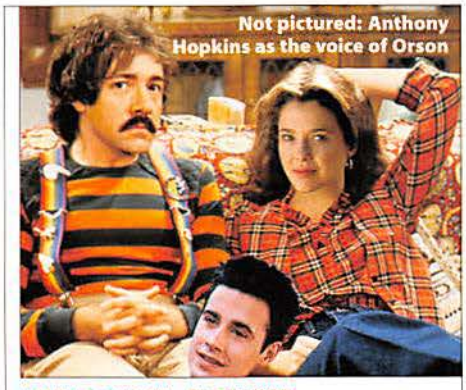
Synopsis: With Andy Dick in the lead role, Jack is no longer just sexually ambiguous but creepy and self-destructive too! Furley's Web-based schoolgirl-panty delivery business is buying out mighty Time Warner...but crossed signals on Furley's StarTac lead him to hear Chrissy tell Janet she "played with Jack's cock." Two hours later we learn that Jack's cock is a real live bird on loan from the San Diego Zoo! Embarrassed giggles ensue.

There's always the sequel, Nipsey

WHAT'S HAPPENING!!—THE MOVIE

Raj Samuel L. Jackson **Rerun** Chris Tucker **Shirley** Tyra Banks and one million Ring Dings **Dwayne** Omar Epps **Dee** Freddie Prinze, Jr.

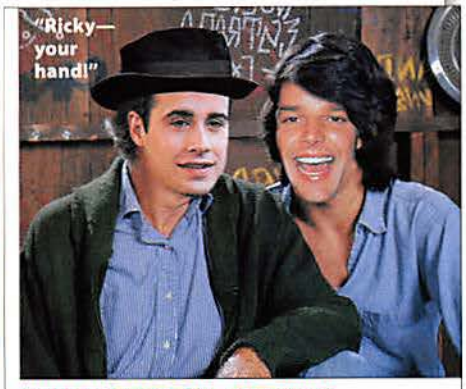
Synopsis: It's been 15 years since Dwayne and Rerun set Raj up to take a fall while they usurped control of his New York drug empire. Now Raj has paid his debt to society and he's ready to take back the streets that are rightfully his. Can Shirley, the one-time fashion model turned diner proprietor, convince Raj to give up his plans for cappin' the fools, or will she only get caught in the crossfire? You'll find out in the surprise tragic ending.


Not pictured: Anthony Hopkins as the voice of Orson

MORK & MINDY—THE MOVIE

Mork Kevin Spacey **Mindy** Annette Bening **Mearth** Freddie Prinze, Jr.

Synopsis: Spacey gives an electrifying, virtuoso performance as Mork, a troubled alien displaced from his home planet. Mork is scarred by a dark secret in his past: Though he says, *"Nanu, nanu,"* he does not mean it in his heart. Neither the love of his wife and child nor a long weekend with Tony Robbins' personal-power shock troops can make him feel whole again. He retreats to his egg-shaped womb to rebuild his emotional desktop.


"Ricky—your hand!"

CHICO AND THE MAN—THE MOVIE

Chico Freddie Prinze, Jr. **The Man** Ricky Martin

Synopsis: Now that this Latin-explosion thing is *muy caliente,* as they say, we're going to double our pleasure—and profits—by casting Hispanic actors in both roles. By day Chico and Ed are Internet moguls; by night they run the hottest nightspot in Los Angeles from an abandoned garage. But will the adorable six-year-old orphan girl who shows up on their doorstep ruin their swingin' and—we can't emphasize this enough—decidedly heterosexual lifestyle? *¡Ay, caramba!*

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"Yeah, I'm Moon—wanna see my green cheese?"

Are You Keith Moon?

Could you be a hard-livin' celebrity and not know it? Take our mini-test to find out.

1. Although you recorded the best-selling soundtrack ever, rumors about your personal life abound. Then you get caught with 15.2 ounces of marijuana by an airport security guard. You:
a) Throw the bag at him, run to the nearest plane, and board it; after being apprehended, repeat over and over, "What drug problem?"
b) Admit that the pot is yours and that you have a problem. Take responsibility for your crime and get some help.

2. Though your road to success was bumpy, all your bad habits are behind you. After being released from prison for good behavior, you want to jump-start your career. You:
a) Get high just nights after your release; then, instead of walking home, stumble into the nearest strange house, crawl into the youngest daughter's bed, and pass out.
b) Make a public apology for all the mistakes you've made, find a rehab program that works, and start auditioning again.

3. You were just voted one of the sexiest men alive. How do you celebrate?
a) Break out your old bongos and your supply of hashish, strip down to your birthday suit, and start playing loud enough for the neighbors to have you arrested.
b) Go out to dinner with some friends and toast your success. Then go home and start preparing for your next project.

4. Following a series of hits in the early '90s, your bid to cross over and become an action star tanks. You take your girlfriend to a party, where some guys start a fight with you. How do you prove you're the better man?
a) Punch your girl in the face, bite the host in the stomach, and wrestle with the police until they throw you in jail.
b) Turn the other cheek, then whisk your girlfriend away to a more romantic evening in front of the fireplace.

5. While relaxing in the spacious home you built with the millions you made from the sales of your soul records, you experience an unfortunate power outage. When a utility worker comes to the door to fix the problem, you:
a) Accuse him of trespassing and chase him off your property with a steak knife.
b) Kick back with a nice Lipton Iced Tea and let the man do his job.

6. As one of America's most respected actors, you continue to win Oscars even in the twilight of your career. You have all the power Hollywood has to offer. You:
a) Come on to women who may or not be prostitutes, have sex with them, then beat them when they try to collect from you.
b) Get married, settle down, attend Lakers games.

—Matthew Cole Weiss

SCORING: For every a) answer you picked, give yourself 4 points; score 1 point for each b).

IF YOU SCORED...

9 POINTS OR FEWER
You couldn't offend anyone if you tried. You are Wilford Brimley.

10–14 POINTS
You're more comical than dangerous. You are Gary Coleman.

15–19 POINTS
Are you sure you're not Coolio? OK...

20 POINTS OR MORE
You are indeed Keith Moon and are quite probably dead.

WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

Here are nine more reasons to get inebriated this month.

November 1 It's All Saints' Day, when we pay tribute to martyrs Susan Saint James, Jasmine St. Claire, and St. Ides malt liquor.

November 4 Archeologists plunder the tomb of boy king Tutankhamen on this day in 1922 but find only facial salves and ancient spank mags.

November 6 Shallow Persons Awareness Week starts today. Whatever.

November 9 Noted thespian Lou Ferrigno (*The Incredible Hulk*) turns 48 today. Chip in and get the guy a new pair of jeans, fer chrissakes.

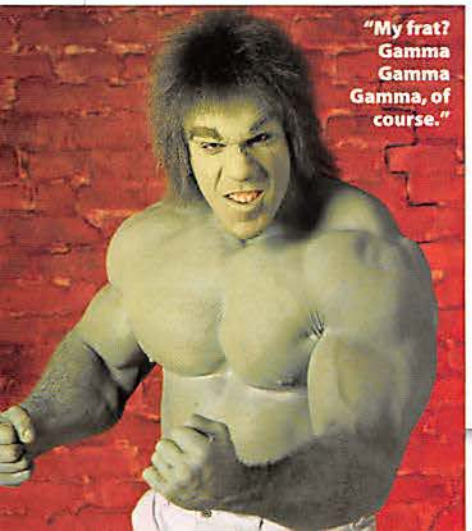
November 11 Beloved Popsicle stick Calista Flockhart celebrates her 36th birthday today, for the fourth consecutive year.

November 18 Mickey Mouse makes his debut on this day in 1928, in the animated short *Make Way for the Fascists!*...er, *Steamboat Willie*.

November 19 1863: Lincoln delivers halftime speech, the Gettysburg Address, inspiring his team to win the, uh, Rose Bowl, we think...

November 21 Today is World Hello Day. Cell-phone users instead celebrate World Hello? Hello?!?...You're Breaking...Dammit...*Hello?* Day.

November 24 It's the anticonsumer observance Buy Nothing Day! Beer purchases are still OK, since technically they're only rentals.



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"Help yourself to lollipops, kids—but the mushrooms are mine."

PC WATCH

Toons o' the Times

The PC police pistol-whip beloved cartoons into submission.

Ever wonder why some of your favorite childhood characters up and disappeared one Saturday morning? Chalk it up to their nervous corporate parents, who bowdlerized their own creations for fear of damaging boycotts and lawsuits. But their solutions were no better than the perceived problems:

Offense The original edition of Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* makes reference to Willy Wonka's Oompa-Loompa workers having been brought over from "darkest Africa." The illustrations depict them as caricatures of blacks. **Revision** The Oompa-Loompas are illustrated to appear more Munchkinlike (i.e., white). They come from Loompaland, a mythical place with, presumably, no history of a slave trade.

Offense In the 1944 short "Bugs Nips the Nips," the wabbit calls his Japanese enemies "Japs," "slant-eyes," and "monkeys" and hands out grenades disguised as ice-cream cones. **Revision** Despite the red flag of a title, "Nips" somehow made its way onto the *Golden Age of Looney Tunes* boxed set, and thousands had to be recalled. Years later the Japanese took revenge by hypnotizing American children via Pokémon.

Offense In Disney's *Aladdin*, the lyrics of "Arabian Nights" describe the scene as a place "where they cut off your ear / If they don't like your face / It's barbaric, but hey, it's home." **Revision** A dopey effort even by Disney standards: "Where it's flat and immense / And the heat is intense / It's barbaric, but hey, it's home." In addition to international terrorism, Arabs are now being blamed for their own harsh climate.

Offense In MGM cartoons, Tom and Jerry's housekeeper, Mammy Two-Shoes, was seen only as a pair of thick black legs and spoke with a weighty African-American accent. **Revision** A literal whitewash. Mammy's legs became Caucasian...but her vocals weren't redubbed. Some astute five-year-old must have noted the inconsistency: Mammy's voice was later swapped for an equally offensive Irish brogue.

Offense Disneyland's *Pirates of the Caribbean* pissed off killjoy feminists who felt that the robotic rogues were sexually harassing the animatronic women with their boorishness. **Revision** Welcome to *Pussies of the Caribbean*. Disney cut out the grappling and negligee stealing; the wenches are now pursued for a meager booty of food, making *It's a Small World* look titillating. *Ar-r-r-gh.—Trish Ryan*

19%

Percentage of drug addicts who have smoked crack with their parents. 76 percent have smoked pot with Mom and Dad; 6 percent have done heroin as a family.

SCREEN DUMPS

Pull the Plug!

We'll gladly put these TV shows out of their misery.

What? *Walker, Texas Ranger* is still on the air? *Frasier* is back for a 37th season? Is anyone still watching this dreck? Someday programmers will put these tired war-horses out to pasture. Until then we've concocted series finales for the shows we'd like to usher off the air.

Friends
Ross' missing pet monkey, Marcel, returns. But the reunion is cut short when it's learned that Marcel carries the Ebola virus, and the roomies die excruciating, pus-oozing deaths. Not the chicks, though.

Dharma & Greg
Having failed to pay her "membership dues" for the last four years, Dharma is "borrowed" away by the Church of Scientology so she can get "reacquainted" with its values. Greg buys a new argyle sweater.

Star Trek: Voyager
The omniscient alien Q permits the crew of *Voyager* to peer into the future and see what will become of their careers if they continue to work on *Star Trek* series. Sensibly, they crash the papier-mâché ship into a studio wall and run away.

60 Minutes
Misled by the wicked Morley Safer to believe that Lesley Stahl has been unfaithful, a jealous, vengeful Ed Bradley confronts his woman, with tragic results. Also, Andy Rooney runs out of things to complain about and shrivels into a single infinitesimal speck of Brylcreem.

Ally McBeal
During a steamy tryst in the shower with Nelle and Renée, a soaped-up Ally slips down the drain forever. The episode ends when creator David E. Kelley suffers permanent crippling carpal tunnel syndrome.

VAL KILMER CARRIE-ANNE MOSS TOM SIZEMORE

NOT A SOUND.
NOT A WARNING.
NOT A CHANCE.

NOT ALONE.

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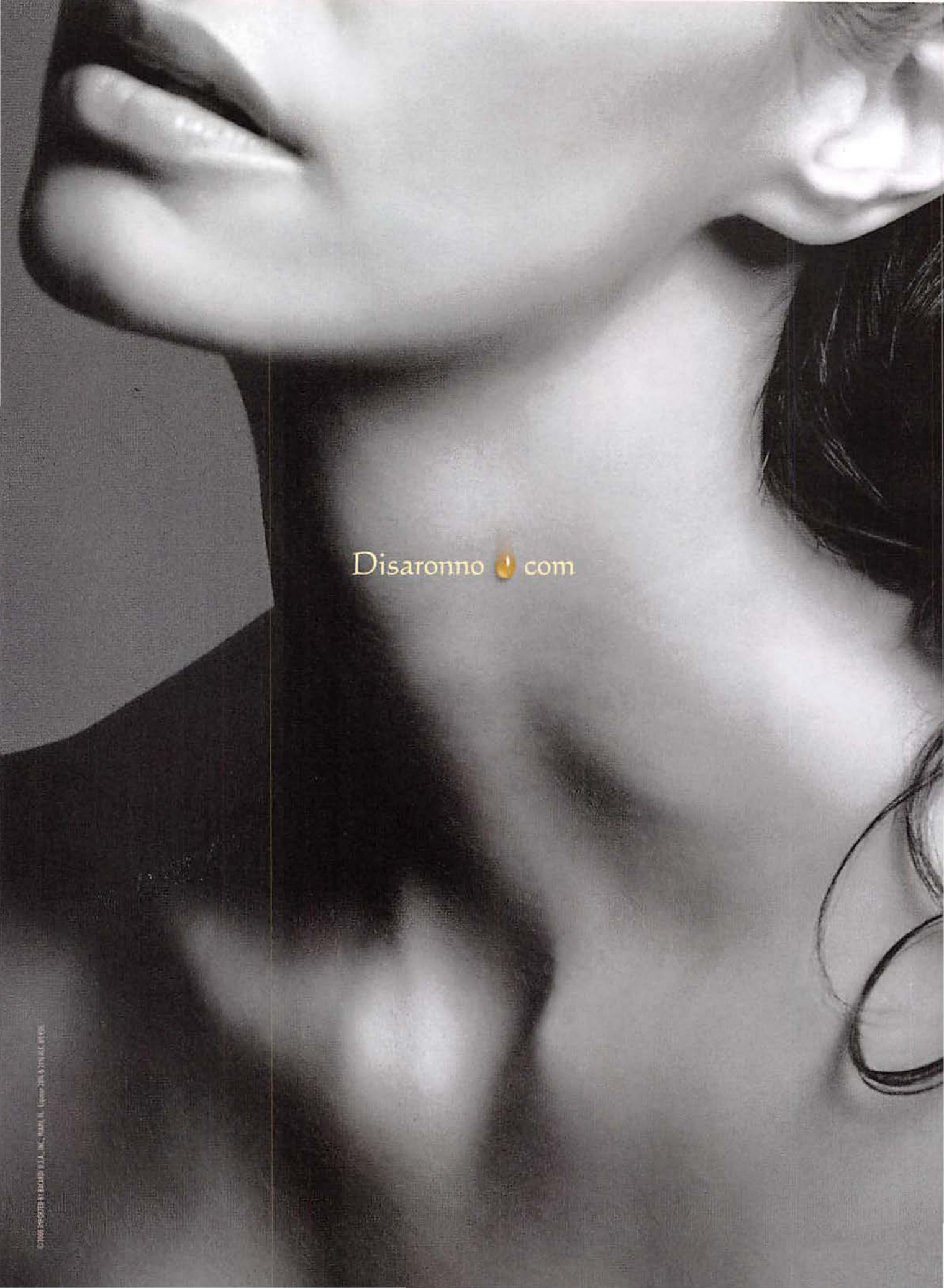
Disaronno com

Please, oh please, let this be a shooting gallery

GOOD SPORTS

Offensive Line Men

A fond look back at other comics turned commentators.

As Dennis Miller's erudite football play-by-play passes light years above America's collective head, it's obvious that fans aren't ready for an announcer who's more familiar with the Peloponnesian War than with the West Coast offense. Still, Miller's not the first comedian whose stand-up skills haven't translated to the broadcast booth. Remember these sorry efforts from years past?—*Bryan Walsh*

GEORGE CARLIN CALLS...
U.S. vs. Russia, 1980 Winter Olympics

"Time's ticking down and the U.S. is holding the puck behind their net. *Puck*. Woo—that's as close to a dirty word as you can get. Just that curlicue on the upper right of the *p* makes it OK. Puck you! I can say that, barely, right here on TV. Mother pucker! Hey, I just pucked your sister! Oh, look at the clock: Three, two, one...that's it! The true-blue Americans beat the big, bad commie Russkies, meaning the term *American hockey* is no longer an oxymoron. It's a pucking miracle!"

SAM KINISON CALLS...
New York Mets vs. Boston Red Sox, October 25, 1986

"Mets down to their last out in the series—here's the pitch to Mookie Wilson. Ah, Wilson, you pussy! It's a soft grounder to first base! All Buckner's got to do is put it away and...HE FUCKING MISSES IT! THE BALL GOES THROUGH THAT GODDAMN SON OF A BITCH BUCKNER'S LEGS! OH OH OHHHHHH!!!!!! THE METS WIN THE GAME!!!! OH, THE PAIN!!!! OH OH OHHHHHH!!!!" *[sounds of equipment breaking, head smacking console, whiskey bottles popping open]*

JERRY SEINFELD CALLS...
Chicago Bulls vs. Utah Jazz, June 14, 1998

"Only seconds remain, and the Jazz are dribbling the ball up the floor. Ever wonder why they call it dribbling? Do basketball players have saliva problems? Should they be wearing little bibs and sitting in highchairs on the bench? Is this a professional sport or an all-you-can-eat breakfast at the Knights of Columbus?...Oh, looks like Jordan stole the ball and made a last-second jumper to win the championship. Hey, is that a hot 18-year-old on her honeymoon? I'll be right back."

$1

Fine levied against Microsoft for breaking an agreement with a competing software company. On appeal, the fine was increased to $1 million.

URBAN LEGEND WATCH

Desert of the Real

Sounds too good to be true? We'll dig up the dirt.

Go ahead. Lick it

Myth In cities across the nation, unsuspecting bank customers are being killed by ATM envelopes laced with cyanide.

Reality Though it mostly propagates bogus stock tips and fake nude pix of Rue McLanahan, the Internet seems to be responsible for spreading this falsehood, too. ATM envelopes are made by so many manufacturers, one madman, no matter how persevering, couldn't poison a whole country's worth. "It sounds like something from a grade B movie," says Rose Ann Soloway, associate director of the American Association of Poison Control Centers. "It's not feasible." Poison experts refuse to comment on how to lace envelopes with cyanide, so if you really want to do yourself in, the best we can suggest is that you pop the old seat belt and ram the drive-through teller.—*Molly Ginty*

Photo-illustration, www.sosnovsky.com; photograph, Robert Glasgow (poison)

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Light a Fire

HEAD-TO-HEAD

King James vs. James King

One's the monarch who gave us the Good Book; the other's a model with stunning good looks. But which one of them truly rules?

PATHETICALLY WORSHIPFUL SUBJECTS

Snaggle-toothed Brits | All human men

Edge: J.K.

GOOD WORK

Commissioned definitive edition of Bible | Offers clear glimpse of heaven

Edge: J.K.

ARMS

A ready arsenal of archers, cavalry, and foot soldiers | Lithe and supple

Edge: J.K.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS

Indecipherable brogue, foul odor, can't bang way out of coffin | Tattoos of fairies on her back; tongue and nipple piercings

Edge: J.K.

PATRON OF THE ARTS

Commissioned Shakespeare to write *Macbeth* and other works | Admits to being big fan of critically reviled (OK, by us) teen bands

Edge: K.J.

FUN FACT

Proof that Bard helped with his Bible: 23rd word of 23rd Psalm is *shake;* 23rd word from end is *spear* | Once spilled red nail polish all over Gucci dress moments before big runway show

Edge: K.J.

UPCOMING PROJECTS

Using clout from King James Version to get best tables in afterlife | Movies *Happy Campers*, *Blow*, and the highly anticipated *Pearl Harbor*

Edge: J.K.

AND THE WINNER IS

By a score of 5–2, the hottie gives the Scottie a royal beating.

Trojan Horseplay

Don't put on a lambskin till you know where it's been.

While you're out humping everything in sight, the Food and Drug Administration makes sure your condoms meet rigid standards. Jizz jackets sold in the U.S. must pass three basic tests, but some major condom manufacturers add a fourth and final hoop to make sure their prophylactics go the extra inch.

DUREX

Extra test Condoms are filled with 300 milliliters of water and suspended for three minutes, then inspected for "minute fluid leakage." Hey, it happens to the best of us.

Home version Fill condom with tap water and tie off. Stand on balcony; taunt passersby with condom; release at will. If unbroken, check for leaks; if broken, take pounding from soaking-wet gentleman to your left.

LIFESTYLES

Extra test Several samples from each batch of approximately 1,000 condoms are inflated with 16 liters of air each. If more than four break under the pressure, the entire lot is destroyed.

Home version Inflate condom to maximum size (using someone else's lips if possible) and tie off. Present to circus clown and ask him to twist condom into giraffe or poodle. Watch for breakage. Discard.

TROJAN

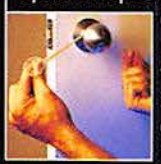
Extra test Condom is placed in water and zapped with high-voltage current. The condom is then examined for flaws as the lab testers reflect on the innumerable real-life situations that call for a perfectly insulated penis.

Home version While wearing rubber shoes, unroll condom; wrap around cake pan. Touch pan to bug zapper or lighting fixture. Inspect condom for holes; swear off cake forever.

KIMONO

Extra test Condoms are baked in an oven, then stretched to 650 percent of their original length. Serves eight to 10 guests.

Home version Warm condom in double boiler; tie one end to doorknob and the other to loose tooth of small child (preferably one with endearing speech impediment). Slam door shut; retrieve extracted tooth; inspect condom for rips or holes. O-tay!



After chili he can blow up two at a time

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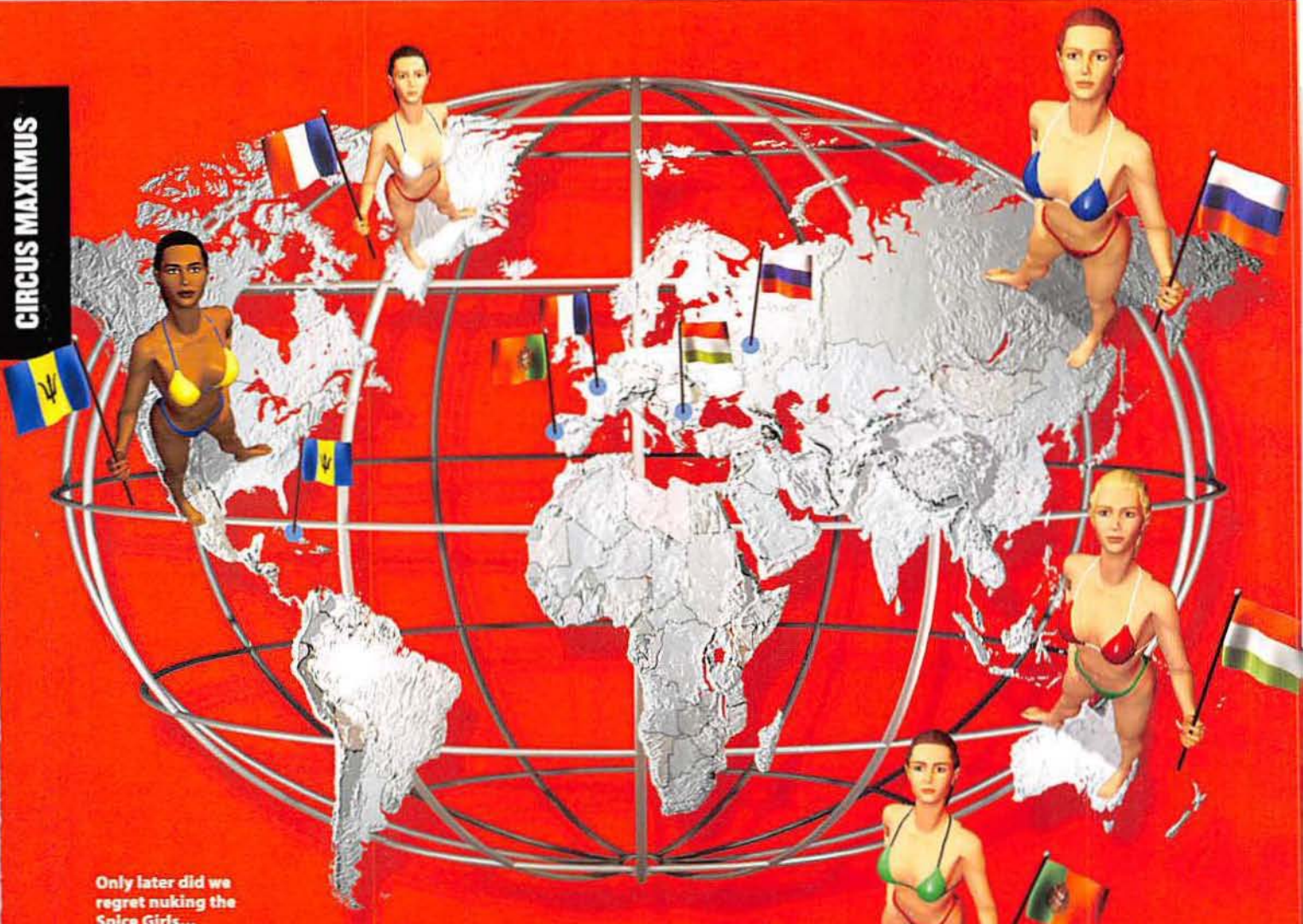


Only later did we regret nuking the Spice Girls...

Ambassador of Lust

Discover the nations where every night is ladies' night.

Remember the oft-quoted fact that the earth's population is 51 percent female and 49 percent male? Turns out it's no longer true: 2000 census data shows the Y-chromosome has actually taken a slight lead in the new millennium. All these extra men means extra competition for an ever dwindling supply of women. But a few nations of the world still have female-to-male ratios stacked in your favor. Use this information to plan your next vacation and bring some of these lucky ladies back to the States. Then move to Utah so you can marry all five of 'em.

BARBADOS
Female-to-male ratio:
100 females per 93 males

You do the math: Studies have shown that the average Barbadian man claims to have three partners at any given time. On the one hand, that's a good indication that the native women will be forgiving with your philandering ways. On the other hand, you'll have to work overtime to keep them from getting within groping range of your unsuspecting male friends.

FRANCE
Female-to-male ratio:
100 females per 95 males

Bill Clinton has nothing on former French president François Mitterrand. From 1965 until his death in 1996, the married Mitterrand openly kept a mistress and hosted an endless string of one-timers as well. It wasn't unusual for as many as four female conquests to surrender to *le président* in a single night. Despite this stellar example, France's male population has fled en masse, what with the persistent fear of a German invasion and all.

HUNGARY
Female-to-male ratio:
100 females per 91 males

The situation here is helped by the fact that prostitution is now legal, bringing another 8,000, er, courtesans to the capital city of Budapest alone. Meanwhile the men have run off as a result of massive absinthe binges that make them believe they're the henchmen of Keyser Soze and are about to be shot by an ugly Baldwin brother at any minute.

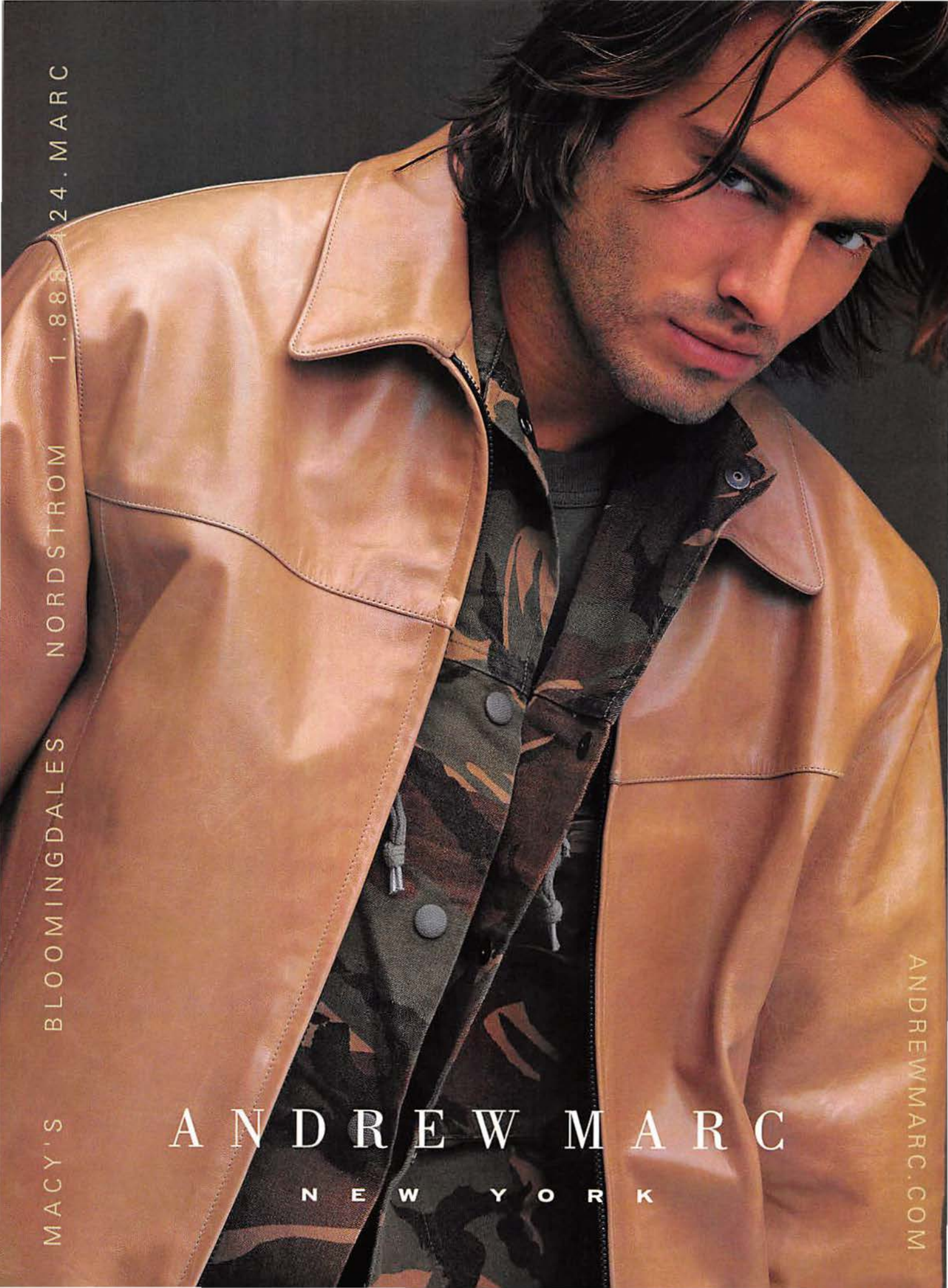
PORTUGAL
Female-to-male ratio:
100 females per 93 males

The legal age of consent here is 16, unless you're both under 16, in which case it's 12—no wonder celebs such as former Bay City Rollers drummer Derek Longmuir (who was caught harboring more than 100 kiddie-porn items in his house) and former cult leader Otto Muhl (who stopped sleeping with cult members in favor of their 14-year-old daughters) love it here. Native males have departed for more liberal party destinations, like Goa and Macau.

RUSSIA
Female-to-male ratio:
100 females per 88 males

The endless array of ads for mail-order brides hailing from this nation should be your first clue that Russia is teeming with eligible bachelorettes. If these conditions aren't favorable enough, check out the nearby republics of Ukraine (a stunning 100 females per 86 males) and Latvia (a whopping 100 females per 85 males).
Na zdorovye!—Jason Engdahl

Illustration, Graham Murdoch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"Sorry, no llamas. But I might have a cockatoo."

PHONEY BUSINESS

The Clone Arranger

Can a pet-duplication service really double your fun?

Wouldn't it be wonderful if there were a way to bring dear departed Rover back from the dead? Texas-based Genetic Savings and Clone (their lame joke, not ours) will do the next best thing: save your pet's DNA until a time when it's possible for the beast to be cloned. Our minds reeling with the possibilities, we sent our intrepid reporter to dig up the dirt.

"You've reached Genetic Savings and Clone. This is Chuck."

"Hi, Chuck. This is Dr. Rosenrosen. I'm a veterinarian, and I have some questions about your program. How are the genes transported to you? Should I lop an ear off, put it in some ice, and FedEx it to you?"

"No. We send you a BioBox that has some cold packs and the appropriate solutions for maintaining tissues in a viable state during transporting."

"One of my clients would like to clone a dog, a snake, an orangutan, a tarantula, a Siamese cat, and a llama. How much would that wind up costing him?"

"Six pets?! Oh, my God! I can't even begin to estimate what it might run."

"Could he save money by combining all of their DNA into a single all-powerful superpet?"

"No. In three years we expect dog cloning to be in the $20,000-to-$25,000 range, cats probably much, much less than that."

"How come cats cost so much less? I hate cats."

"We know more about cats."

"What if, in 1,000 years, it turns out you can't clone the pet—do we get our money back?"

"No."

"How do you make sure clones come out good and not evil?"

"Genetics do influence personality, but we're just making a genetic copy, not a personality copy."

"I found a possum on the road today. Well, actually, all I found was its paw. Could you clone it?"

"Not if it's not been kept in good condition. It's like when children fall through the ice. When you warm 'em up, they're fine. Same with animal cells when they're refrigerated."

"Could I get any special preference if the animal were a celebrity, like the Taco Bell Chihuahua?"

"Uh, no. The same priority is given to everyone. Unless, of course, you want to pay more. If you pay $1,500, we'll move you up and guarantee at least a two-week turnaround."

"They should do that with organ donation."

"Pardon?"

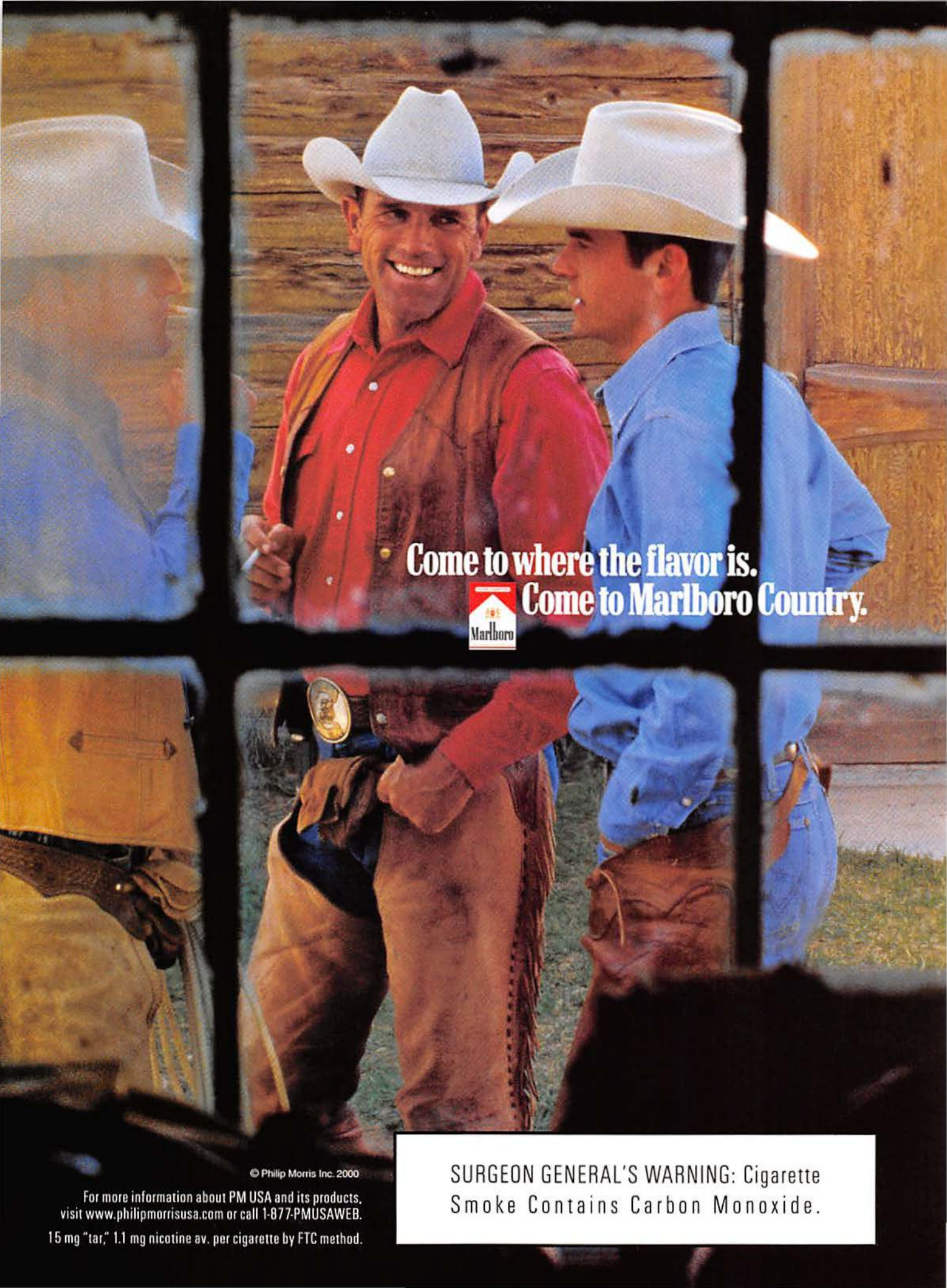
"Forget it."—*Bryan Walsh*

Ewe don't love me anymore

16%

Percentage of drivers who'd like to be chauffeured by Kermit the Frog. 31% would let Batman drive for them, while only 5% would trust Dilbert.

Photo illustration, www.sosnovsky.com



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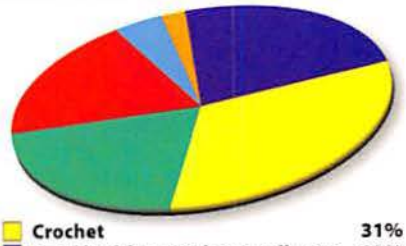
We Can Do It

No track marks here!

ANDRIJ FOR PRESIDENT!

THE SILENT MINORITY

What on earth do people not planning to vote for Andrij do with their spare time?*



Crochet	31%
Read bedtime stories to cellmate	23%
Finish 20,000-page manifesto	22%
Set fire to own genitals	18%
Fill anus with whipped cream	4%
Drink to forget being Quebeçois	2%

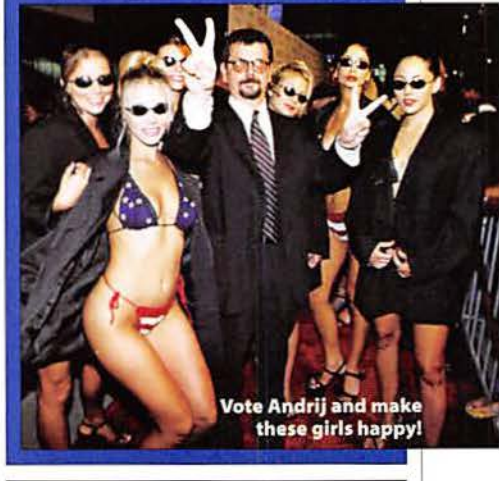
*Telephone poll conducted September 7–16 with 2,346 dirty pinkos who deserve to be run over by a bus.

"I'm Innocent!"

Andrij denies charges he killed rival candidate

With the campaign gearing up for election day, Andrij Witiuk has been hounded by the media to explain the mysterious disappearance of Edward Finn, his competitor for the *Maxim* presidential nomination. Finn went to lunch two days before the party's convention and has not been seen since.

"How should I know where he ran off to?" Andrij wonders. "His family's from Quebec, so he's always been shifty." Despite multiple interrogations, authorities have not, at press time, filed a formal charge of first-degree murder against Andrij. "I refuse to let these frivolous charges interfere with my drive to the White House," Andrij assures. "I sincerely hope that they find Mr. Finn alive and well, and not buried in three different garbage bags in the New Jersey Meadowlands."



Vote Andrij and make these girls happy!

Photograph, Berliner Studios; illustration, Kat Kinsman; Andrij's barber, Lenny Kukuljyev

The Final Push

With November 7th approaching, Andrij makes a last plea for your support.

In a few days, you'll be standing in a stall, trying to decide how best to flush away your vote. Do you give it to Al Bore? Or George "Silver Spoon" Bush? How about neither?

For months I've been touring the country and polluting the airwaves, trying to convince Americans that politics can be exciting. Sure, there were a few speed bumps, like when I did *Politically Incorrect* hung over and booted on Bill Maher's shoes. Or when I threw out the first pitch at Yankee Stadium and beaned that old lady. Oh, and I did accidentally grab Tipper's ass, but I swear I was just reaching for the pretzels.

All in all, it's been a huge success, and now the Witiuk/Ward campaign stands on the verge of greatness. I know that nothing's for free, so I'm prepared to give you something in return for your support. Now, I'm not trying to buy your vote—that would be illegal. I'm just, well, rewarding you for making the right choice. That's why, if elected, I promise every person who voted for me will not only get a lifetime subscription to *Maxim,* they'll also get a shiny new bike. Yes, that red one you always wanted. Not enough? Well, vote early and I'll also throw in 40 acres of prime French-Canadian real estate and a mule (or a French Canadian, depending on mule availability). As an added bonus, if you manage to vote for me twice, I'll hire the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders to come cheer you at work (as president I can do that). What other candidate has the balls to make promises like that?

Come on, I really want to be your president. I can't go back to my day job. I have a kid to feed. Please? I'm begging now.

Sincerely,

Andrij Witiuk

Andrij Witiuk
Resident of the United States

For God's sake, help us! Log on to www.andrij2000.org to put Andrij in the White House!

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Wall Street, it's time to pucker up and kiss our big, ballooning assets. Flush with success, we're starting to "short sell" some picks. That means we borrow stock and sell it for cash, then hope it tanks so we'll be able to buy our own shares back cheap and drink the difference. Now, light up that cigar, put out that hundred-dollar bill on your broker's forehead, and let's get busy!—*David Jacobson*

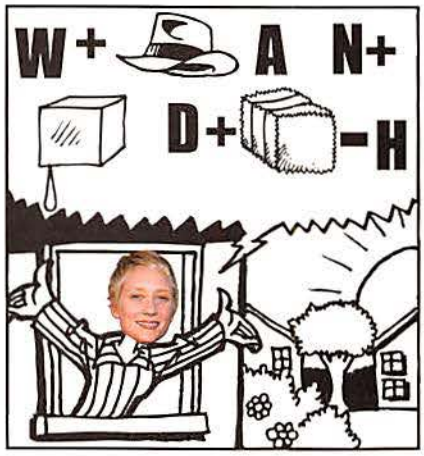
COMPANY	PRICE $	SHARES	CHANGE	TRANS.	COMMENTS (Stock quotes supplied by Money.net)
Derma Sciences, Inc. DSCIC	1	146,154	▲ 3/16	**HOLD**	The dramatic rise in this bedsore-ointment maker has us resting easy—we hope this profitable pustule doesn't pop.
Edison Schools EDSN	30 3/4	3,100	**N/A**	**SHORT**	Runs public schools for profit. They should be bankrupt by... uh...what time is it when the big hand's on the six?
Elf Aquitaine ELF	102 7/8	900	**N/A**	**SHORT**	We don't really think this French oil and gas stock will drop. We just like saying "We're selling some ELF short."
Genset GENXY	29 3/16	2,000	▲ 5 3/4	**SELL**	"Custom DNA fragments" seemed like a sure thing, but the market's glutted with Taiwanese DNA fragment knockoffs.
GTECH Holdings Corp. GTK	17 5/8	2,500	▼ 2 1/16	**SELL**	Thought we'd hit the jackpot with this gambling supply company, but these guys crapped out. We're scratching 'em off.
IMAX Corporation IMAX	26 3/4	3,500	**N/A**	**SHORT**	Worthy technology stalled in the hands of nature lovers. Can't these idiots find one Hollywood producer to blow?
Immersion Corp. IMMR	17 1/2	2,000	▼ 10 15/16	**SELL**	Biggest loser of the month. Software for turning visuals into "feelings" was fun for one night, but we're breaking it off.
IRSA IRS	24 1/4	2,000	▲ 1/8	**SELL**	Forget our plan to clean up on the ticker symbol—we need the dough to cover capital gains taxes. Ironic, don'tcha think?
Linens 'n Things LIN	26 5/8	2,500	▼ 2 3/4	**SELL**	Despite clever savings on second apostrophe, this firm's share price wet the bed, so we're changing sheets.
QSound Labs, Inc. QSND	1 17/32	60,000	▲ 7/16	**HOLD**	As we predicted, the high-tech audio biz is booming, rewarding us with a 40% gain. Keep them C-notes coming.
Response USA, Inc. RSPN	1/2	250,000	▲ 9/32	**SELL**	Emergency monitors for the elderly were on the floor when we bought, then jumped 100%. Our healing work is done.
US Plastic Lumber Corp. USPL	3 21/32	26,000	**N/A**	**BUY**	Product won't biodegrade, name sounds like unrepentant loggers. Doubly offensive to environmentalists—we're sold!

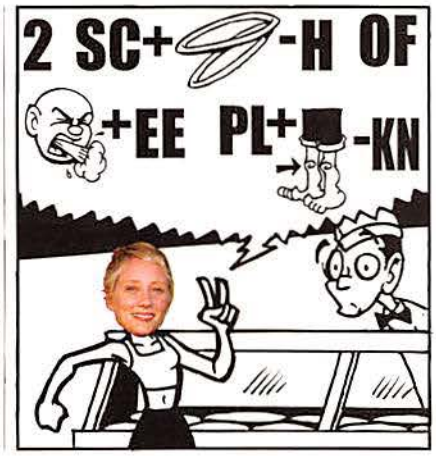
ORIGINAL VALUE OF FUND	**$1,000,000**
PREVIOUS VALUE OF FUND AUGUST 1, 2000	**$975,478.50**
CURRENT VALUE OF FUND SEPTEMBER 1, 2000	**$1,134,191.50**
PERCENTAGE CHANGE AUGUST 1 TO SEPTEMBER 1, 2000 (We bad. We real bad. We super-bad.)	**+16.3%**

CELEBRITY PUZZLE

Yep, She's Nuts

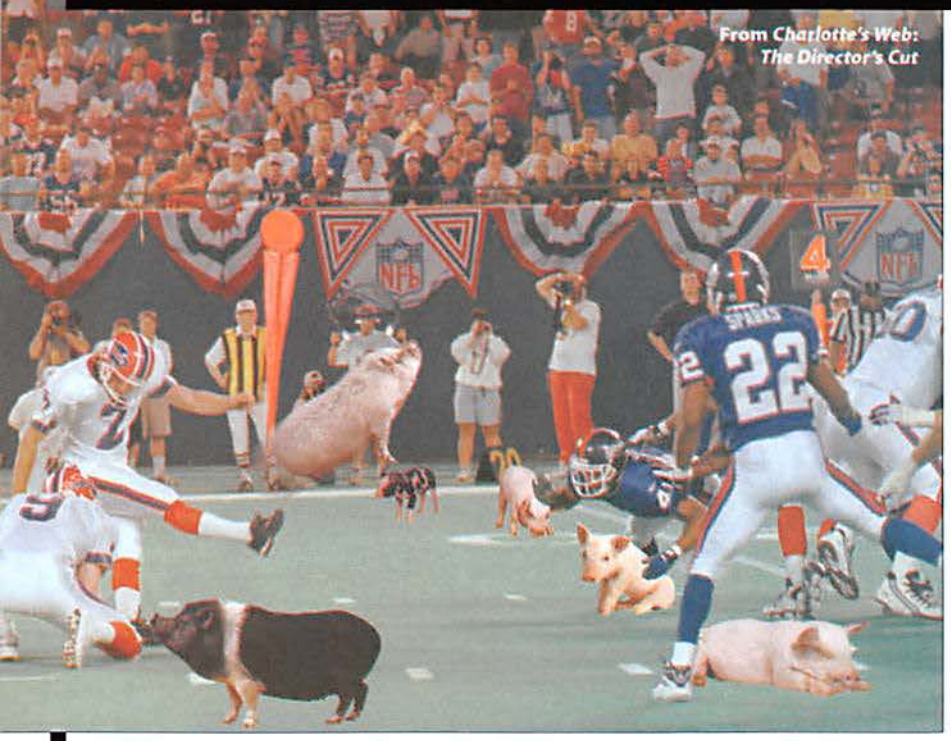
Hey, kids! Can you help decipher what babbling lunatic Anne Heche is saying?





Answers: 1. "What a nice day." 2. "Two scoops of coffee, please." 3. "I am God. I will take you to heaven in my spaceship."

Illustrations: James Silvani



From *Charlotte's Web: The Director's Cut*

G'head, Ask Us Anything

Maxim answers all your nagging, petty, eternal questions.

Q: Were footballs ever really made from the skin of pigs?

A: Though it'd help explain why so few pro players are Jewish, the answer is no. "There are two theories why a football is referred to as a pigskin," says Saleem Choudhry, a researcher at the Pro Football Hall of Fame. The first explanation harks back to medieval England, when farmers, eager to distract themselves from the total bummer that was the Black Death, supposedly stuffed a pig's bladder with straw and kicked it around a muddy field, thus inventing "soccer" (still played, it seems, by only the most remote civilizations, so don't sweat it if you've never heard of it). The second explanation dates from the early 1800s, when rugby enthusiasts invented a ball that was soft inside, tough outside, and ovoid, thereby resembling a pig's bladder (apparently a working visual reference in those dark times). For the record, footballs are made of a combination of leather and polyurethane; most diplomas are now made of high-grade cotton, not sheepskin (except at Notre Dame, where they still shun indoor plumbing); and tennis racket strings are made of nylon and cows' intestines, not the guts of delicious, gentle kittens.

The pits of despair

Q: When I get yellow stains on my undershirt, is it from sweat or from the deodorant I'm wearing?

A: Neither, believe it or not; they're actually the nocturnal emissions of the little-understood but very real "butter fairies." Oh, all right: Those stains come from your apocrine glands, the underarm pheromone factories that spritz your pits with lipfuscin, a chemical that can turn clothing yellow and, in super-mortifying cases, bluish green. Short of do-it-yourself surgery to remove the glands (and by the way, watch for our big feature in next month's issue), there's little you can do to stop this splotching, which tends to get worse when you're stressed but eventually decreases with age. "Changing your diet won't help," says NYU Downtown Hospital dermatologist Barry Goldman. "Apocrine glands are larger than sweat glands, so you can't block them with deodorants or antiperspirants." Your options are few, and none of 'em are pretty: You can adopt a Charlie Brownesque wardrobe composed entirely of yellow shirts, scrub your clothes with Spray 'n Wash or vinegar diluted in water, or simply wear your man-stains with brazen pride, knowing they're chock-full of secretions that surely drive the ladies loopy with desire.

Mullets are back!

Q: What makes fish float upside down when they die?

A: Like George W. Bush explaining his education reform program, it's basically a lot of fishy-smelling hot air. Shortly after death, most fish obey logic and drift to the bottom of the tank. But the fish rise again, buoyed by the gases that bacteria belch out as they gobble the fish's insides. "This gas is predominantly in the stomach, so that part of the body naturally floats to the surface," says Alison Scarratt, an assistant curator of fishes at the National Aquarium in Baltimore. "Muscle mass is much denser in the back, and this also helps turn the fish upside down." When the bacteria have nothing left to snack on and split for the nearest salad bar sneeze-guard, the fish's skeleton sinks to the bottom again. Human corpses follow roughly the same pattern, filling with water and sinking, then resurfacing 36 to 72 hours later, full of belch bubbles, on their backs. Despite the swimming position (and oft forgotten Dairy Queen dish) known as the dead-man's float, it's actually a myth that most people float face-down for hours after they drown—especially if they were mob informants.

Q: What do you guys do when you run out of space on a page?

Uranus: more than just a black hole

Q: Did the person who discovered the planet Uranus give it that name as a deliberate practical joke?

A: Sir William Herschel, the British scientist who first identified the bloated, gassy giant, in 1781, was just too dignified to make that sort of mischief. "*Anus* and *Uranus* have no etymological link," explains Richard Lederer, author of *The Bride of Anguished English*. "While *anus* comes from the Latin word for 'ring,' Uranus was named for the Greek god of heaven and father of the Titans. The word, in Greek, was originally *Ouranos*, but the Romans changed it to *Uranus*." Educated, monocle-wearing types use the slightly less snickering pronunciation "urine-us." Still can't distinguish between the planet and your own moon? Well, is *your* anus covered by a slushy blue layer of hydrogen mixed with helium and methane? Does it complete one rotation every 17 hours and boast 15 satellites and a mass 15 times that of Earth? If so, don'tcha bend over in the NASA visitors' rest room.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to "Ask Anything," *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail them to ask@maximonline.com.

Photo-illustration, www.sosnovsky.com; photograph, Robert Glasgow (shirt)

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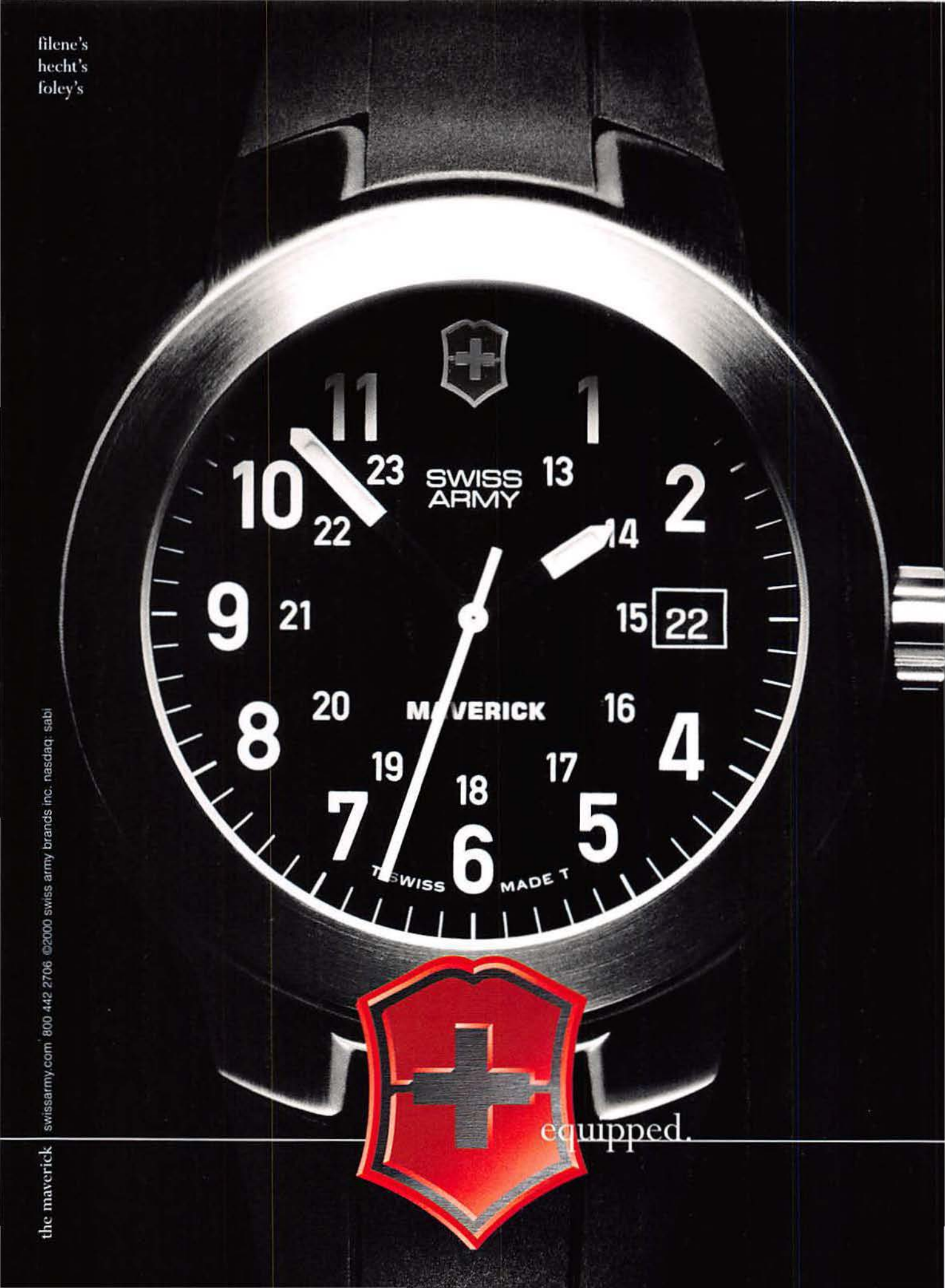

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How To

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It wasn't the kind of Tang that Buzz was expecting, but it would do

HAVE SEX IN SPACE

One small step for man...one giant notch for your bedpost.

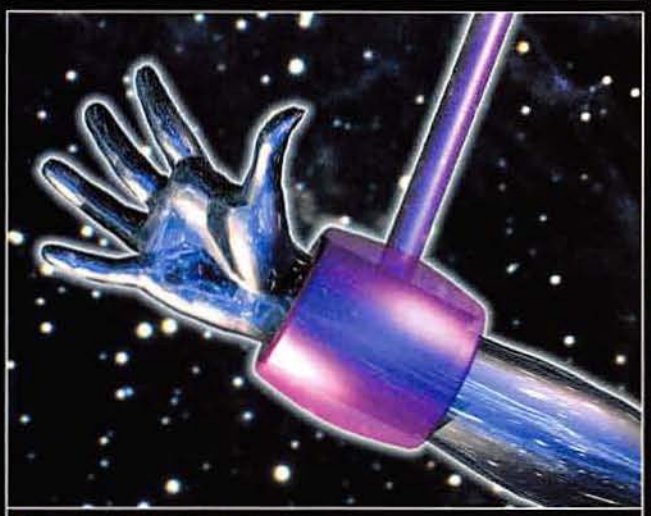
Really want to go where no man has gone before? Then be the first to officially get your rocks off in space. NASA won't confirm whether members of U.S. shuttle crews have ever gotten astro-naughty, but "we've been flying coed missions since the early '80s," notes aerospace consultant and former NASA flight surgeon Dr. Patricia Santy. "If nothing's happened up there, astronauts are less imaginative than I expected." Should you somehow manage to make it into orbit with an agreeable docking target, here's how to rendezvous.

We have liftoff!

Though the rush of a nine-minute, 18,000-mile-an-hour launch may be the ultimate aphrodisiac, you'll want to wait at least three days into your mission before making the first move; it'll take that long for your body to fully recover. "Besides, there are bigger priorities during the first 72 hours," says Santy, "like not throwing up." Need a good opening line? Tell her that watching a sunrise always gets you hot: Once you're in orbit, there's one every 90 minutes.

Space oddities

Before you engage in exo-atmospheric foreplay, you'll discover that your fluids have begun to pool in your upper body, and as these fluids are redistributed, your stomach may appear flatter and your chest more ripped. Bonus: You may notice a similarly enticing effect on women. Sadly, the lack of gravity also makes your kidneys work overtime, so make a trip to the head before you get close to her O-ring. Otherwise, Houston, you'll have a problem.



May the force be with you

If pushing off with a finger can send an astronaut flying, imagine what all that buck-naked rogering can do. As you prepare for the final frontier, make a quick inspection of your cabin. Watch for any stray probes or protrusions; in zero G, any surface is a potential headboard. While futuristic contraptions like elastic harnesses and Velcro suits make for good science fiction, they aren't necessary for landing the *Eagle*. "All you have to do," says Santy, "is just hang on."

Shields up!

Don't want to end up with a little *Sputnik* of your own? "NASA hasn't studied the effectiveness of birth control in outer space," cautions Santy. You'll have to rely on barrier methods: condoms, diaphragms, lunar-sample baggies—whatever. And as you splash down, remember: The loss of cohesion in zero gravity reduces liquids to millions of individual droplets; that applies to bodily fluids too. Like in *Apollo 13*, withdrawal is not an option.—*D.C. Agle*

Photo-illustration: Dan Couto

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"What died in here? Oh, wait—I did!"

HOW TO

MUMMIFY A BODY

Abra cadaver! Follow our steps and you'll wrap things up in no time.

When the Grim Reaper finally claims you (by the way, don't make plans for Friday), you could settle for a simple burial in six feet of dirt and eager, hungry worms. But if you want to ensure that your body remains intact to enjoy an eternity of dancing slave girls and giant anthropomorphic jackals, have we got the corpse-preparation technique for you! Make sure your manservants obey these rules to turn your body into a bona fide ancient Egyptian mummy (treasure trove of gold and jade not included).

Step 1: Prepare the body

As soon as death occurs, rinse the mummy-to-be in palm wine and water from the Nile. If you can't get these, any old wine will do (your local sorority has five-liter boxes). Dehydrate the body by covering it in salt (one part baking soda for every five parts table salt). You'll want to have several hundred square yards of linen handy for wrapping (you cut it into strips first) and a can of polyurethane to seal the bandages.

Step 2: Cut out the vital organs

Make a deep incision in the left side of the corpse's abdomen and carefully remove the lungs, liver, stomach, and intestines; leave the heart in there. Cover the extracted organs with salt to dry them out, then rinse them off, wrap them in linen strips, and place them in four jars bearing the likenesses of the four sons of the god Horus: Imseti, Hapi, Duamutef, and Ringo...er, Qebehsenuf. Insert a bronze rod in the corpse's left nostril and hammer it in until it breaks through the ethmoid bone, then mash up and pull out the brain, which the Egyptians considered useless. (Hey, they built the pyramids. What did you do?) Be gentle: Damaging the face is considered a thumb in the eye of the gods.

Step 3: Cure the corpse

Rub wine and spices over the body, then pack the entire body in salt. (You might want to prop it up in a basin; mummy juice is hard to get out of the carpet.) Allow 40 days for the corpse to desiccate, i.e., assume a beef-jerky-like texture. Remove the salt from the body cavity and stuff the carcass with sawdust, leaves, straw, powdered myrrh, and maybe packing peanuts. Seal all incisions with wax, and to keep the skin elastic, give the body a good once-over with aromatic oil and Speed Stick.

Step 4: Finish the paperwork

Run a band of linen around the head and under the chin to hold the jaw in place, another around the head and shoulders to steady the neck. Then wrap the toes, fingers, and genitals. (Well, what did you expect?) Continue bandaging the limbs, keeping the arms close to the body; then wrap the torso. Apply a coat of polyurethane for an airtight, waterproof seal. Once the mummy's dry, repeat the wrapping process until you have several layers. Wrap the body in a cloth painted to look like Osiris, place a mask over the face (no Power Rangers, please—that's *so* 1998), and you're done: The dearly departed's soul may freely embark on its mystical journey. Wash hands 55 times and head on over to the Temple of Virgins.—*Jon Seder*

Poor soul got between Brando and the buffet table

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HOW TO

JUMP-START A CAR

Stuck with a dead battery? Time to lay some serious cable.

Wanna jump a total stranger? To be a hero to hapless motorists, follow the advice of Dennis Spano, manager of the Sears Auto Center in scenic Paramus, New Jersey.

Step 1: Pop the top

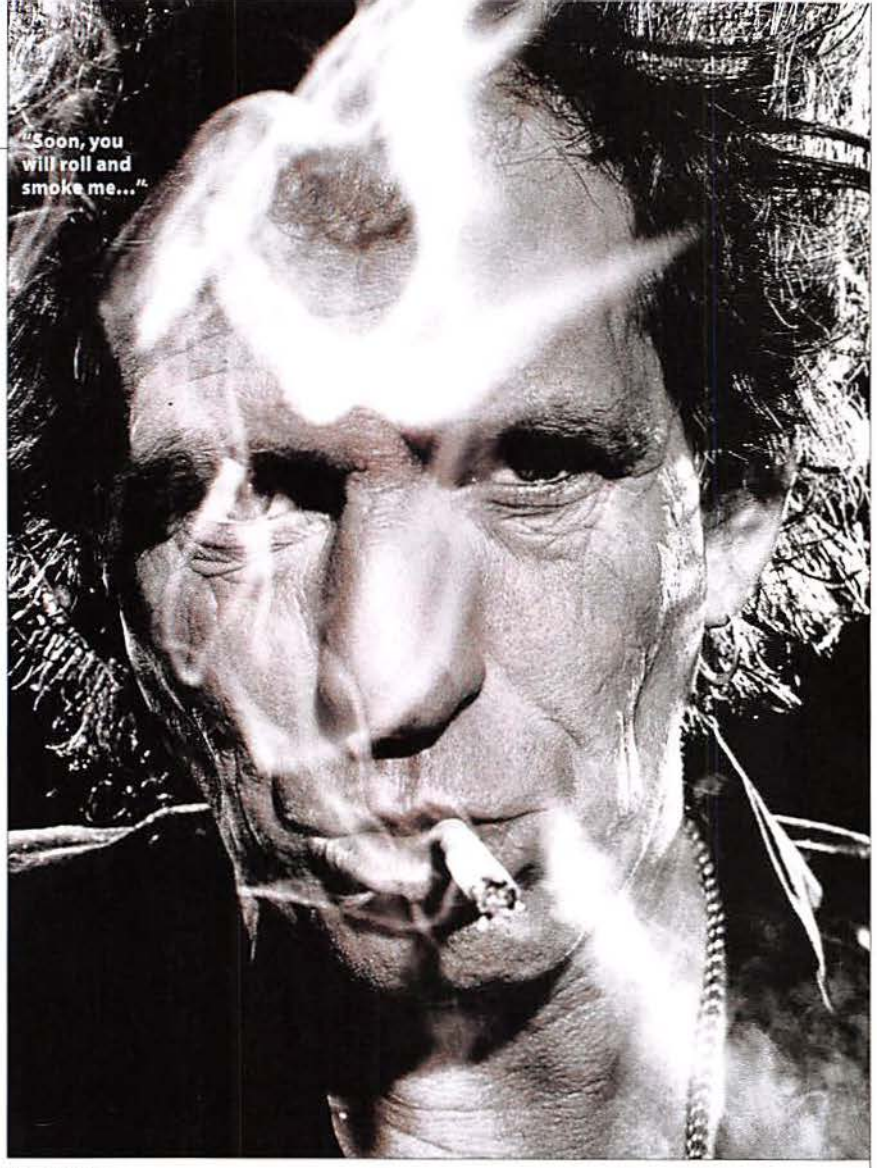
Unscrew the vent caps on the battery and check the electrolyte solution. If it's low, add distilled water. Cracks in the battery's casing? Get towed. Scrape corrosion off the terminals with your car keys. Shield your eyes, warns Spano: "It's uncommon for the battery to explode, but if it does you'll never see it coming." Or anything else ever again.

Step 2: Hook it up

With the engines off, attach one end of the red cable to the charged battery's positive terminal (look for red leads or the symbol +) and the other to the dead battery's positive terminal. Attach one end of the black cable to the charged battery's negative terminal, clamping the other end to a bolt on the dead car's engine or to its frame.

Step 3: Start your engines

Start the car with the strong battery, then wait 30 seconds and try the other. If hers doesn't start easily, don't rev the engine; wait a minute and try again. If it starts, remove the cables in reverse order. Tell your new friend to run the car for at least a half-hour to give her alternator time to recharge it. Tip your hat, and you're off...one good deed closer to heaven.—*Tim Clark*



"Soon, you will roll and smoke me..."

HOW TO

BLOW SMOKE RINGS

Because it's more dignified than belching the national anthem.

As parlor tricks go, blowing smoke rings is about as good as it gets. (There's something a little homoerotic about swallowing swords.) "Blowing smoke rings is a rite of passage," says George Brightman, director of business development at *Cigar Aficionado*. "You get a great feeling of satisfaction once you've mastered it." So let's get blowing!

Step 1: Choose your poison

Give your cigarettes to some needy high school kids and get yourself a man-size smoke. "You need a big mouthful of smoke," explains Brightman, "and you're only going to get it from cigars or a pipe." Continuing in the Bill Clinton vein, don't inhale—just light up and suck a large dollop of smoke into your mouth. Resist the urge to draw the smoke into your lungs, or the trick won't work.

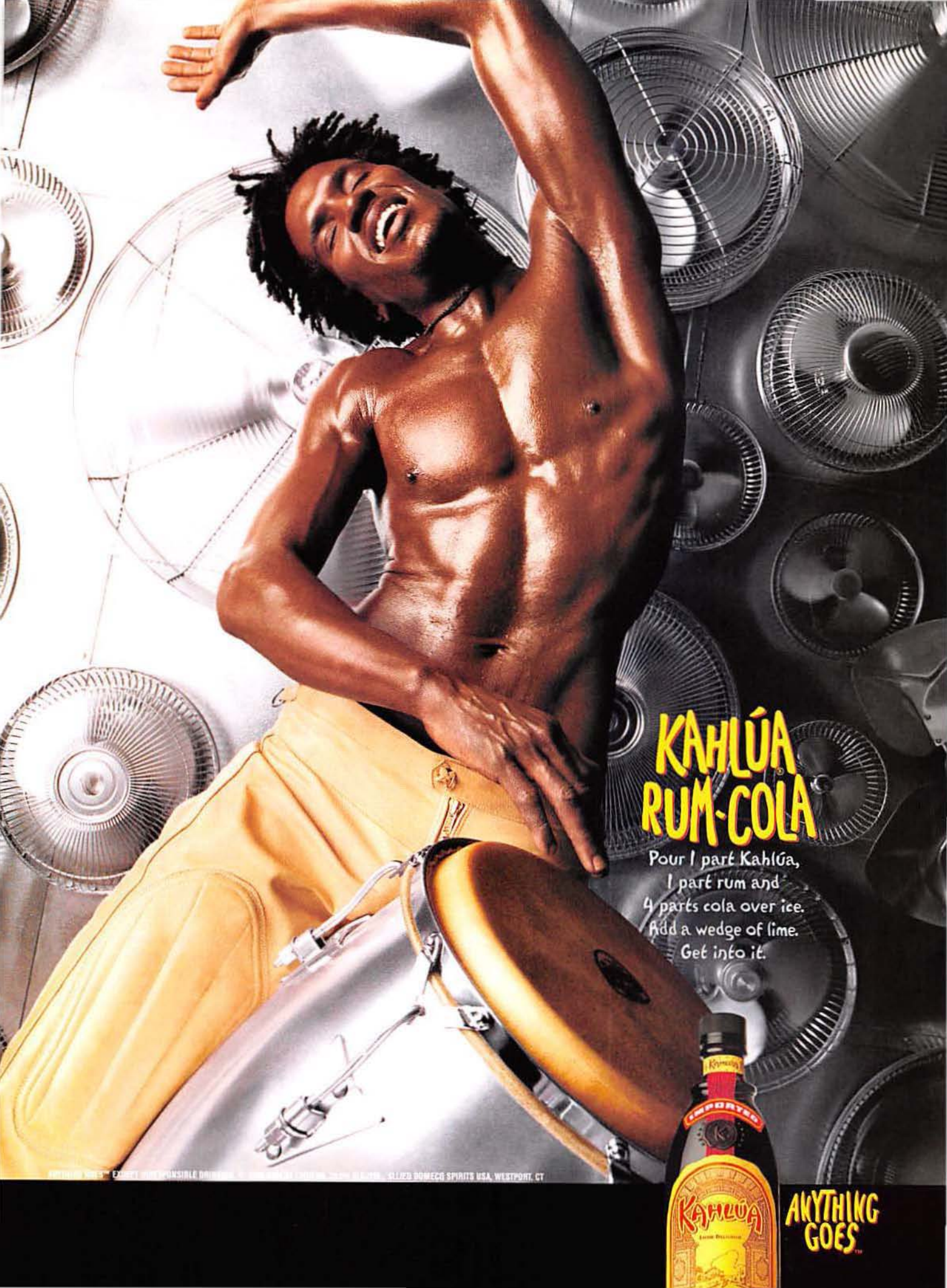
Step 2: Blow it out your hole

Purse your lips as if you're about to say the letter *o* (as in "Oh, whoa, does Joe Piscopo blow"). Here's the key: Quickly push the smoke out with the back of your tongue, says Brightman, as you contract your throat muscles to exhale a tiny puff of air. The overall experience should feel like you're trying to swallow a walnut whole.

Step 3: Get tricky

Once you've got the mechanics down (prepare to devote a lot of time to practicing), several tricks easily follow. By varying the amount of space between your lips, you can change the size of the rings. Flex your throat muscles rapidly and you'll shoot the rings out in rapid-fire bursts. Combine the two techniques and you can execute what Brightman calls "the coolest trick in my book: blowing a big ring and shooting a smaller one through it." Our favorite trick is incinerating Tokyo with jets of flame shot from our pie holes...but that'll have to wait for another month.—*Jon Dunbar*

"Ooh...why'd I fill up on suburbs?"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RUM-COLA
Pour 1 part Kahlúa,
1 part rum and
4 parts cola over ice.
Add a wedge of lime.
Get into it.
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HOW TO

SUPERCHARGE YOUR PC

Hard drive gone floppy? Give your computer a boot in the RAM.

Want your computer to zip along the information superhighway at stock-car speeds? Use these cheap tips to get it up to speed—save your dough for *Quake 14*.

Tip #1: De-fragment routinely

If files aren't launching quickly, give your hard drive a flossing. "As data is saved, your computer will put it wherever it can find space," says Dan Amrich, an editor at *GamePro* magazine. "After two weeks up to 15 percent of your data could be out of place." In Windows, use the de-fragmenter on your Start menu, or a program like Norton Utilities (www.norton.com) to bitch-slap your files back in order.

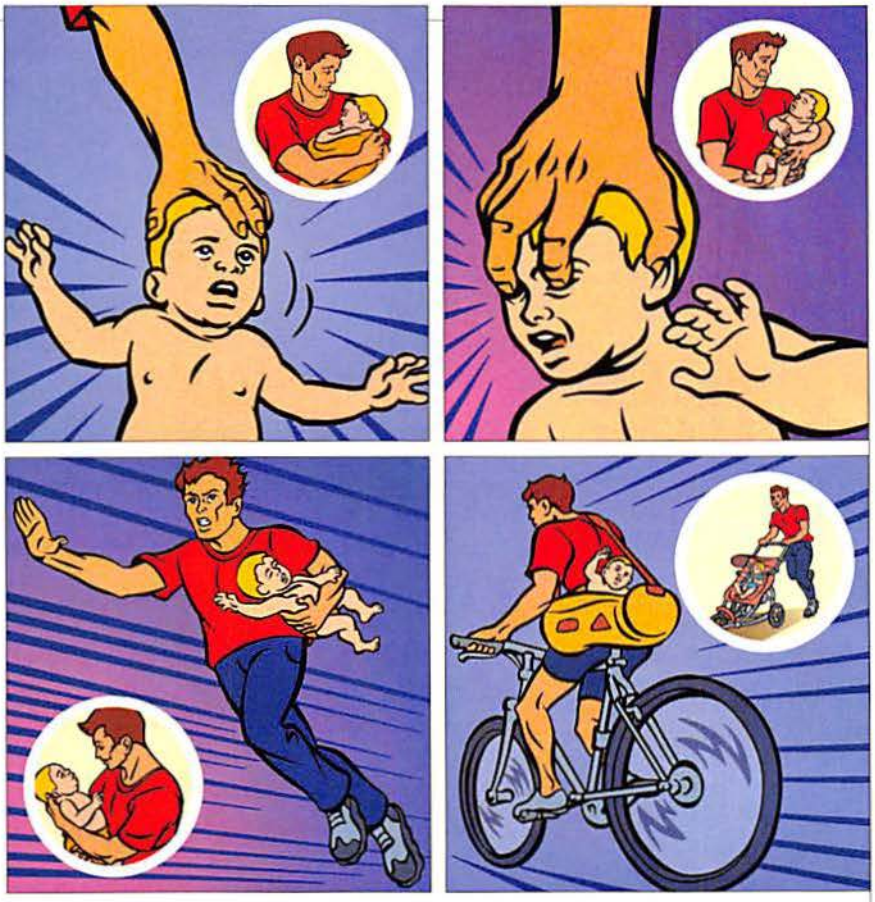
Tip #2: Use an Internet cache

If you visit some Web sites more than others—say, a few containing the word *moist*—caching software like NetSonic saves Web pages to your hard drive. "The next time you visit the page, the page will load instantly from your cache," explains CNET associate producer Hunter Hoffman. A shareware (read: free!) version of NetSonic waits at www.download.com.

Tip #3: Update your video driver

If your machine has a video accelerator, odds are the driver software for it has been improved. "New ways to optimize chips and codes are constantly being found," says Amrich. A quick upgrade from your video-board manufacturer's home page (3dfx.com, Nvidia.com, and ATI.com are the big three) will help your games run more smoothly. If you're into that sort of thing.—*Michael Dojc*

Must be an easier way to burn CDs...



HOW TO

HOLD A BABY

If your slice of pizza keeps falling off its belly, you're doing it wrong.

Centuries of governing nations, fighting wars, and reading *Maxim* have made men forgetful in the ways of child rearing. But it's never too late for a refresher. Next time someone tosses you a living infant to hold while she tinkles, avoid the following faux pas:

Common mistake #1: The Li'l Dribbler

Error: Gripping the baby's head like a basketball and lifting it with your palm
Why it's wrong: Could result in damage to baby's soft fontanels, resulting in cranial lopsidedness and making Globetrotter-style finger-spins difficult.

Common mistake #2: The 7–10 Split

Error: Gently hooking your thumb, index finger, and middle finger in the baby's ear and its eye sockets, then lifting
Why it's wrong: Painful to infant. Also, the baby's wailing may be disturbing to the other bowlers.

Common mistake #3: The Rush to Judgment

Error: Tucking the baby under your arm and sprinting forward with your other arm fully extended
Why it's wrong: On fourth and ten, you should always kick.

Common mistake #4: The Bag Job

Error: Depositing baby into mesh gym bag, slinging bag over shoulder, and biking to gym
Why it's wrong: Risk of suffocation. Also, gym bags are not designed for biking; use courier-style bag instead.

In hopes of staving off the landslide of angry mail this piece will surely provoke, here's the proper way to hold a baby, courtesy of Jeanie Smith, childbirth educator and chairwoman of the Commission for the Accreditation of Birth Centers. "The most important thing when holding a baby is to support the head and neck," she affirms. The easiest way to do this: Lay the infant's head in the crook of your elbow, balance its body along your forearm, and place your hand firmly underneath its butt (change strategy if there's no diaper in place). If infant starts leaking or emitting a loud whine, a hand-off is permissible, but *no spiking*.
—*Jon Seder*

We won him on eBay

Photo-illustration, www.sosnovsky.com; illustration, David Hine

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Find Yourself. Somewhere Else.

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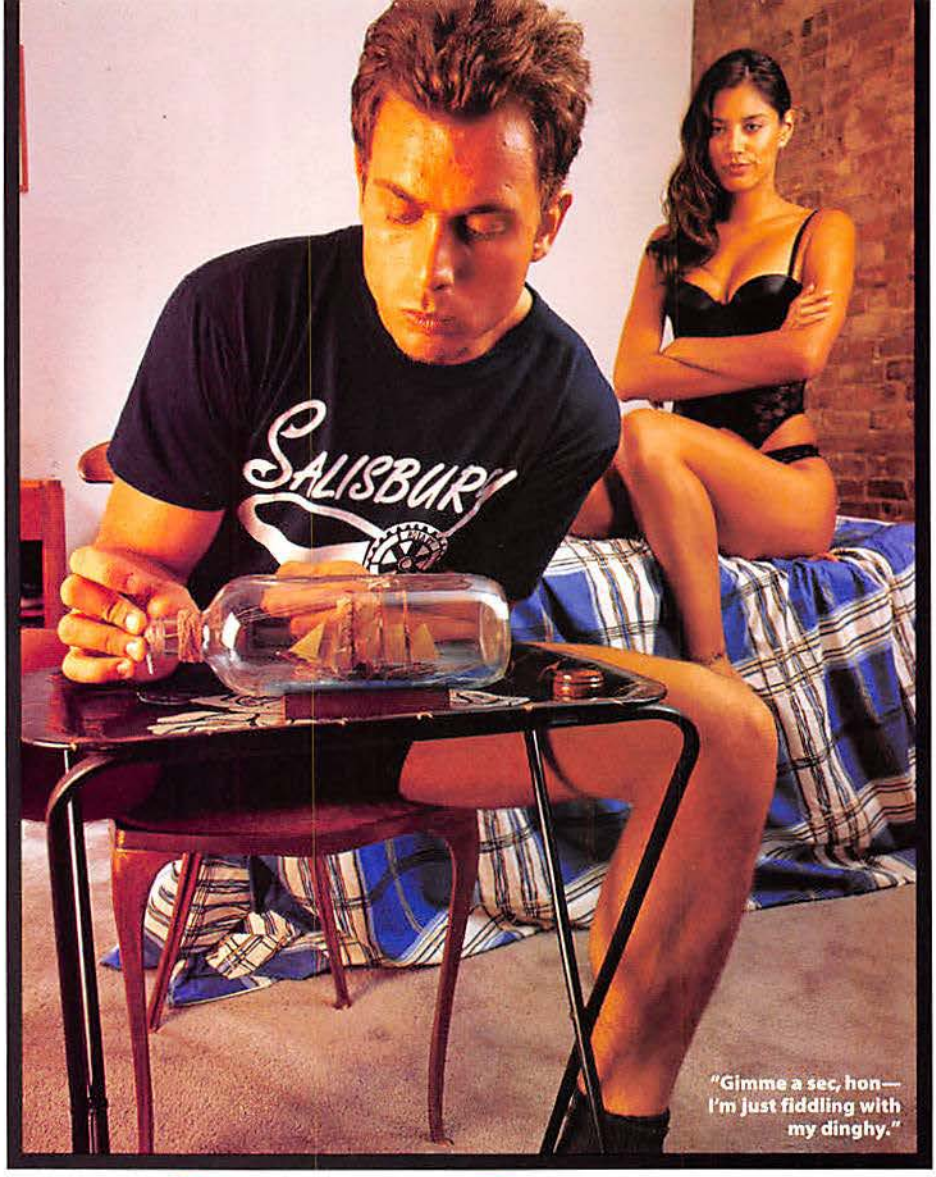
you had the strength to crush steel and bone?
you could bend reality to your will?
your thoughts became deeds of valor?

Ever Wonder?



"Gimme a sec, hon—I'm just fiddling with my dinghy."

Her Secret Fears

Outside we're calm coquettes. Inside we're bubbling cauldrons of anxiety. But make us feel confident and we'll make you feel...well, you'll see. By Andrea Moore

What you are about to find out will convince you once and for all that women are crazy. At the beginning of a relationship, we obsess over the smallest, silliest, and strangest things—and I won't even get into what happens during serious dating. Even the most confident, intelligent supermodel out there probably worries each time she slips out of her bra with a new guy. *Does he think my breasts are pointy? Is he comparing them with his last girlfriend's? Does he notice the tiny blonde hairs around my nipples? Will my skin lotion taste funny?* Even if she has the most gorgeous (and tasty) breasts ever bared before man or beast.

Granted, we're nuts for thinking this way in the first place, but if you make even the smallest effort to put your partner's mind at ease, she'll be convinced she's landed the most loving, insightful, understanding man alive—and will treat you accordingly.

Hang-up #1: I'm fat.

Yup, this is the absolute granddaddy of women's insecurities. It doesn't matter how skinny a gal is (anorexia, anyone?), she'll still think she's fat. Even the most rational of our kind still count calories sometimes and ponder the in-body trek of last night's fried chicken. An ill-conceived wisecrack from you about body ripples and we're slamming doors. It's ugly, and we don't like it any more than you do, but we can't stop comparing ourselves with your aerobicized ex. When we stand in front of the mirror, we imagine her smooth, muscular thighs attached to our body—then we realize how out of place they would look straining under the weight of our more rotund ass. Serenading us with "Baby Got Back" doesn't help.

Hang-up helper: Whether she's built like Pam Anderson or Louie Anderson, bolstering her self-esteem is job one. Tell her you love her body. Constantly. Especially when she's naked. If, quite frankly, she could afford to drop a chalupa or two, for God's sake don't bring it up. When she mentions her weight (she will), simply say, "Baby, I think you are so hot just the way you are; but you do what you wanna do." This keeps her self-esteem on an even keel while showing that you're supportive, loving, and noncritical. What's better than that?

Hang-up #2: My period grosses you out.

After years of tampons, maxi pads, stained jeans, and—put down that sandwich—the occasional clot, nothing about our little visitor could cause us to blink (unless it came out blue). You, on the other hand, are less exposed and may still be squeamish at the sight of red. We're sincerely worried that you dread our time of the month and don't want to go near us until it's over. And on those borderline nights when we think it's over and suddenly there it is, on you? Horrifying. Maybe it doesn't bother you one bit. ▶

Photographs, Andrew Kist; stylist, Nicole Schneider; makeup, Dixon Jones for ARTISTS at Next; hair, Michael Kanyon for ARTISTS at Next

GUESS.com

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GUESS

"I didn't know your size, but there was a police horse nearby..."

She'll make love to you more often if she knows she drives you wild.

But for the most part, we are pretty sure you find our period—and therefore, us—hideous.

Hang-up helper: Talk openly about her period. Watch tampon commercials without flinching. Ask her if she gets bad cramps. If you start fooling around and think she may have a tampon in, inquire in a sexy voice if she'll go take it out. It will let her know you have a healthy attitude about her monthly bloodletting and tip her off that you're OK with it sexually and otherwise.

Hang-up #3: I'm no good in bed.

Are you going to call me tomorrow? Stick around? Throw away your little black book? Maybe—if I'm a hot lovemaking machine. Which I'm not. I mean, I might be. But how can you know when I'm sleeping with you for the first time and all I can do is worry about whether I'm stroking, licking, or gyrating in the right way to drive you crazy? I want to let loose, but I'm afraid to let loose, and I'm afraid you're going to think I'm the type that's afraid to let loose...You see the problem.

Hang-up helper: I know that many of you are the strong, silent type in bed. And while the first part of that formula is great, we could use a little feedback. Short of barking, do everything in your power to express how wonderful she's making you feel. As you let out each gasp of pleasure, her confidence will grow—and she'll be more willing to move a little faster, rock a little harder, or tie you down and invite her friend over to prove she can make you moan the loudest. (OK, that won't happen—but she *will* make love to you more often if she knows that she drives you wild.) So express yourself, and use that postcoital cuddle to reassure her that she makes you see stars.

Hang-up #4: You still think about your ex-girlfriend.

Of course you do. We think about ours, too. Not in a bad way; he just tends to pop up in our mind from time to time, the same way she pops up in yours. But even though it's no big deal, it drives us mad with unfounded jealousy—especially when we suspect she's rearing her hideous head while we're in bed together. What was it with her, anyway? Was she more attractive? Less bitchy? The type that only takes 10 minutes to get ready in the morning? Dammit, was she more attractive? The sick truth is that if we know her name, where she works, or any little scrap of information, we're likely to do everything we can to locate a picture, see her in the flesh, or at the very least get reassurance from a friend who's met her that she doesn't hold a candle to yours truly. We'll also use every opportunity to bring her up just to see your reaction. Beware.

Hang-up helper: Do not praise her positive attributes when we're within earshot. ▶

WHAT, YOU WORRY?

We men have some insecurities of our own (like that recurring Richard Simmons dream). We asked women to tell us what's worth worrying about.

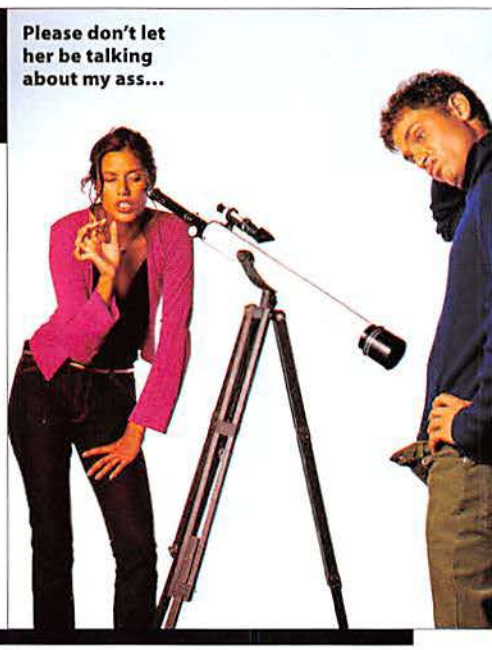
YOUR WORRY: WAS SHE FAKING IT?
Her response: Er...maybe. Sometimes we're just too damned tired to go on and get off, but we know that assaults your ego. Faking's frankly too much effort over the long haul, though. Chances your one-night stand faked it so she could finally get a little rest? Pretty good. Chances your long-term girlfriend is trying to win an Oscar? Forget it. She doesn't care that much about making you feel like a stud.

YOUR WORRY: IS MY PENIS BIG ENOUGH?
Her response: Most women agree that The Act is more about the glide of the ride. "Of course bigger is better, within reason," says Laurie, 27. "But I've never thought, *Too small for me.*" If your li'l Elvis is more Costello than Presley, just make sure you know how to wield your other weapons (fingers, tongue, etc.) well. Get us there and we won't care.

YOUR WORRY: DOES SHE CARE IF I'M BALD?
Her response: Four out of five women say...Who gives a rat's ass? "You don't have to have a full head of hair to talk to me and be funny and sexy," says Katie, 30. But forget the comb-over, Marv. Our posse agrees: Cut it short, or shave it off.

YOUR WORRY: IS MY GUT TOO BIG?
Her response: Don't sweat it too much: Most women don't want to be put under the microscope in this department ourselves, so we won't do it to you. But start sprouting a Buddha belly and you may as well take that vow of celibacy. Says Natalie, 21: "If your boobs are bigger than mine, that's not attractive." —*Deborah Day*

Please don't let her be talking about my ass...



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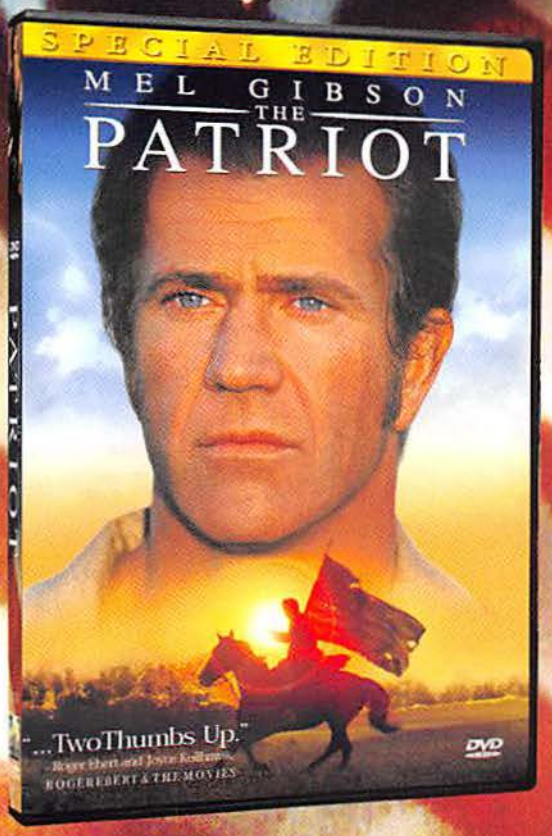

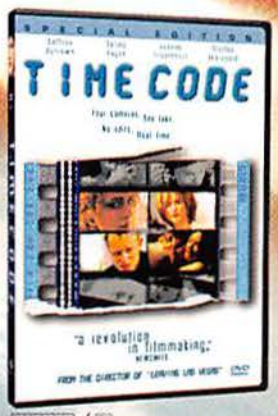

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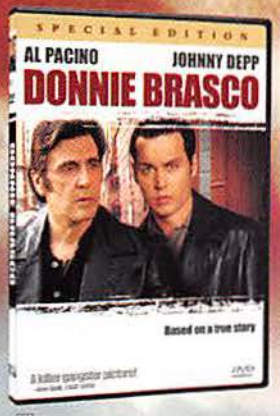

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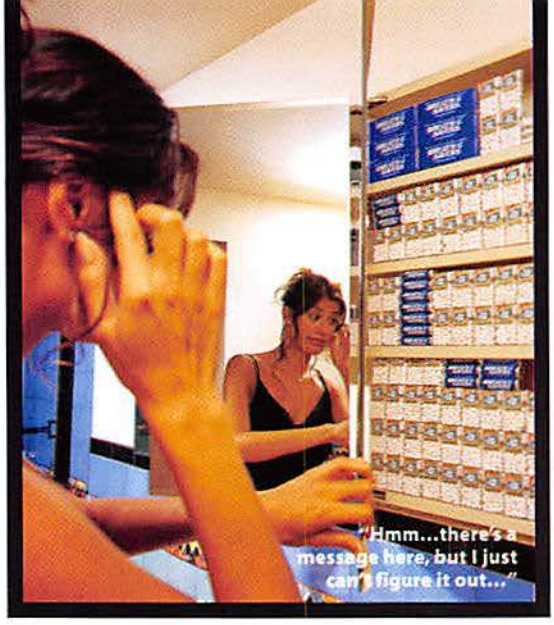

Bad-mouthing your ex only makes us think you're still hung up on her.

Do not mention that you still chat over coffee from time to time. Do not bring up the fact that she makes a little money on the side modeling/stripping/posing nude for drawing classes. Instead, change the subject after a brief, dismissive remark. We're looking for indifference: Bad-mouthing her only makes us think you're still hung up on her; we want to know that you simply couldn't care less. Then, as the confirmed sole object of your affection, we'll want to prove how much more fabulous we are by cutting you major slack next time you screw up.

Hang-up #5: You don't really like going down on me.

Look, what's going on down there changes from week to week as our hormones hurtle through the living nightmare of our menstrual cycle. So we're perfectly aware that on some nights we may taste slightly more or less pleasant than others. Skeevy, we know, but true. So we're sort of insecure about whether you love heading south or you'd secretly rather avoid it if only you could do so without seeming selfish. If you've ever been with a woman who has a hard time peaking when your tongue is the primary source of friction, she's probably sheepish about letting go because she's afraid you're not enjoying yourself. Otherwise she'd be grinding against you so hard you could feel it in your dental work.

Hang-up helper: If you want to experience the hugely satisfying (or so I hear) sensation of having a woman come via your kisser, and the even more satisfying way she'll look at you with stars in her eyes when it's over, show her verbally and physically that you love giving her oral sex. Moan when you're doing it, place her hand on the back of your head so she can guide you better, tell her how much it turns you on to taste her. I'm feeling grateful just writing about it... M

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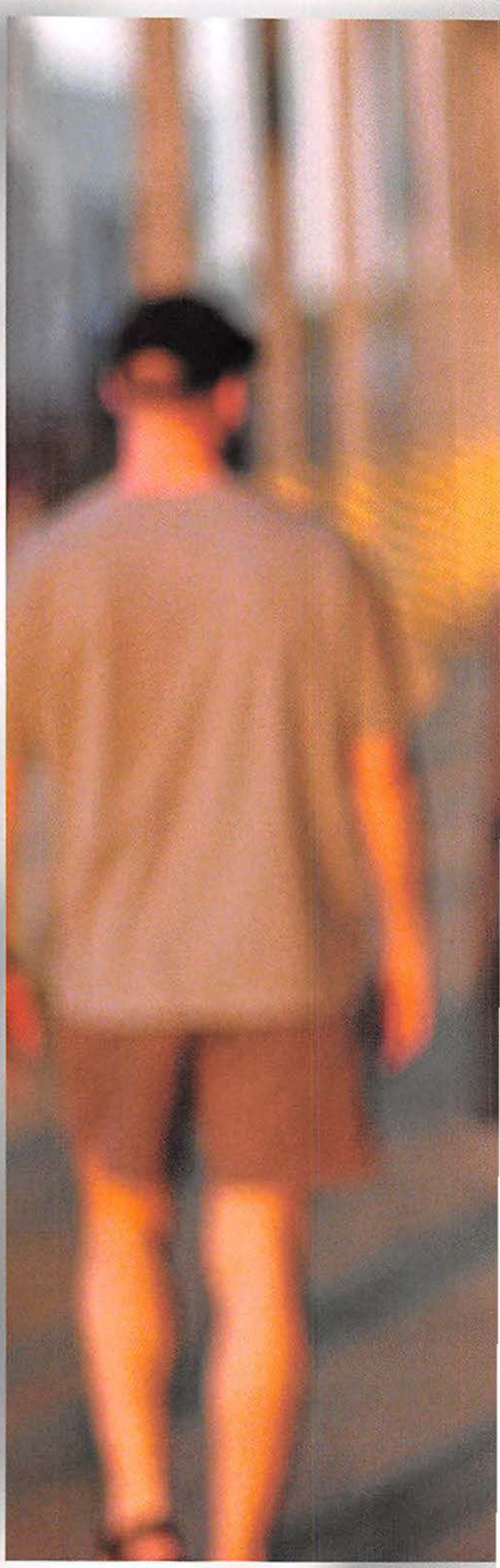
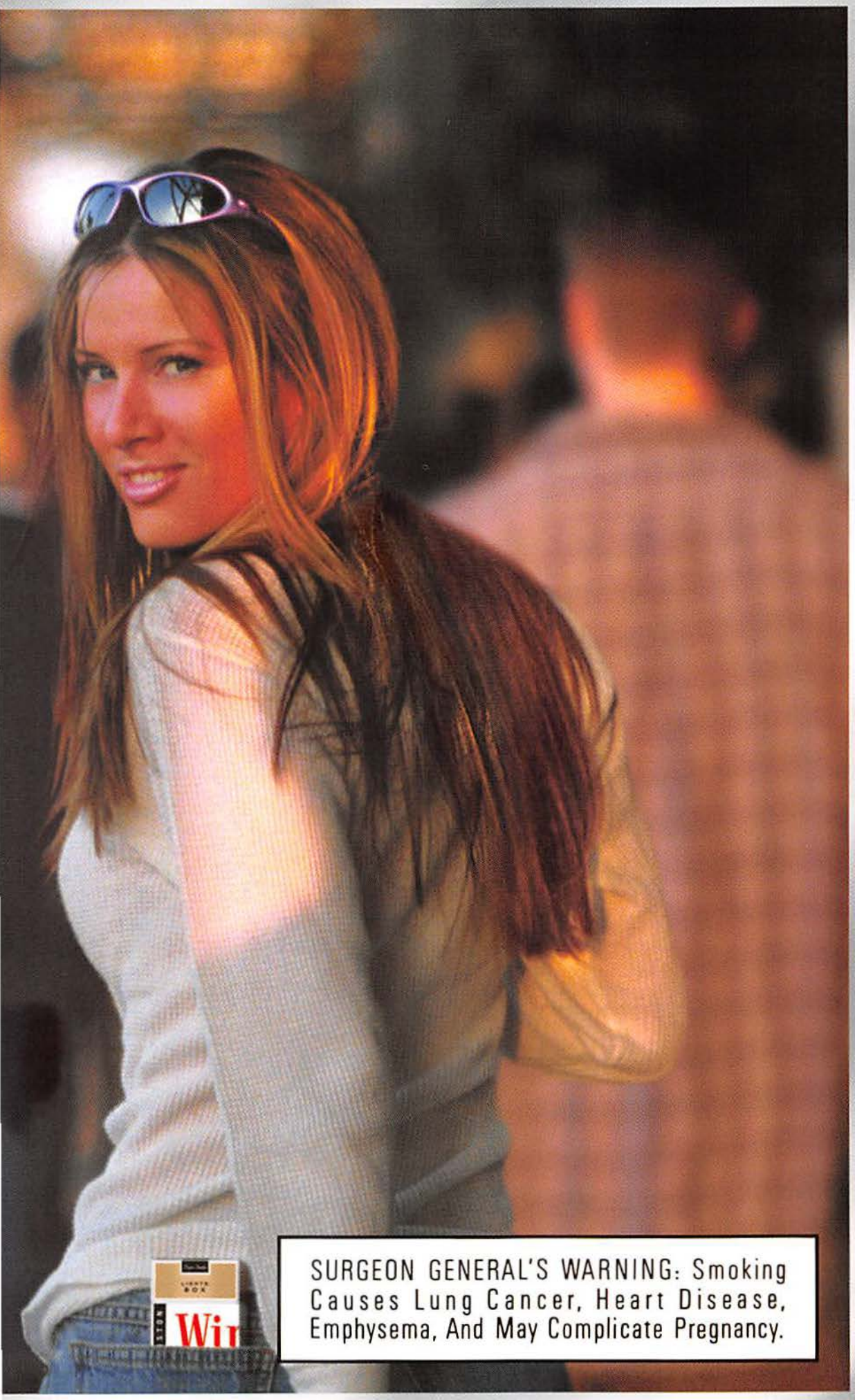


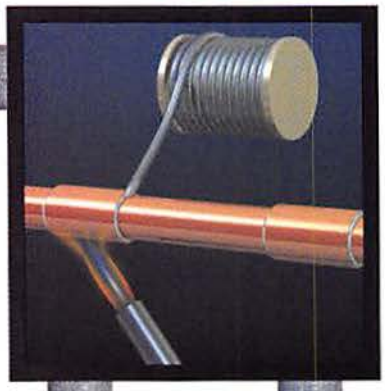


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

E-Z PLUMBING

According to an industry joke, there are three things you need to know to be a plumber: 1) Shit doesn't run uphill, 2) payday's on Friday, and 3) don't eat with your fingers. So really, how hard could it be?

PART 1: PROCEDURES



Problem: A busted pipe is spraying water all over your basement.
What's up? Pipes burst due to cold, stress, or age.
Can you fix it? Probably, but you'll need to buy some tools. Shut off the water main. If your pipes are copper, you'll need a tubing cutter ($15), sandcloth ($3), a propane torch ($21), lead-free solder ($7), a plumber's goo called flux ($4), and a length of pipe ($10–$20). Cut the pipe on either side of the break and rub inside with sandcloth to remove any burrs or oxidation. Flux seams and heat the socket with the torch, holding the solder up to the seam. The solder will melt, and the flux will help draw it into the seam to ensure a tight fit.

Problem: Tub won't drain properly; you're showering in ankle-deep water.
What's up? The drain is blocked by a disgusting mat of your girlfriend's hair.
Can you fix it? Probably. Try removing the stopper and looking for the clog. Chances are, if you can see it, you can pull it out with a coat hanger. Nope? Try a plunger. The secret is to block the vent hole on the tub wall, or you won't create any suction. Unbolt the drain switch faceplate, pull the lever assembly out, and stuff a rag into the hole to close it off. Plumbers caution against using products like Drano—if the drain's completely stopped up, you'll end up with a tub full of caustic chemicals and no way to get rid of them.

Problem: Toilet won't flush.
What's up? Either the chain's slipped off or you need a new flush-handle assembly ($10).
Can you fix it? Do you have opposable thumbs? Remove lid and look inside tank: One end of the chain should be attached to the flush handle, the other to a rubber seal at the bottom. If the chain's slipped off, reattach it. If the handle has snapped, remove it by loosening the nut inside the toilet; replace with a new assembly. If there's no water in the tank, fiddle with the shutoff valve under the toilet.

Problem: Toilet makes creepy wailing sounds; vomits up blood whenever you approach.
What's up? Demonic possession, possibly by Satan or a lower-order, pipe-dwelling incubus.
Can you fix it? Not a chance. Call the Vatican, cross legs, and hold on.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

WHAT IS IT? A PIPE CUTTER
WHAT'S IT FOR? Cutting pipes, dipshit. Essentially a C-clamp with a cutting wheel, this simple tool hooks around a copper water line. You tighten the nut, then rotate the tool about a quarter turn around the pipe and tighten some more until the pipe breaks cleanly in two and you're showered with water, unless you remembered to shut the water off first.

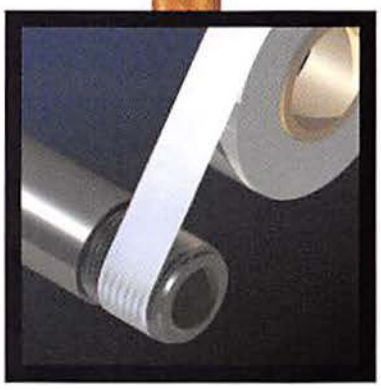
Consulting experts: John Foster, master plumber with Submarine Plumbing, Sugarland, Texas; Lindsay

PART 2: SECRETS PLUMBERS KNOW

You can add water pressure to most showers by unscrewing the shower head and removing the little plastic "water saver" ring that artificially restricts the flow. Sure, all the plumbers we spoke to said this was technically "against government regulations," but so's growing your own opium poppies, if you want to get technical.

The U-shaped pipe under your sink drain, called a trap, actually isn't there to catch wayward wedding rings and such. The water trapped in the U keeps horrifically putrid and lethal sewer gas, which is lighter than air, from rising up through the drain and into your dinner parties. (There's one built into every toilet, too.)

Problem: Leaky faucet
What's up? You need either new washers and seats ($4) or a new faucet ($35–$200).
Can you fix it? Oh, yeah. Shut off the water, then dismantle the faucet until you get to a rubber washer and seats; reassemble with new look-alikes. If the faucet still oozes, you'll need a new faucet setup, a basin wrench, a pair of Channel Lock pliers, a screwdriver, and some plumbers' putty to seal the male threads.



Leaks in metal-to-metal couplings (like between a garden hose and its nozzle) can often be fixed with Teflon tape, a superthin tape that comes in small, inexpensive white rolls. Wrap the tape two or three times around the male threads in a clockwise direction (so screwing it back together doesn't unravel the tape), reassemble, and turn on the water, and you look like a genius. —*Research by Marcy Smith*

WHAT IS IT? A BASIN WRENCH
WHAT'S IT FOR? Replacing sink faucets. The nut that holds the faucet to the sink is underneath, at the back, behind the bowl—one of the most inaccessible places known to man. This tool lets you reach up in there without resorting to blasphemous cussin'. Your best bet is an adjustable model, which can be set to three lengths—a good idea if you don't know how high up your nuts are.

WHAT IS IT? A CHAIN CUTTER
WHAT'S IT FOR? Cutting large cast-iron sewage pipes that dump water from toilets, bathtubs, and sinks all together and carry it out of the house. Cast iron is unpredictable: Hit it with a hammer and it could break right where you want it to or split lengthwise way back under your house. The chain cutter makes an even chomp exactly where you want it.

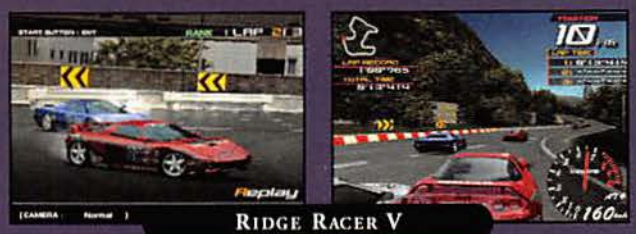
Peet, plumbing contractor with William A. Peet and Son Plumbing, North Hollywood, California; and Marty Henry, plumbing instructor with Plumbers and Pipefitters Local Union #4, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Photographs, Robert Gaisgow; illustrations, Neil Stewart

before victory

comes humility

TEKKEN TAG TOURNAMENT



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Ask Dr. Maxim

Urinary unrest, sizing the ol' snake sheath, calculating your chances of dying tomorrow, and trying not to become a total flake.

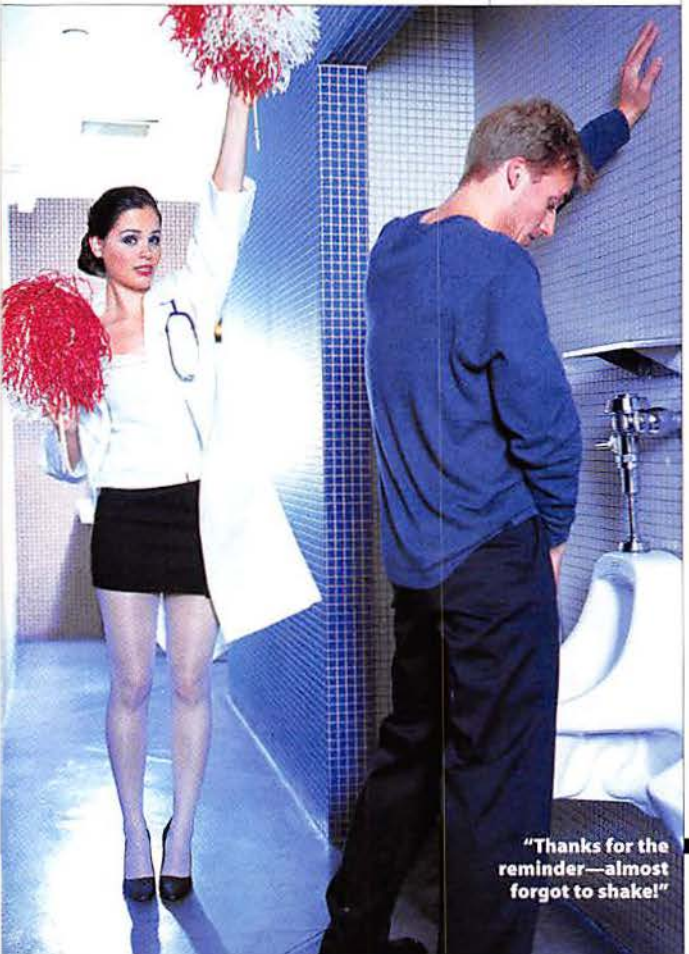
I've always had trouble peeing in public. What can I do to get things flowing?

✚Your ailment, although it made us snicker, is common. The good news is that you probably don't have any physical problem: Urologists agree it's usually more about what's between your ears than what's between your legs.

To help unplug your plumbing, you could spend a river of cash on hypnosis and psychotherapy, or just skip the shrink and play mind games with yourself. When you're at home, conjure up a mental image that helps you unleash the floodgates. Picture an enormous waterfall. Mumble the names of major oceans and rivers. Think back to that night at camp when someone slipped your hand into lukewarm water. Then revisit these images when aiming at a public urinal. If it's still not working, try closing your eyes and forgetting about the strange people standing next to you, staring at your genitals.

Your only problem here is your panic. Rest assured that if you really gotta go—say, during a night of heroic binge drinking—your body will take over and you'll eventually wet your pants. Sure, it may be messy, but sometimes that's how you spell *relief*.

Condoms have come a long way since your first one shriveled and died in your wallet.



"Thanks for the reminder—almost forgot to shake!"

Does it matter what kind of condom I use? Do any of the bells and whistles really work?

✚Does it matter what underwear you wear? Will Underoos help you do the deed? When it's time to get down and dirty, wearing the wrong condom could be even more disastrous than dressing up like a six-year-old Superman.

When choosing a condom, the only important consideration is fit. According to experts, 80 percent of men will be fine in most condoms. If you're a Slim Jim and you use an oversize condom, not only are your chances of getting laid diminished, but the condom could slip off, increasing the risk of both pregnancy and pustulant things on your wanger. On the other fist, if you're a fat man in a little coat, packing yourself into a small sheath is uncomfortable and could decrease sensation or even burst the bag.

Still not sure how you stand? Take the cardboard cylinder from a toilet paper roll and slip it over your erect penis (whoa, cowboy, try not to enjoy it *that* much). Don't panic—unless you're a porn star, you should have room to spare. If it fits comfortably, wear regular condoms. If you could squeeze a second penis inside (what you do on your own time is your business), try snug brands like Beyond and Exotica. If you have to struggle to get in, bandage the paper cuts and reach for larger condoms such as Magnum and Bareback—and pray your neighbor didn't spot you abusing the Charmin.

While searching for size, take stock of the latest in jimmy-hat technology. Condoms have come a long way since your first one shriveled up and died in your wallet. If your gal has trouble getting her juices flowing (or you just suck at foreplay), try a prelubricated condom; many of these also have spermicide for extra insurance. Avanti by Durex and Supra by Trojan are made of polyurethane, which conducts heat and is twice as thin and strong as regular latex. Pleasure Plus and inSpiral have loose-fitting pouches at the tip that increase the friction. These types are all light-years ahead of those old French-tickler, ribbed, and textured rubbers, which really do no more than make you look like some randy kitchen implement.

My dad's 49, and he just had a heart attack. I'm freaking. Will I end up like him?

✚You *should* freak: If a male relative has a heart attack before age 55, it doubles the odds you'll have one, too. But your panic can be positive (if you didn't go ▸

Photographs, Dale May; stylist, Jennifer Schwarz; hair, Barbara Fazio for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; makeup, Dean Jones for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; location, G Bar

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"Wait a minute! This isn't dandruff—it's cocaine!"

into cardiac arrest)—a call to change your own habits and avoid your father's fate.

Take a look at your dad's lifestyle and see if he has risk factors that you can fix in your own. Is he sedentary? Does he smoke? Does he have high blood pressure or high cholesterol? Does he inhale obscene amounts of crack?

The secret is to tackle all the risk factors together: quit smoking, get regular exercise (30 to 60 minutes three or four times a week), cut out fat (to less than 25 percent of your diet), rein in your cholesterol (to an LDL below 120 mg/dL), and lower your blood pressure (to 140/90 mm). Cut back to two drinks a day—binge instead on fruits, veggies, and fish. Minimize stress. And see your doctor once a year. Your life may become a pathetic perpetual health check, but at least you'll live to enjoy the thrills of Seniors' Double Coupon Tuesdays.

Cut back on lathering—a second wash plus blowdrying could strip skin off a snake.

Still at risk? Medication can keep you on track. In your 20s you can start taking statin, resin, or niacin to keep your cholesterol down. In your 30s you can start popping aspirin every day. These steps can each decrease your chances of a heart attack in your 50s by up to 25 percent. You may inherit your dad's bald spot and bad back. But he'll have done you one favor: developing heart disease so you never have to.

My dandruff shampoo stopped working. What do I do?

✚Buy a snowblower. Ha! Just kidding. There are still plenty of tricks to try. The first step is cutting back on lathering—a second wash plus blowdrying could strip skin off a snake. If you need to shower at the gym, soak your hair but avoid overwashing. Use conditioner to moisturize your scalp.

If you still get flakes, try switching brands; you may just have developed a tolerance to the shampoo. Each has a different active ingredient: zinc pyrathione (Head & Shoulders), selenium sulfide (Selsun Blue), or tar (Estar and Neutrogena T/Gel). Changing weapons may conquer your scaly scalp.

If nothing else works, troop to the dermatologist and get prescription medication. You may have an imbalance in the fungal organisms that normally live on the scalp. Or maybe you're just turning into the reptile your ex-girlfriend always said you were. M

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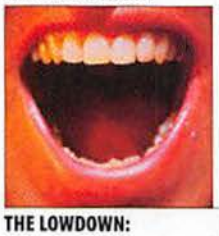
'WAITER, THERE'S A DIGLYCERIDE IN MY SOUP!'

OK, you can identify water, gelatin, and corn syrup. But what the hell's all this other crap you've been eating?

MYSTERY INGREDIENT:	Riboflavin	Gum arabic	Diglycerides	Phosphoric acid	Lecithin
WHERE YOU ATE IT:	Meat, eggs, cheese, spinach	Fruit drinks, ice cream, beer	Margarine, peanut butter	Soda, baked goods	M&M's, ice cream
					
THE LOWDOWN:	A.k.a. vitamin B_2, natural riboflavin helps you metabolize carbohydrates, fats, and proteins.	An acacia tree extract, it boosts sweet flavors and stabilizes beer foam. Also in hair spray and gels.	This combo of glycerol and fatty acids is added to make things smooth, creamy, and moist.	A form of phosphorus, this acid puts the fizz in soda and the flavor in baked goods.	A soy product, it makes chocolate smooth, unclogs arteries, and improves brain function.

Consulting specialists: Urinary dysfunction: Dr. Dudley Seth Danoff, urologist at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles. Condoms: Adam Glickman, president and CEO of Condomania, online condom retailer and condom shop in Los Angeles and New York. Heart disease: Dr. Richard Stein, spokesperson for the American Heart Association and chief of cardiology at Brooklyn Hospital in New York. Dandruff: Dr. Barry Goldman, dermatologist at NYU Downtown Hospital

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Capital Punishment

Sure, Washington may be a seething hotbed of politics, drugs, and murder, but it's also got the country's largest population of au pairs. Dave Juskow goes in search of D.C.'s 10s.

So I says, "Who's a guy gotta blow to get an internship in this town? And I turn around..."

She was beautiful, big-breasted, sexy—and she served me beer. Her name was Michele, and she offered to be my guide to the best places D.C. has to offer. I don't know if she took pity on me or she actually believed I was "touring with my band." Regardless, I loved our nation's capital already.

Michele is a bartender at Crush (202-319-1111) in the Adams Morgan section of D.C. She poured the drinks while I unveiled my plan for the weekend. Someone had given me the notion that, thanks to the diplomats, Washington has more au pairs than anywhere else—and every weekend, these foreign women gather at a nightspot to pick up American men. My mission: to find this magical place.

We left Crush with the Washington Monument in view, as always (there are few places you can go in this town without this enormous phallic symbol mocking your every move). In D.C., taxis are the way to go—just get the fare up-front, as the cabs here have no meters.

I didn't expect to be treated to an unbelievable parade of beautiful women.

Our taxi took us to a little-known hotspot called Kingpin (588-5880). A small lounge, it was one of those intimate places where you feel welcome immediately. Michele insisted we start out with a couple of shots; after slamming down our glasses, I was ready to meet the au pairs. "I don't think this is an au pair kind of place," Michele said, "but we'll find them." She dragged me next door to the Velvet Lounge (462-7625). The downstairs bar isn't much, but upstairs is a small stage for up-and-coming bands. Imagine being in your friend's apartment with his band playing, except that no neighbors complain. There were lots of hot groupies hanging out; but again, it was not what I was looking for.

The first miscue

I was on a mission—the last thing I wanted was to play pool. But when Michele mentioned Bedrock Billiards (667-7665), the thought of her leaning over a pool table sounded much better than my idea of egging the White House. Michele was good friends with general manager Brian Harrison, who handpicks each of the beers they sell. Michele, like most of the ladies there, was drinking Lindman's Framboise, a raspberry brew not meant for real men. Men were drinking Dirty Dick's Ale. There's nothing like a Dirty Dick. Unfortunately, I'll never have it again, because I'll never be able to order it in a bar.

Michele was getting drunker with every sip. Moving her hands to the top of her head, she let down her beautiful brown hair, then flipped it around a few times. She pulled me close and whispered in my ear that she wanted to show me something. I blurted out, "Is it hot au pairs?"

Museum quality

Waking up alone in my hotel room the next morning, I decided to be a good Jewish boy and do what my mother told me: visit the Holocaust Museum. I expected to get in touch with my heritage; I didn't expect to be treated to an unbelievable parade of beautiful women. Mothers ▶

Photographs, Laura Kleinhenz for SABA (locations); Robert Glasgow (still life)

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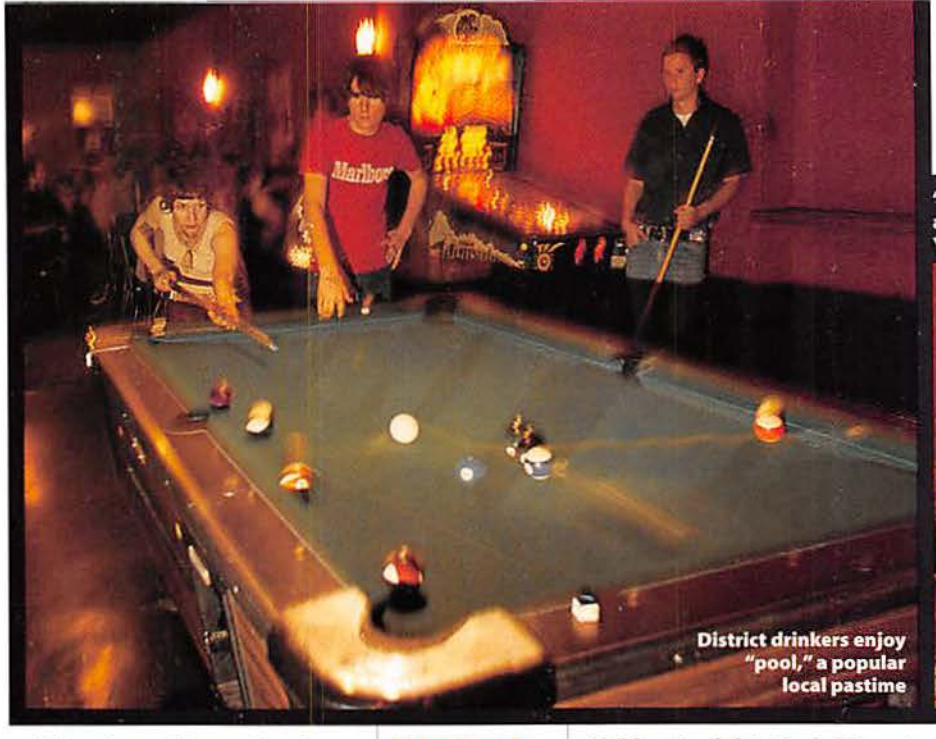


District drinkers enjoy "pool," a popular local pastime

"Can I ask you a question? You're hot."

and daughters. Sisters. Foreign, domestic, Jewish, Catholic. All kinds and all gorgeous. Men are outnumbered two to one. But how does a man meet women at the Holocaust Museum? You have to play it very cool. This is obviously not a happy place.

First of all, you have to be quick. I noticed one cutie in little pink shorts and a white T-shirt. An au pair on her day off? She smiled at me. Nobody smiles here. But I waited too long to approach, and she wandered into the "Remember the Children" exhibit. Probably not the best place to ask where she's from. I walked into the gift shop, where they make money selling key chains with cute pictures of Anne Frank. How tasteless can you get? I bought one and put it in my pocket scant inches from my genitals. I waited for my honey with the pink shorts, but to no avail. Another strikeout.

This place is serious about getting you hammered for brunch. I find that attractive in a restaurant.

Tender vittles

I needed food, so I headed to Tony & Joe's (944-4545), a nice spot in the Washington Harbor–Georgetown area with a view of the Potomac. T&J's is pricey ($39.99 for a two-pound lobster), but it does have great seafood and service. Sometimes you can catch Bill and Hillary here, sharing a meal in passive-aggressive silence. A cheaper alternative is Polly's Café (265-8385), with $1.50 Bloody Marys. This place is serious about getting you hammered for brunch. I find that attractive in a restaurant.

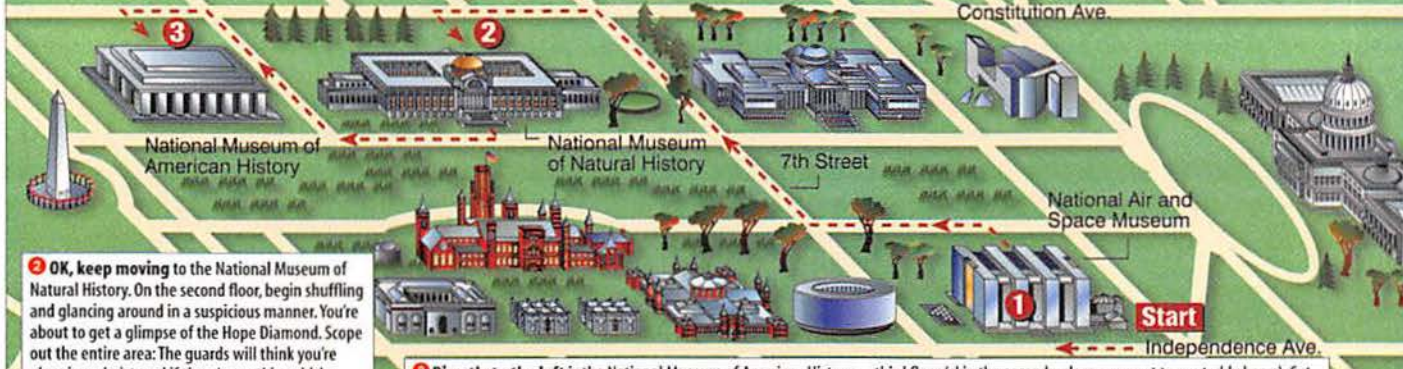
I met Michele that evening at Pearl (328-0846). Pearl isn't a big D.C. attraction; but according ▶

THE 30-MINUTE SMITHSONIAN TOUR

How to see all the good stuff without getting stuck in the Endless Hall of First Ladies' Dresses.

Map illustration: Richard Gage

If you ever visited the Smithsonian Institution as a kid, you remember the experience the way we do: as a mind-numbing, leg-cramping excursion through 16 buildings of "history," "science," and—yecch—"culture." Thing is, there are some very cool things to see at the Smithsonian if you only knew where to look. So lace on your running shoes: Here's the 30-minute tour.



1 Start at the National Air and Space Museum; the *Spirit of St. Louis* is right at the front entrance, on Independence Avenue. Take a second and imagine flying this piece of tin alone across the Atlantic. Done? Now make a slight right and bolt all the way down the hall, past the lunar exploration vehicles (pretty cool), and make another left. This will bring you to some actual spacesuits. Here you can view the high-tech fecal-containment system and the urine-collection-and-transfer assembly. Tee-hee.

2 OK, keep moving to the National Museum of Natural History. On the second floor, begin shuffling and glancing around in a suspicious manner. You're about to get a glimpse of the Hope Diamond. Scope out the entire area: The guards will think you're planning a heist, and if there's one thing chicks love, it's a diamond thief. Directly across the hall, you'll find the Hall of Bones (with human skeletons), the reptile exhibit, and the insect zoo (with live tarantulas). OK, you're done here.

3 Directly to the left is the National Museum of American History. Make a right after the gift shop and you'll see Fonzie's jacket (no sign of Potsie's sweater). Cruise through the television exhibit and you'll hit the Information Age, with the '76 Apple I computer and Alexander Graham Bell's original telephone. Now run up the stairs to the third floor (skip the second unless you want to see teddy bears). Cut right through "We the People" and into the dollhouses. Don't worry—slide two paces left and turn around. Muhammad Ali's boxing gloves, used against Joe Frazier, will be right in your face, along with other sports memorabilia. Now who's the greatest?

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DO THIS, DON'T DO THAT

What you gotta see (and ought to avoid) the next time you get elected to Congress.

DON'T MISS:

National Museum of Health and Medicine (202-782-2200)
When you walk in they'll actually let you feel a human brain—and it only gets better from there. You can find amputation photos, jars of dead babies, colons of soldiers who suffered from extreme cases of diarrhea, the bullet that killed Lincoln (and fragments of his skull), terrifying old-fashioned gynecological tools, and a stomach-size hairball from a girl who ate her hair for six years. Admission, unbelievably, is free.

The Albert Einstein Memorial (National Academy of Sciences)
The strangest exhibit in the city. It's a really bad sculpture of Albert Einstein a block away from the entrance to the Lincoln Memorial. If you stand inside the evil pentagram-like star at Al's feet, your voice will echo. It's one of those stupid things you could tell your friends about and they'd make fun of you until they tried it.

The Wyndham Washington Hotel (202-429-1700)
Formerly called the Vista. Ask for room 727 and see where Marion Barry got busted for doing crack. You may even get to meet him, particularly if you've got tits and some tasty rock.

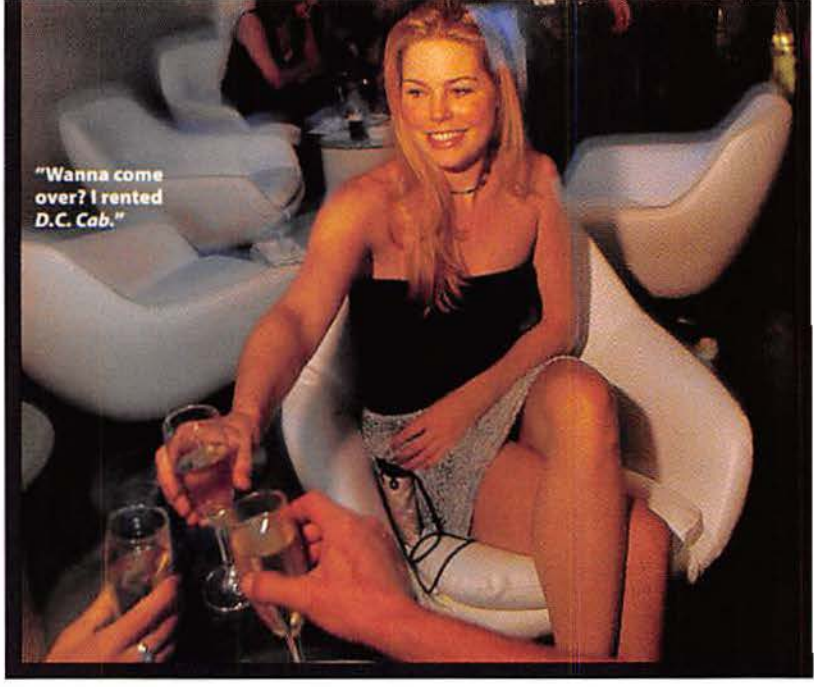
DON'T BOTHER:

Madam's Organ (202-667-5370)
This "blues bar" is a complete tourist trap. First of all, the fact that it's called Madam's Organ and is located in the Adams Morgan section of town might tell you that the owners aren't that creative. Second, they have open-mike night on Sundays.

Bohemian Cavern (202-299-0800)
Bad music, bad food, clueless new ownership, no girls. The bouncers outside think they run Studio 54. These headset-sporting idiots won't let you in if you're wearing jeans, and they give you a rigorous grilling. None of this would bother me if the place wasn't entirely empty at 11 on a Saturday night. Miss this one at all costs.

The Daughters of the American Revolution Building
Don't fall for this one, like I did—it's not nearly as cool as it sounds.—*D.J.*

Holy relics supporting Redd Foxx's bid for canonization



"Wanna come over? I rented D.C. Cab."

to Michele, waitresses in the area come here after work, so even on a Sunday, the place is hopping. When I arrived, Michele was seated at the bar with a Dirty Dick in her hand. That's not true: I just wanted to see how it read. But she *was* wearing a tight white T-shirt, and her hair was up again, which meant that at some point on our journey, she would have to take it down. Perfect.

A barrel of Vikings

We had dinner at Dragonfly (331-1775), where the service is snobby and the prices snobbier. As we left, that evil Washington Monument stiffie kept watching me. We crossed the street to the unmarked 18th Street Lounge (466-3922; push on the door between Mattress Discounters and The Garage). Word on the street is that the Norwegian Mafia runs it. They charge guys cover but not the hot exotic girls that frequent it. I told Michele I couldn't go in because I'd been smuggling salted fish and the Norwegian Mafia was after me.

Michele took me instead to a place called Tryst (232-5500), an interesting place that serves lattes and alcohol. What that means is that women feel comfortable coming here alone but you can still get drunk and hit on them. Unfortunately, lots of politicos frequent the joint. I asked a couple of guys claiming to be congressmen if they knew where the au pairs hung out. They said there was no such place. I still had faith, although I was starting to sound like Linus and the Great Pumpkin. Michele grabbed my arm and dragged me over to Felix (483-3549), an unofficial gathering place for white people who can't dance. Michele continued with tequila. Two shots later, as her hair came flowing down, she whispered, "I want to show you something." This time I said nothing. She took my hand, placed it on her left arm, and told me to roll up her sleeve, revealing a tattoo of an alley cat. Her tanned skin was soft and I touched it a long time.

"I think we should go to a strip club," she whispered.

"That's a stupid idea," I answered. "Au pairs aren't going to hang out at a strip club."

Some men go their entire lives without being slapped in the face by a beautiful woman. I am not one of them. M

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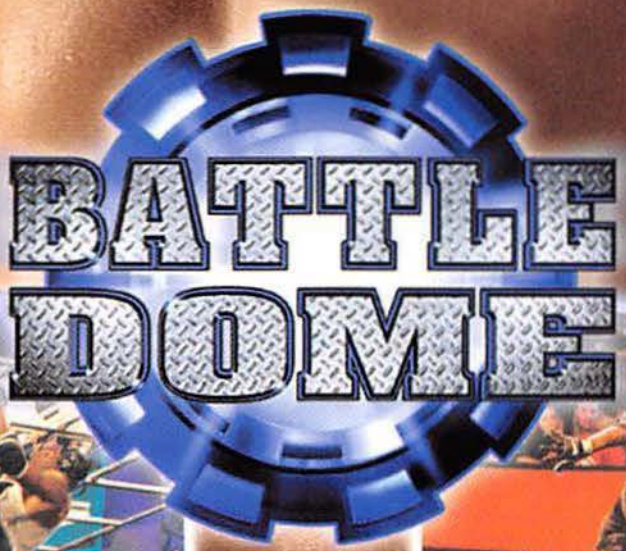

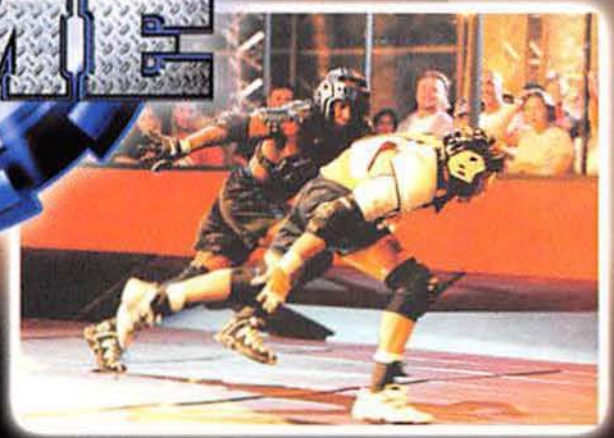

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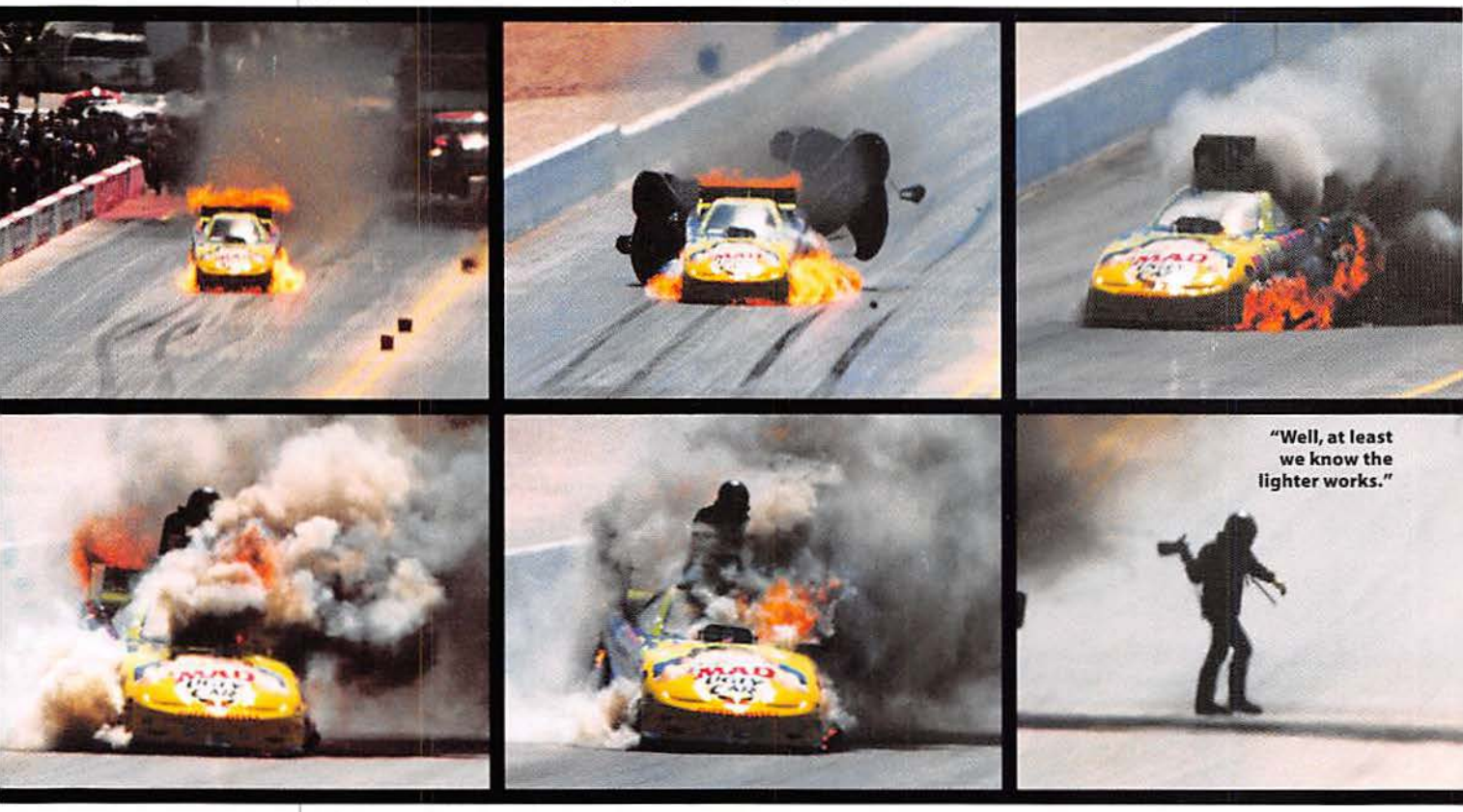
Burn Rubber!

It's bad enough when your chance for victory goes up in smoke. It's worse when you go up in smoke with it. By Dale Creasy, Jr., as told to Paul Dana



"Well, at least we know the lighter works."

It was a Thursday afternoon last April. As usual, I finished up my work as a mechanic at an auto shop called Milex, changed clothes, and drove the 45 minutes to O'Hare Airport. I was headed to Las Vegas. Most guys go home on weekends and mow the lawn or catch a game on TV. I'm a little different. I race the Mad Magazine/Marvel Mystery Oil/TekPak Pontiac Firebird in the National Hot Rod Association's nitro funny-car class. As the plane lifted off, I was thinking about the race ahead. The track in Vegas was new; I'd be one of the first people ever to race on it. Little did I know how close it would come to being the last thing I ever did.

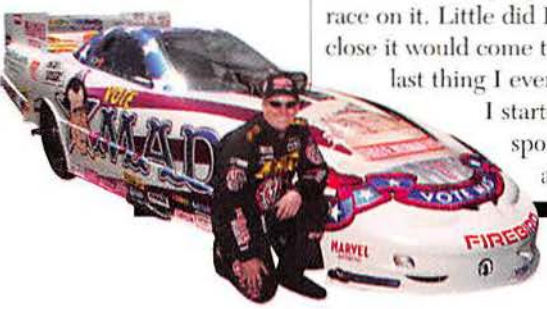
I started in this sport 30 years ago, polishing wheels for my dad, Dale Creasy, Sr. He drove in the late '60s and early '70s, before he became a team owner. My fire suit hung in the trailer for nine years before our driver retired and I got my chance. I'd been standing outside the car for so many years, watching thousands of runs. You think you know what the car is going to do. But once they close the canopy, your brain goes out the window.

The car has only one gear and a centrifugal clutch. So when you're in gear and you let out the clutch at the starting line, you're still basically in neutral. You've got about 6,000 unrestrained horsepower sitting there (nobody knows for sure because there isn't an engine dyno in the world that can measure this kind of power). It's like a bomb that you know is going to go off. When you hit the gas, oh, man. The first 50 or 60 feet, the car is usually on its own. You're pulling four or five Gs, and your body has to catch up to it. It's like getting hit in the back by a truck.

At the 160-foot mark, you're already doing 150–200 mph, depending on the launch. At half-track, you're doing 240 mph, and the clutch finally engages all the way. You feel a little vibration right before it hooks up, and then you know the car is really going to take off. You cover the last 320 feet in seven 10ths of a second. You can't think in these cars. If it takes you seven 10ths of a second to decide what you want to do, you've just covered the length of a football field.

That afternoon in Vegas, my fastest wasn't quite fast enough. ▶

Oh, we see... it's a "funny" car...



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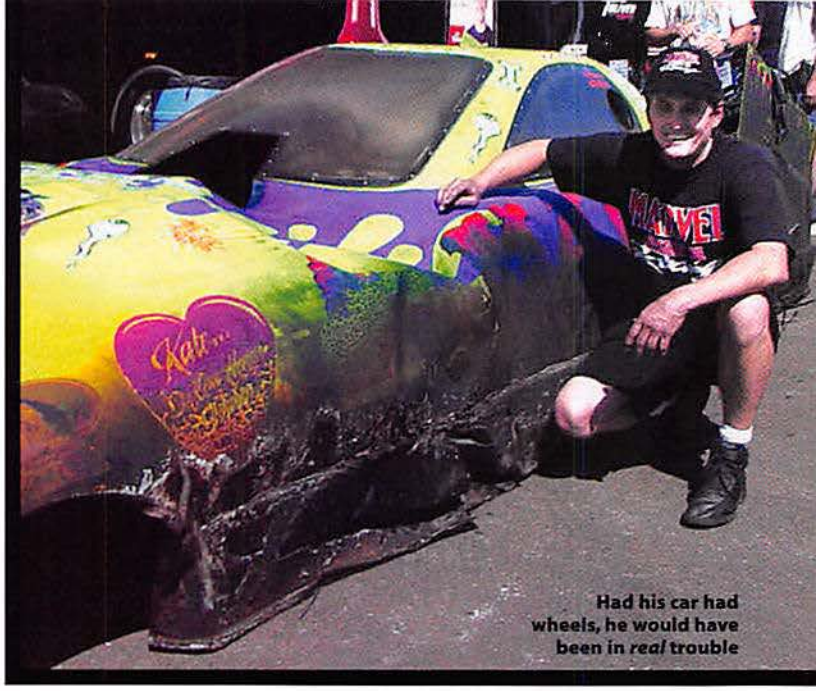
The engine had exploded, and the car—and I—had become a rocketing fireball.



Had his car had wheels, he would have been in *real* trouble

Only the top 16 cars get to race; everyone else goes home. It was Saturday, during the third of four qualifying rounds for the SummitRacing.com nationals. My best run up to that point had been 5.178 seconds, but the leaders were down to 4.94, so I needed to lose a 10th of a second to be sure to make the show.

There are two timing lights at the staging area. You roll forward and break the first one to stage the car, and when you break the second one, it starts timing your run. I put the first light on and went through my routine: adjusted the fuel pressure, shut my visor, turned on the air system. Like divers, we use a little two-pound compressed-air bottle. It's bolted behind the cockpit, with a hose that pumps air into our helmets. Nitro cars get their name from the fuel, nitromethane. The fumes make your eyes water and burn your lungs. Without the air system, you couldn't breathe.

The Christmas tree (what we call the starting lights) has three yellows and a green. All three yellows come on together. You go when the yellows go out: Wait for the green and you're late.

I got off the line OK, but suddenly something went wrong. The car went from five Gs to nothing, and it was like my head hit the dashboard. Everything got quiet, and the next thing I knew, flames were licking at me from under the dashboard. The engine had exploded, and the car—and I—had become a rocketing fireball. Even with my foot off the gas, we were barreling down the track at 150 miles an hour.

Funny cars use two 10-pound extinguisher bottles at the front of the frame; the engine gets four nozzles, and there's a fifth pointed right at the chest of the driver. I pulled the handle, but there was just too much flame. It was everywhere. I pulled the parachutes, but they just burned off. I had about a 10th of a second to decide what to do.

The brakes still worked, but with all that oil on the tires, it's easy to spin out. A lot of guys in this situation step on the brakes to spin the car out so it will stop quicker. I just kept telling myself, *Don't touch the brake...don't touch the brake.* I was thinking, *The bodywork and engine are toast, but I don't want to crash the car and bend the back half of the frame*...Pride and stupidity.

I was on fire for 35 or 40 seconds, but it felt like two weeks. Somehow I never felt the heat. It must have been the adrenaline. I was mostly worried about my air bottle. It lasts 30 to 40 seconds, maybe 50 at the most. I was thinking, *I can recover from burns, but I need air to live.* ▶

TAKING IT TO THE STREETS

Peeling out at a stoplight explained.

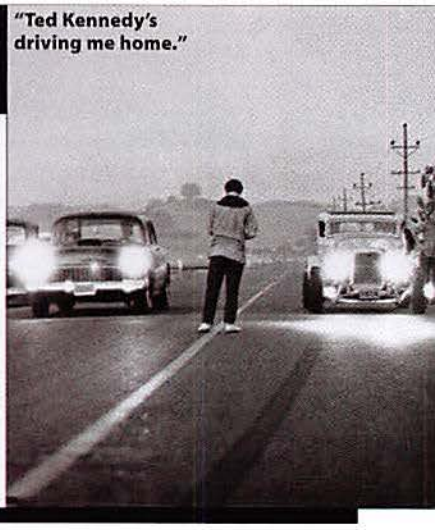
Ever wonder how them good ol' boys peeled out and left you choking on their dust? Here's how it's done—but don't really try this at home unless you like eating dinner through a straw.

GET THE REVS UP: Anything over 4,000 rpm will do. Hold the throttle steady until the light changes.

CONTROL YOUR LAUNCH: In a manual, you want controlled wheelspin—enough to make noise but not enough to smoke. Burnouts are cool but slow. If you smell your clutch, cool off. In an automatic, it's simpler: Stand on the brake with your left foot and rev the snot out of it.

NAIL THE SHIFT POINTS: Every engine makes the most horsepower in its "power band," usually 4,000–5,500 rpm. If you upshift at the top, you'll keep the engine in its sweet spot. Don't rev all the way to redline. According to Kenny Brown of Kenny Brown Performance in Indianapolis, "Anything above that is just making noise and wearing out the engine."

SEDUCE THE CAR, DON'T RAPE IT: You may be tempted to yank the shift lever, but leave your biceps out of it. Use your forearm and wrist instead. A little finesse with your fingers helps eliminate missed shifts and inopportune bumping and grinding.



"Ted Kennedy's driving me home."

Lunch Break?

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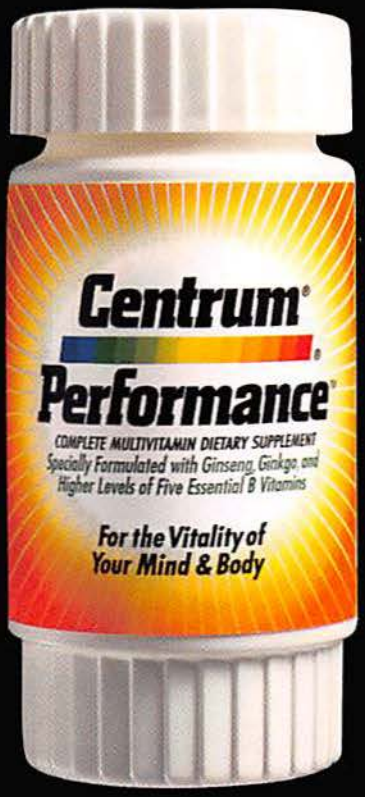

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Near the finish line, I tried to open the escape hatch. I had no idea how fast I was going, but when I pushed on the hatch, I could feel the wind resistance, so I was still going too fast to think about jumping out. I just sat back down in the fire and rode it out. Panicking wasn't going to get me anywhere.

Finally the rear tires melted, and the car sat down on the chassis and skidded to a stop. I opened the hatch and stepped out of the inferno. My suit was black, all the patches on my left sleeve had burned away, and the seat cover was scorched. But I didn't get burned. I wanted to hug Bill Simpson, the guy who made my suit.

When we got the car back to the shop, we saw that the engine block had split in half. Standing there with the burned-out wreckage, I felt a little bit of pride. You never want to be in a situation like that, but knowing I had the composure to come through it unscathed—that felt pretty good after all. M

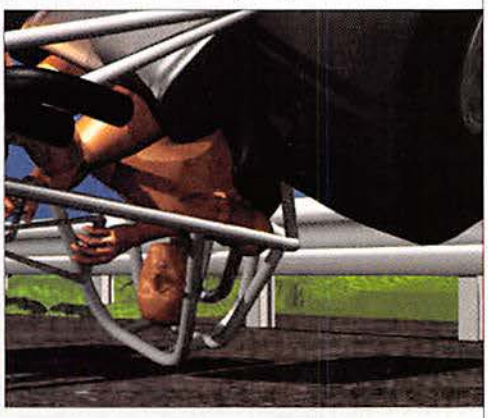
FOUR WAYS DRAG RACERS DIE

Sure, the money's good, but the asphalt tastes like shit.

FIRE Racers wear as many as six layers of fireproof Nomex clothing, including underwear, knee-high boots, a head sock, two pairs of gloves, and a suit. But blistering second-degree burns will still set in after 45 seconds. If the fire extinguisher works, you'll be fine. But if a hole gets punched in the fire wall, 300 mph winds will blow flames directly onto your legs, which will soon look like jumbo bratwursts.

SHRAPNEL When engines let go, shit starts flyin' and soft tissue shreds. Just ask the veteran trackside photographers, who have mastered the art of hitting the deck without destroying their cameras. Unfortunately, your expensive protective suit won't stop sharp slivers of metal from ripping into your flesh. Envision throwing yourself on a grenade to save your foxhole buddies and you'll get the idea.

IMPACT The drawn-out wrecks that send engines and chassis parts flying are fairly harmless; modern racecars are designed to break apart to dissipate energy that would otherwise be absorbed by the soft, mushy thing in the driver's seat. But when your car noses straight into the concrete, you have a problem: closed head injury. The momentum causes the brain to smash against the front of the skull.



ROLL-OVER Barrel-rolling at 300 mph qualifies as a bad day at the office. Luckily, each car comes equipped with a protective frame around the cockpit, which keeps the driver from getting popped like a zit. But even if your seat belts and helmet work properly, when you flip ass over teakettle at 300 mph, your internal organs have a tendency to pound themselves into Smuckers. And that ain't good.

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(I REQUIRE MORE REGULAR MAINTENANCE THAN MY TRUCK.)

THERE ARE GUYS IN FRANCE NAMED "JEAN CLAUDE" AND "PHILIPPE" WHO SHAVE THEIR LEGS TO CUT WIND RESISTANCE AND ARE SPONSORED BY PEOPLE WHO MAKE WINE. BUT LIKE I SAID, THEY'RE IN FRANCE.

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Jon Stewart

In this time of apathy and indecision, the host of Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* comes out swinging.

Can I ask you a blunt question?
Sagittarius.
Good to know; but actually I was wondering which presidential candidate is getting your vote.
I haven't made up my mind, quite frankly. In times like this it's hard to be a great leader because the country is healthy, fat, and happy. After 10 years of prosperity, FDR could run right now and people would be, like, "'Nothing to fear but fear itself'? Shaddup!"
Are you better off than you were eight years ago?
Let's see...When I started out in the business I was eating a lot of bologna sandwiches and sharing a room with a dude who was an alcoholic, so I'd say I've done pretty well. But I'd like to think it wasn't all thanks to the stock market. Hopefully I got better at what I do. At the time I was living like that, quite frankly, I deserved to live like that.
So how did a short Jewish stand-up comedian come to be the political spokesperson for this generation?
You're talking about Bill Maher, right? I don't think there's a spokesman for anything in this country anymore. There are 200 million people and 120 freaking channels to choose from. I'm not even a spokesman for my own viewers—half of them are just hoping that *South Park* comes on next. When you're a star on cable, you're just setting the table for the next running of *Mannequin 3*.
Bill Clinton is a political comedian's dream come true. Are you depressed that he can't run for a third term?
The confluence of events that occurred with him was magical. The Lewinsky affair was an event that was enormous—and nobody even died. It was about sex, which is even better, and then it was about the president's penis, which is about as topnotch sex as you can get. But once you start joking about the president's penis, you leave the realm of social satire.
You covered both conventions. Which party had the easiest chicks?
Chances are, at 2 A.M. after the convention, everybody was getting laid. A political convention is no different than a hardware convention: You take care of business, you pat yourselves on the back, and then you go out and get drunk. The problem with our show is, because it's fake we had to write it, so we ended up working a lot. Meanwhile Brokaw and Donaldson are fucking partying down with a keg in the bathtub.
Even so, this election is shaping up to be a colossal bore. Ever get the feeling democracy doesn't work?
The system is screwed, but it's still the best system there is. I don't think any of us want to still be walking around in powdered wigs in Parliament going, "The gentleman from Gloucester would like a point of reference, please. *Robert's Rules of Order,* sir!" America is the weirdest experiment in socializing cultures ever. Nobody else has tried this, like: "Yeah, let's just let everybody in! And you know who we're gonna let in first? The tired, poor, huddled masses! Let's give that a whirl."
What with MTV and the Internet and such, why aren't more young people getting politically active?
Who's inspiring them to get involved? If anybody has a decent bullshit detector, it's kids, and they can see that politics is all bad theater. There is no one giant cause to get behind. The Vietnam protest movement was an aberration, where kids stood up and said, "You know what? The whole shooting-us thing? We're not real fond of that."
Were you surprised to be named to *People*'s 50 Sexiest list?
Oh, no, I'd been working my way up for years. I was ranked in the 70s the year before and, through sheer will and Machiavellian deception, worked my way steadily up. I made sure some of the people above me got eczema, blotchiness—until there was nowhere left to go; they had to turn to me. And it was a dream come true.
I understand that one of your early gigs was opening for Sheena Easton. Did she give you any career advice?
I think she only spoke to me once because I bombed so badly at one gig. She opened the door to my dressing room and said: *[in a thick brogue]* "Don't worry, Jon. Tomorrow's another day." And I remember seeing the sun come up the next morning and thinking, *Fuckin' a! Sheena was right!* I thought for sure it was going to be the endless infernal night.
You got to make out with Gillian Anderson in *Playing by Heart*. Any important tips for those of us who may someday find ourselves in similar circumstances?
Don't black out. Boy, that's embarrassing. You never want to kiss someone in a movie, then wake up six hours later and go, "What happened?" And the director says, "You soiled yourself. Now, wash up and get back in there."
Your performance in *The Faculty* was easily the best 30 or 40 seconds of the film. Any plans for a return to the big screen?
Oh, absolutely. When you do a role like that, Hollywood doesn't stop knocking on your door. I hate to be typecast as the guy with the pen stuck through his eye, but now I get calls all the time: "Jon, we were thinking you should diversify—what about a Magic Marker in your eye?" "No, no, it's got to be a pen or I just won't do it." "How about a big stick?" "Nope. No stick. Pen."
If for some reason the whole comedy thing doesn't pan out, what professional sports are you qualified to do commentary for?
Clearly, kayaking.
Imagine, through some quirk of fate, you are elected president of the United States. The first line of your inaugural address is...
"Americans...just what kind of quirk of fate is this? What's wrong with you people?" Something like that.

'When you're a star on cable, you're just setting the table for the next running of *Mannequin 3*.'

Interview by Dave Itzkoff. Photograph by Christian Lantry for Exposure NY. *The Daily Show* airs every weeknight at 11.

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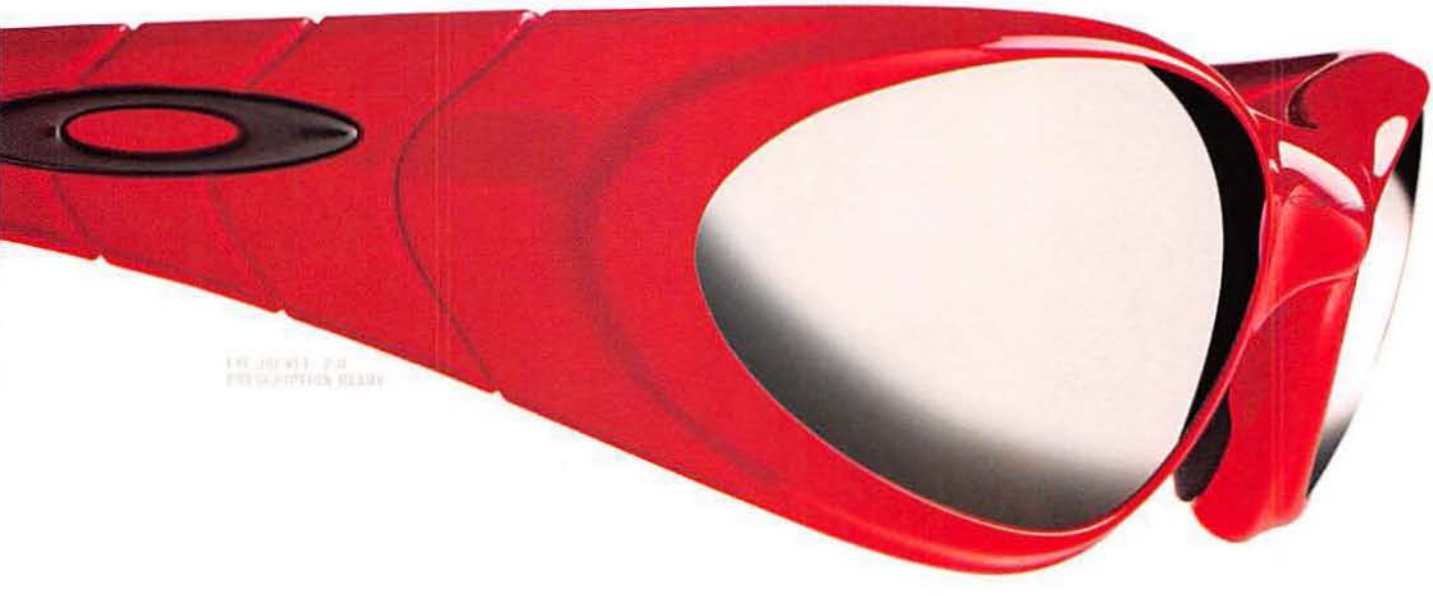

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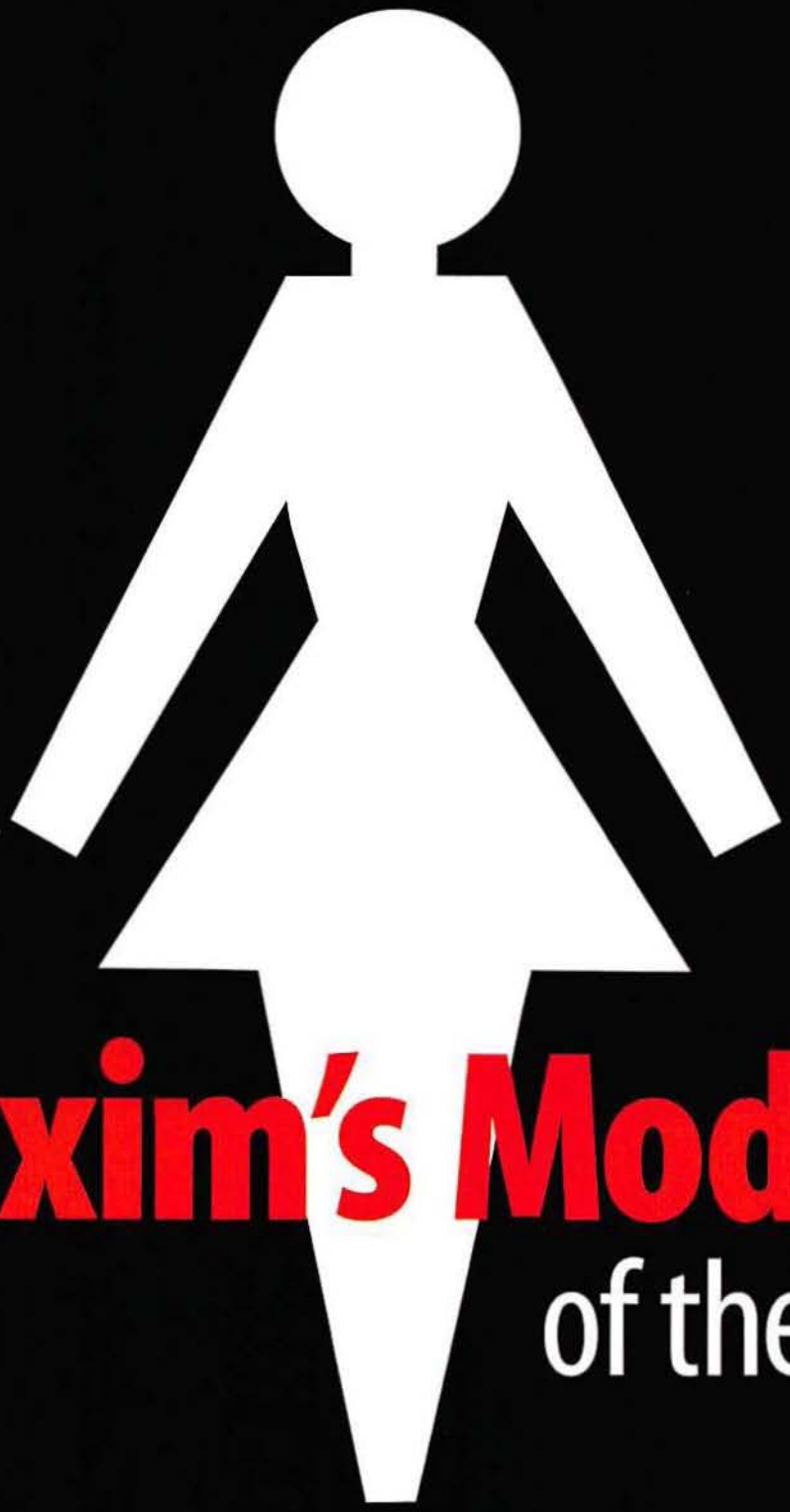


Maxim's Models of the Year

Quality is subjective—but perfection is absolute. We all have different tastes in music, for example, but to claim "the Beatles suck" merely marks you as an idiot. Love *The Matrix* or hate *The Matrix* as you will...but say you hated *The Godfather* and people will look at you with the kind of disturbed scrutiny normally reserved for people with hairy, vestigial second heads.

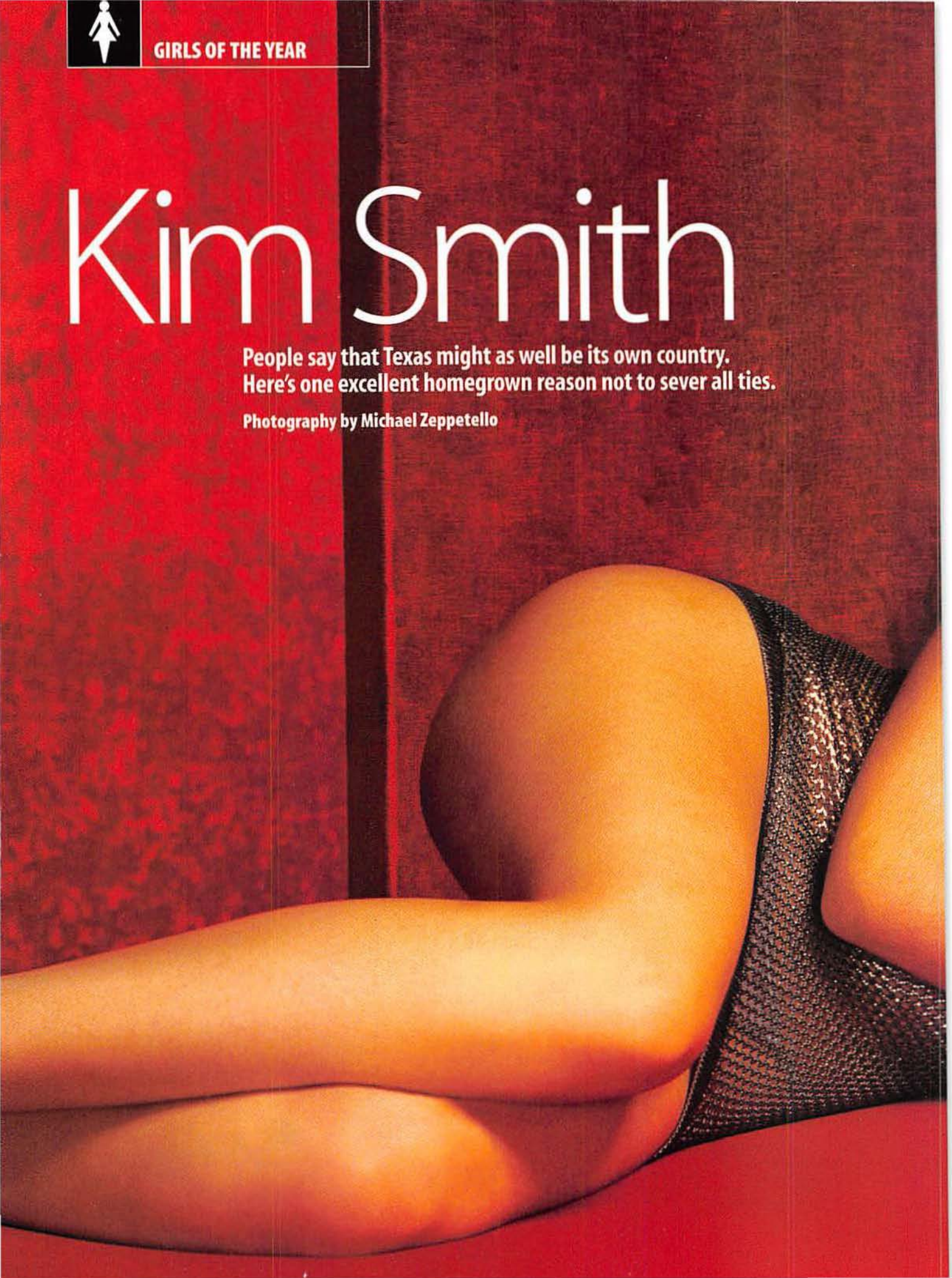
Likewise, when it comes to beauty, it's only subjective up to a point. The women on the following pages are gloriously, unquestionably magnificent, the crème de la crème of Earth's women, handpicked from more than three billion applicants. If looking at these ladies doesn't supersize your fries, please see your doctor.

And now, buckle up... it's showtime.

Kim Smith

People say that Texas might as well be its own country. Here's one excellent homegrown reason not to sever all ties.

Photography by Michael Zeppetello



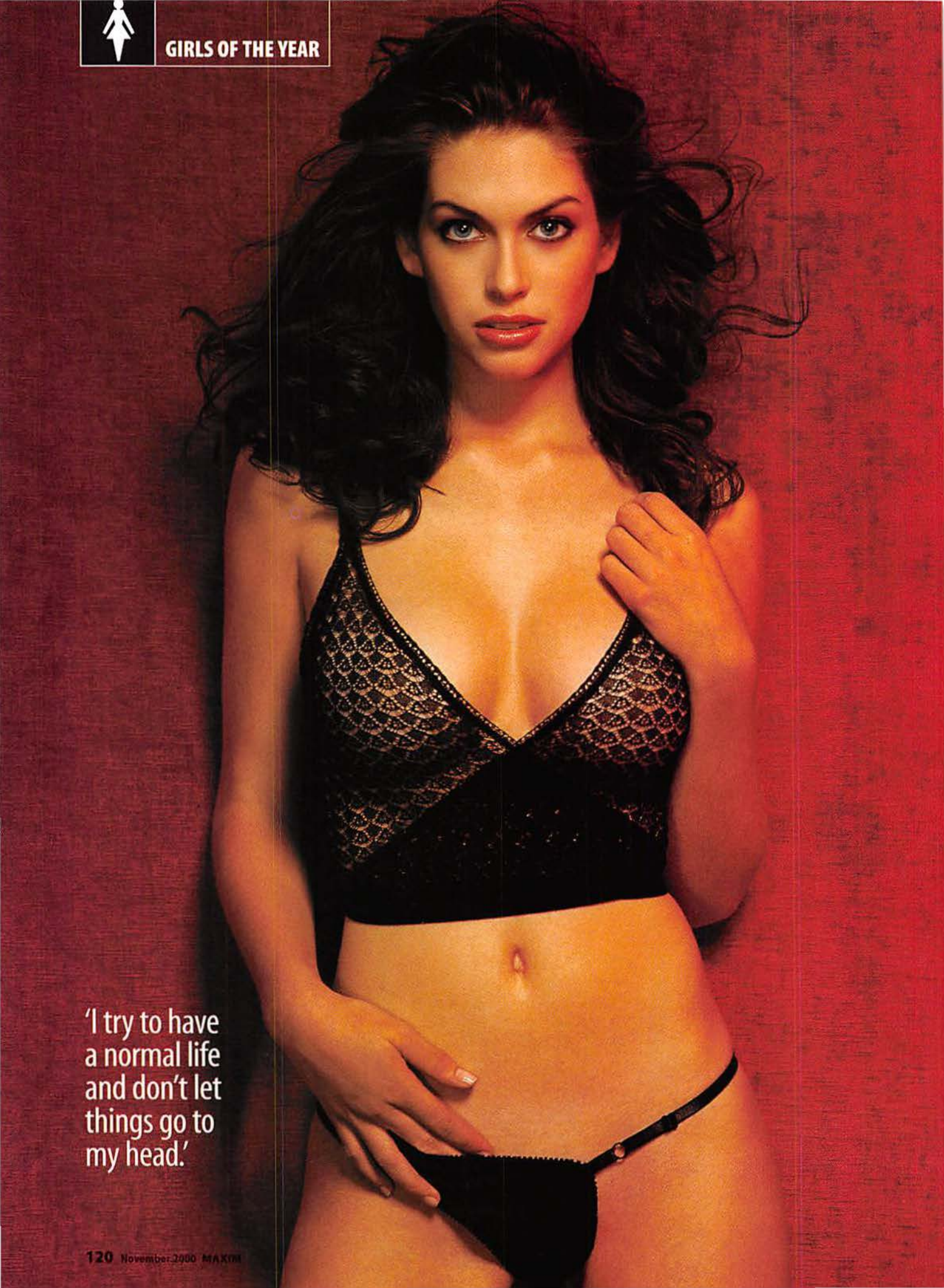
When you're this damn gorgeous, you don't need a fancy, vowel-packed model moniker. And you don't need a high school diploma to have Guess? and Abercrombie & Fitch clamoring to get your bod in their togs. Still, when the soon-to-graduate senior is in her Texas hometown, she's just one of the gang: "I spend free time with my family and friends, who are behind me 100 percent. I try to have a normal life and don't let things go to my head."

Moment of discovery: Kim was supporting a friend participating in a local model search contest when an organizer asked why she was wearing a guest tag. "I thought I was in trouble or something," she remembers. "He walked me over to the table, plastered a number on me, and said, 'Now you're in it.'"

I want my KimTV: Kim has starred in two 'N Sync videos, been a guest on Craig Kilborn's *The Late Late Show*, and held her own as a panelist on *Politically Incorrect*.

The fame game: "Once I was in a record store and the girl working there said, 'Hey, you look like Kim Smith.'"

Model behavior: Kim's CD player is loaded with Macy Gray, the Dave Matthews Band, "and 'N Sync of course," but the first artist she saw in concert never made it near MTV. "It was George Strait," she shrugs. "We get a lot of country-western music in Texas."



'I try to have a normal life and don't let things go to my head.'

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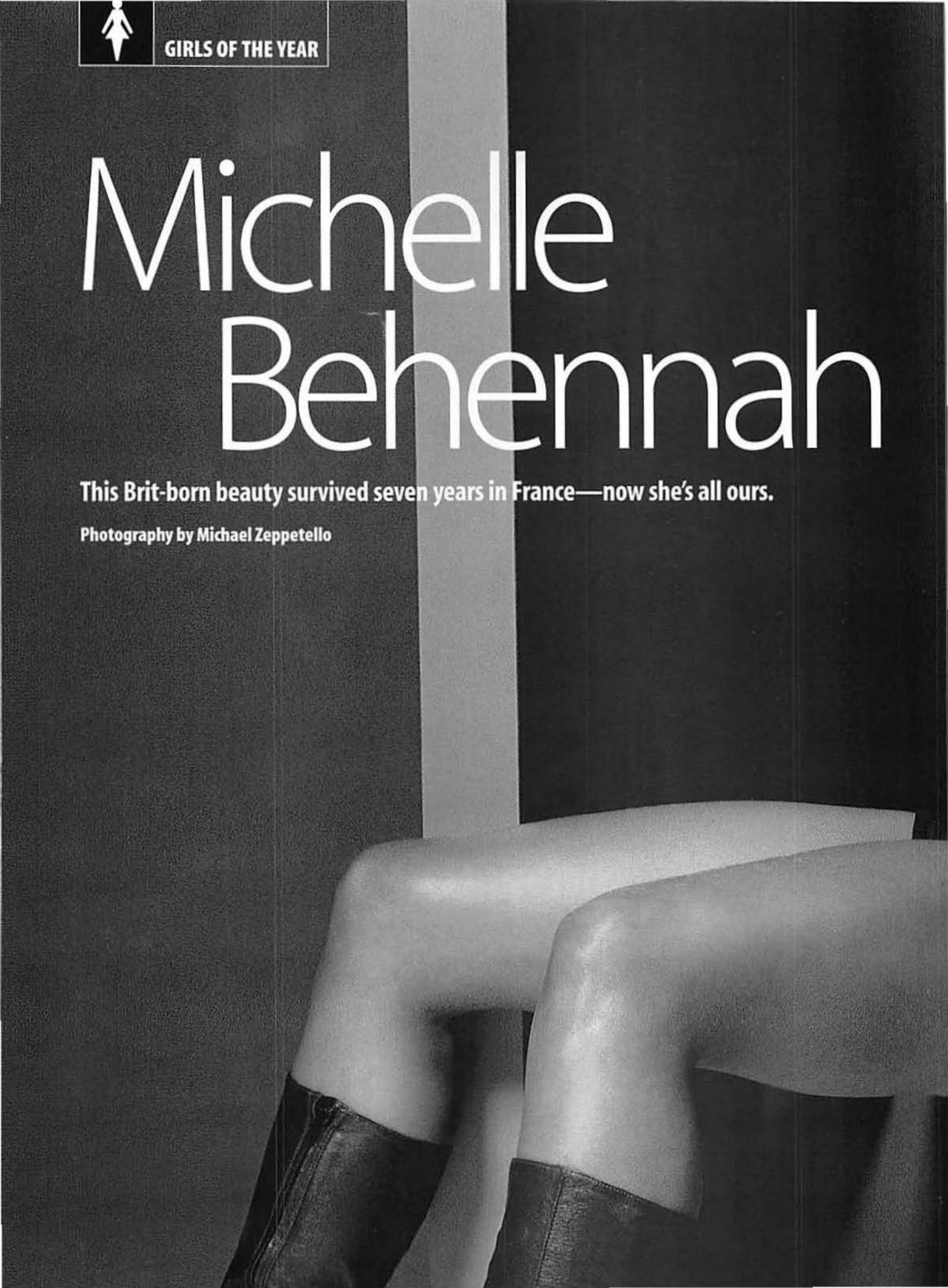
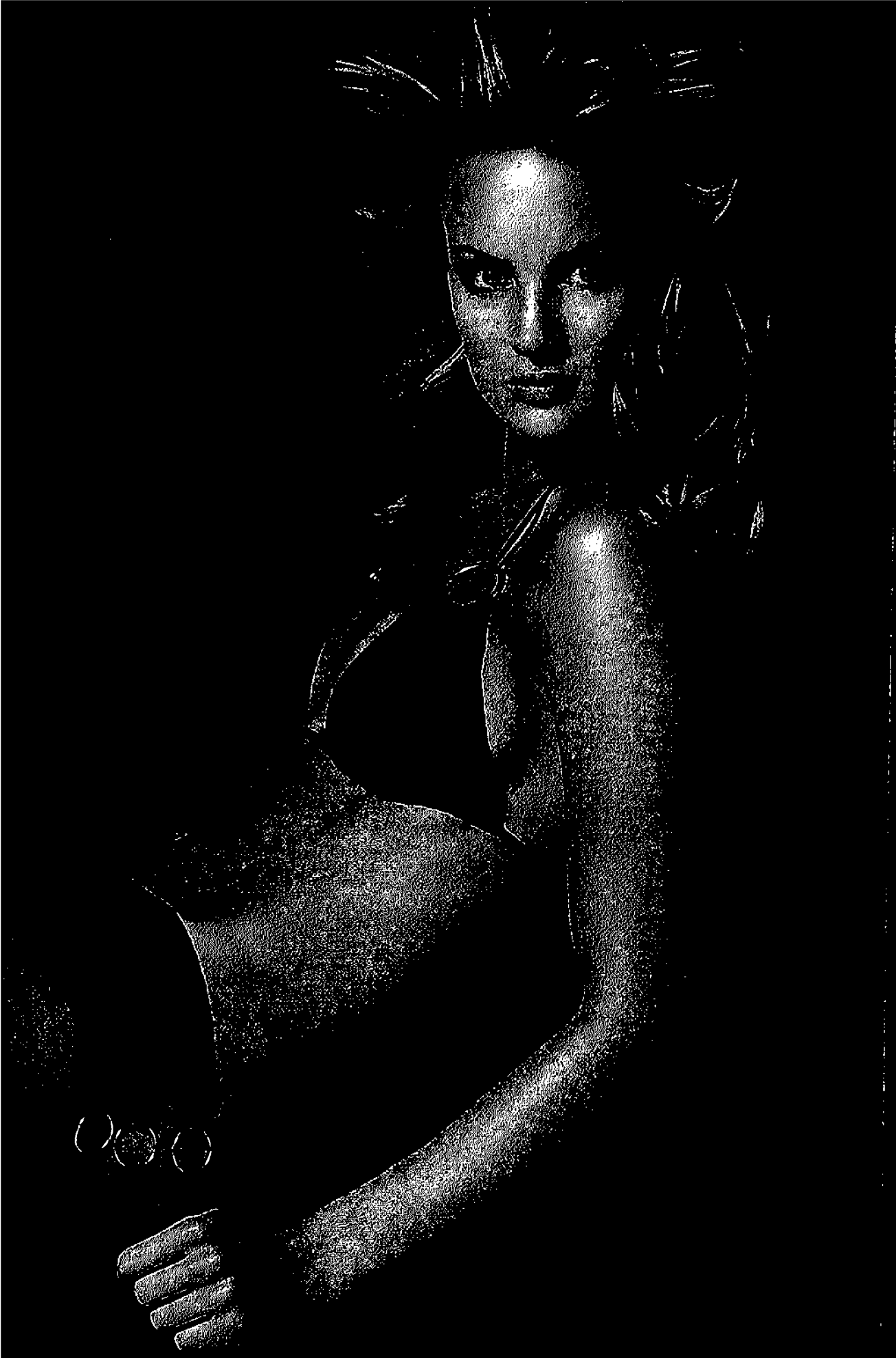
Michelle Behennah

This Brit-born beauty survived seven years in France—now she's all ours.

Photography by Michael Zeppetello





'All I would do in Paris was drink coffee and smoke all day.'

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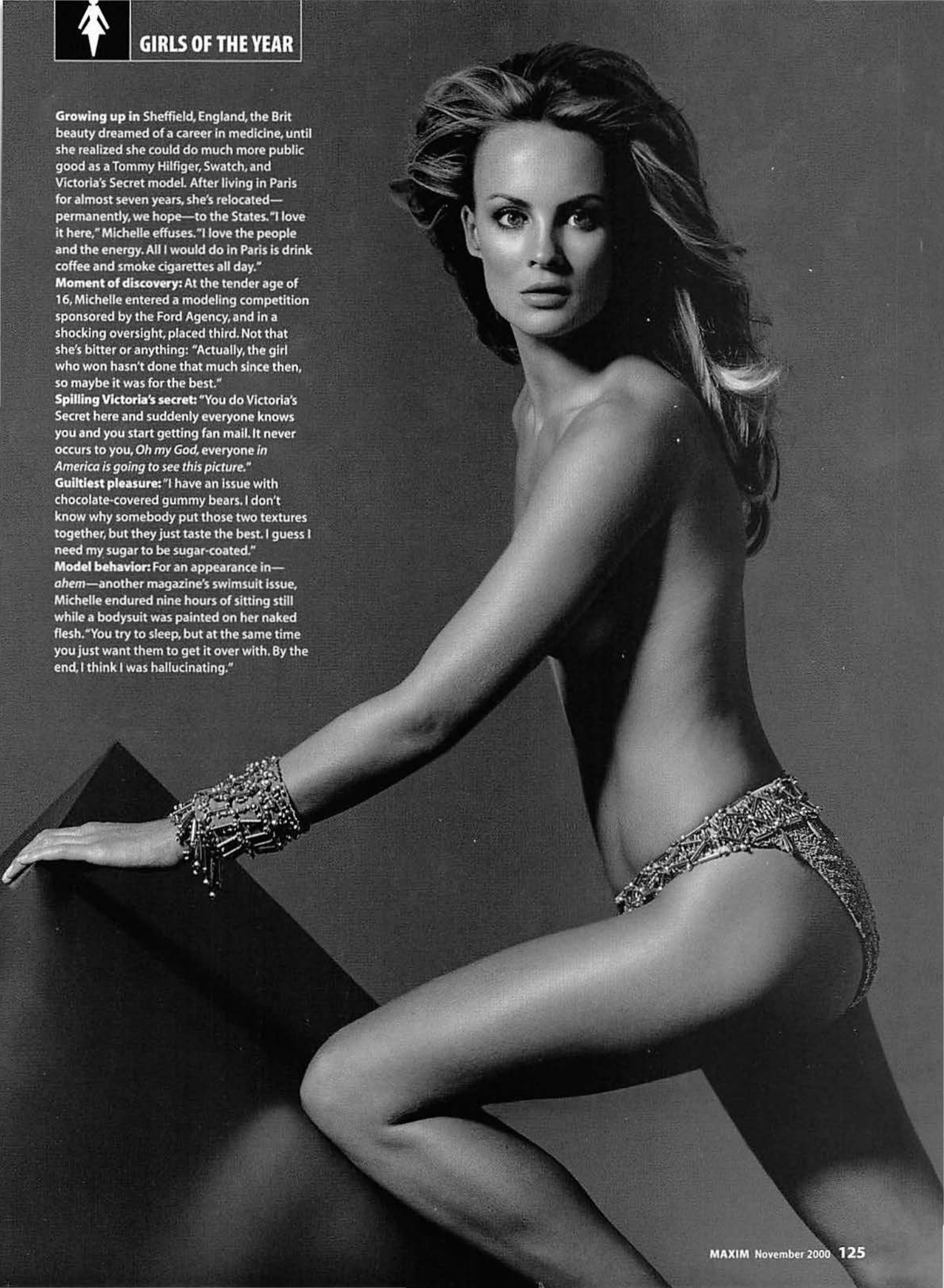


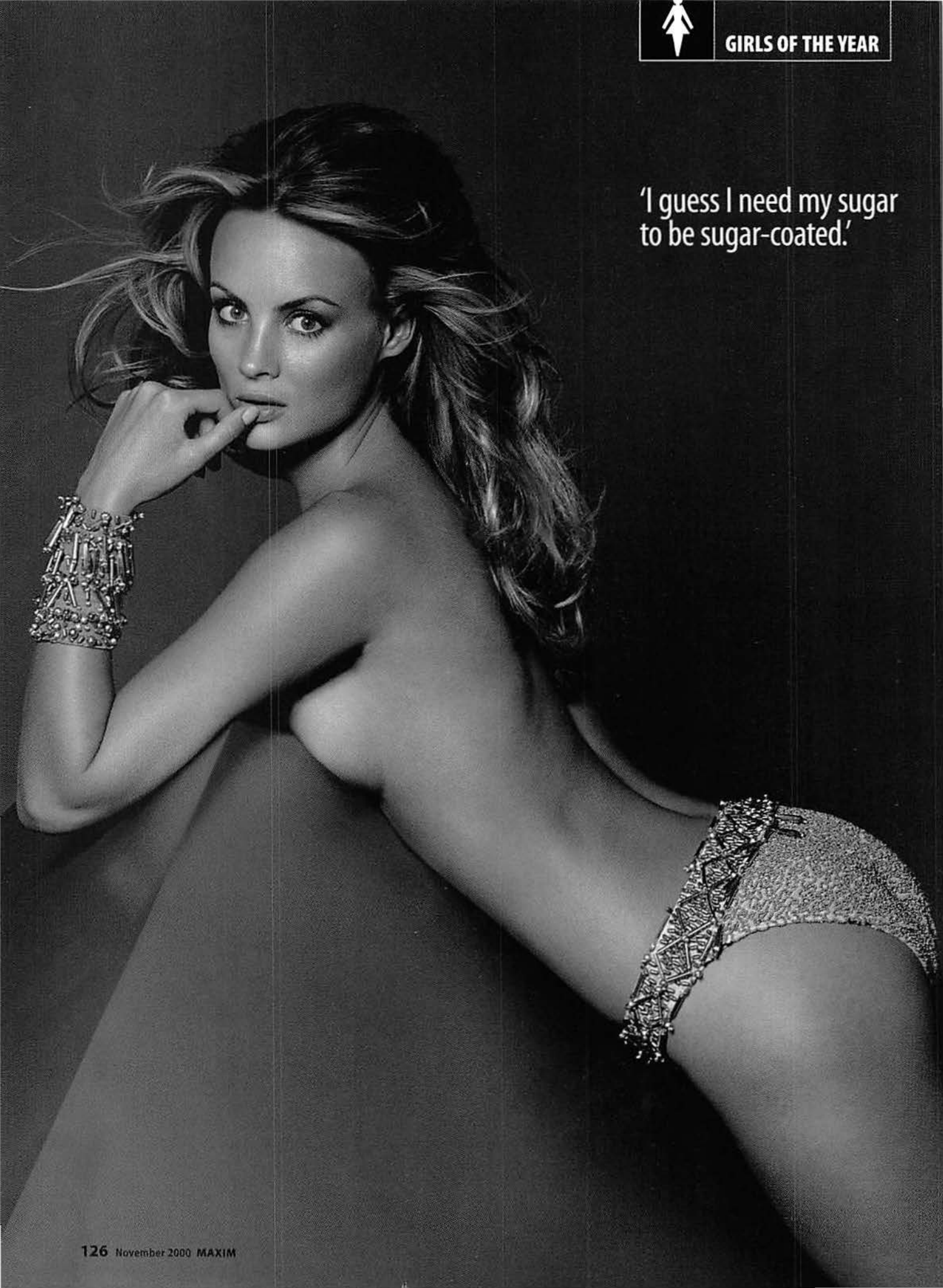
Growing up in Sheffield, England, the Brit beauty dreamed of a career in medicine, until she realized she could do much more public good as a Tommy Hilfiger, Swatch, and Victoria's Secret model. After living in Paris for almost seven years, she's relocated—permanently, we hope—to the States. "I love it here," Michelle effuses. "I love the people and the energy. All I would do in Paris is drink coffee and smoke cigarettes all day."

Moment of discovery: At the tender age of 16, Michelle entered a modeling competition sponsored by the Ford Agency, and in a shocking oversight, placed third. Not that she's bitter or anything: "Actually, the girl who won hasn't done that much since then, so maybe it was for the best."

Spilling Victoria's secret: "You do Victoria's Secret here and suddenly everyone knows you and you start getting fan mail. It never occurs to you, *Oh my God,* everyone *in America is going to see this picture.*"

Guiltiest pleasure: "I have an issue with chocolate-covered gummy bears. I don't know why somebody put those two textures together, but they just taste the best. I guess I need my sugar to be sugar-coated."

Model behavior: For an appearance in—*ahem*—another magazine's swimsuit issue, Michelle endured nine hours of sitting still while a bodysuit was painted on her naked flesh. "You try to sleep, but at the same time you just want them to get it over with. By the end, I think I was hallucinating."



'I guess I need my sugar to be sugar-coated.'

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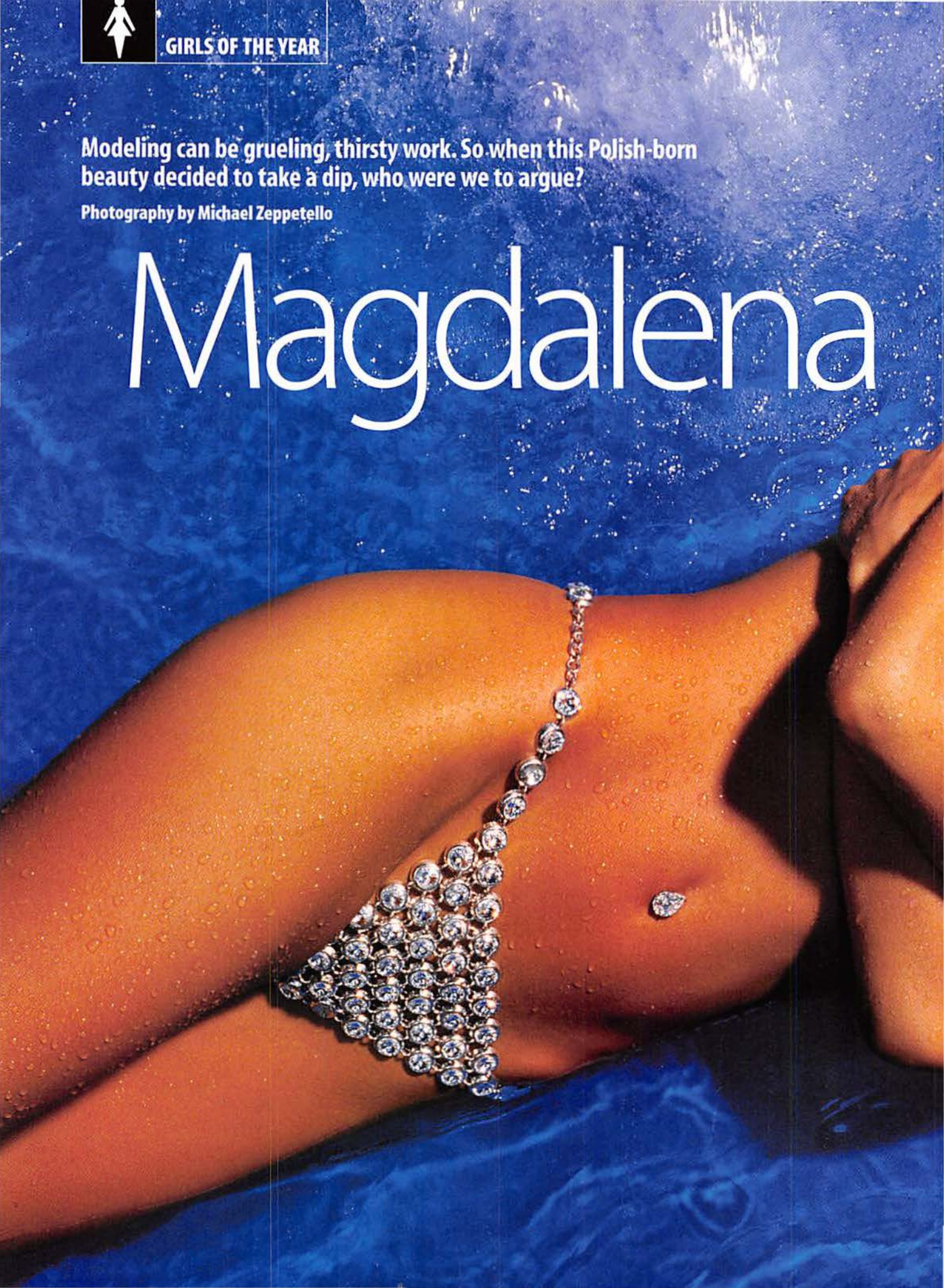
Dewar's

Modeling can be grueling, thirsty work. So when this Polish-born beauty decided to take a dip, who were we to argue?

Photography by Michael Zeppetello

Magdalena



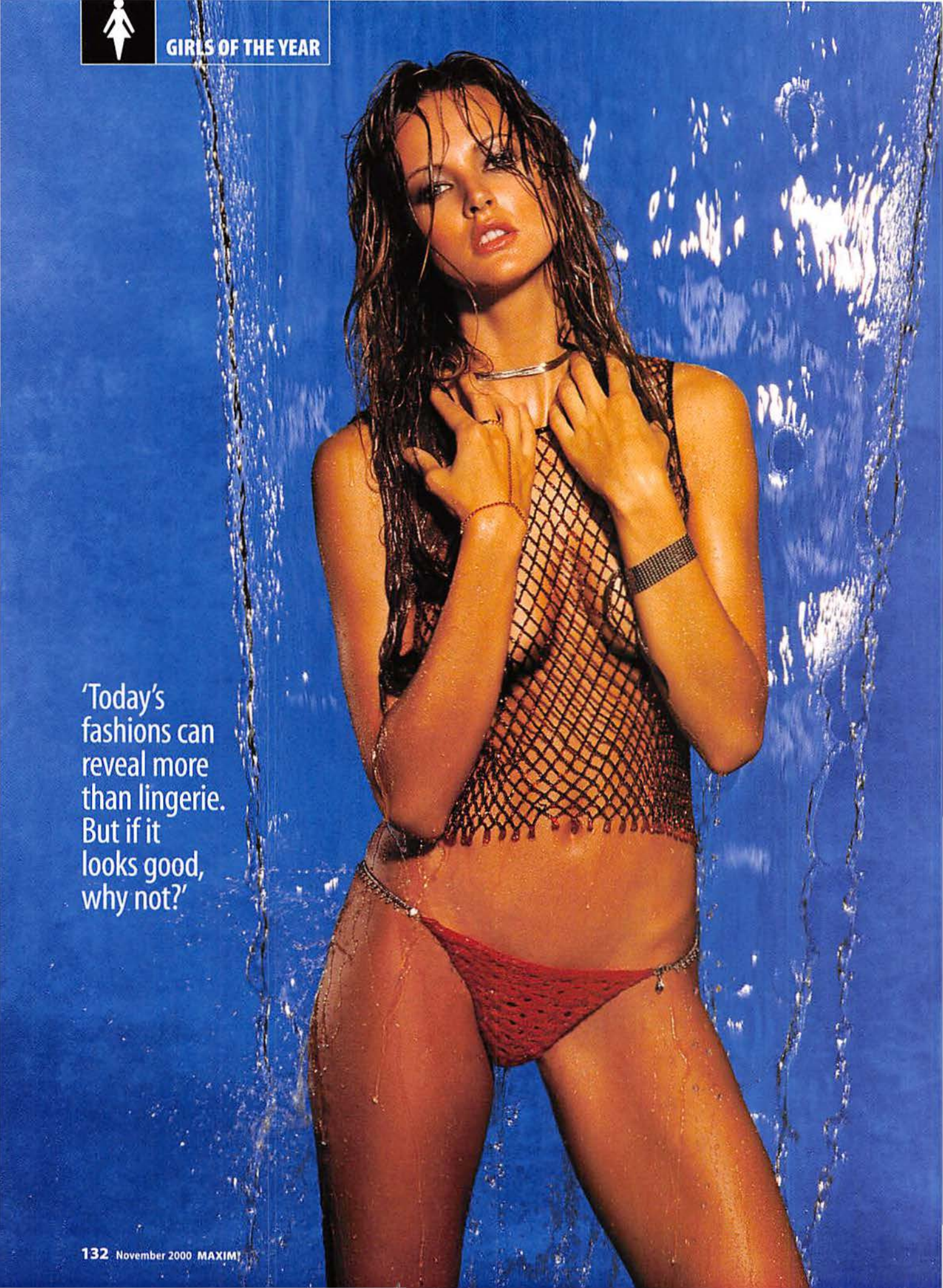
As a teenager in the resort town of Sopot, Poland, young Magda says she had no idea what a model was until she saw the fashionista-packed video for George Michael's "Freedom." Besides, she assures us, she didn't really stand out from her compatriots. "They're all beautiful girls in Poland," she smiles. "We just grow on trees there, you know." Get our travel agent on line two!

Moment of discovery: Magdalena's career got rolling when a schoolmate suggested she get her picture taken by a local photographer. "I was 15 at the time, but with all the makeup I put on, all of a sudden I was 35. My parents said the pictures looked beautiful, but I wouldn't show them to anybody now."

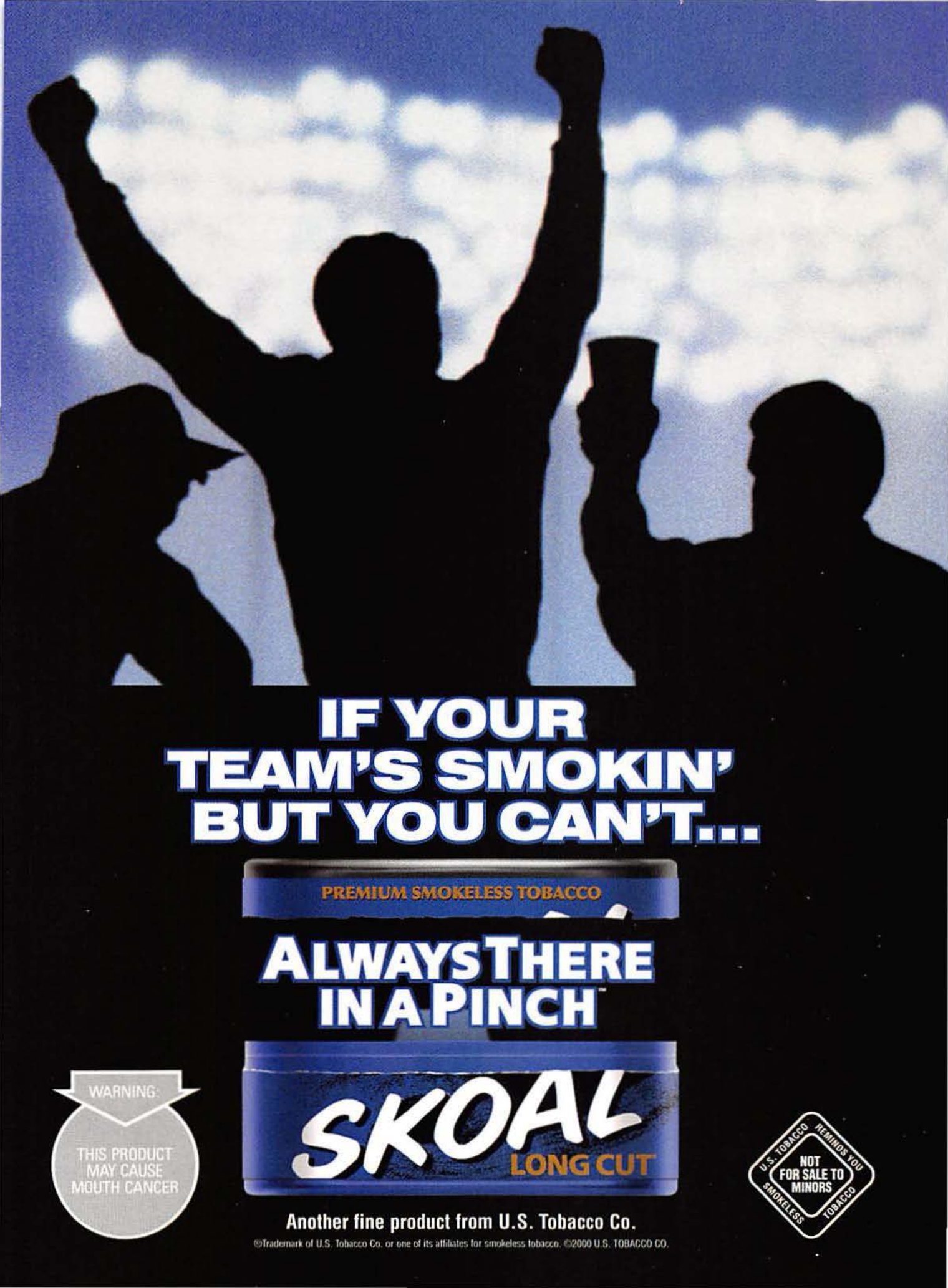
Wonder woman: Recently picked as the new Wonderbra model, Magdalena never expected to fill the, uh, shoes of Eva Herzigova. "I didn't even want to go out for the job. But my booker said, 'I believe in you.'"

Panty-monium: Our divine Miss M says she doesn't mind all the attention she gets from her bust-baring underthing shoots. "Lingerie is just like any other modeling assignment—today's designer fashions can actually be more revealing than lingerie. But I enjoy wearing it. If it looks good, why not?"

Model behavior: Though Magdalena looks up to the supermodels from the days of yore (you know, the '90s), she wouldn't feel comfortable asking them for career advice. "They don't really want to share things like that," she jokes. "'The less you work, the better,' that's their advice."



'Today's fashions can reveal more than lingerie. But if it looks good, why not?'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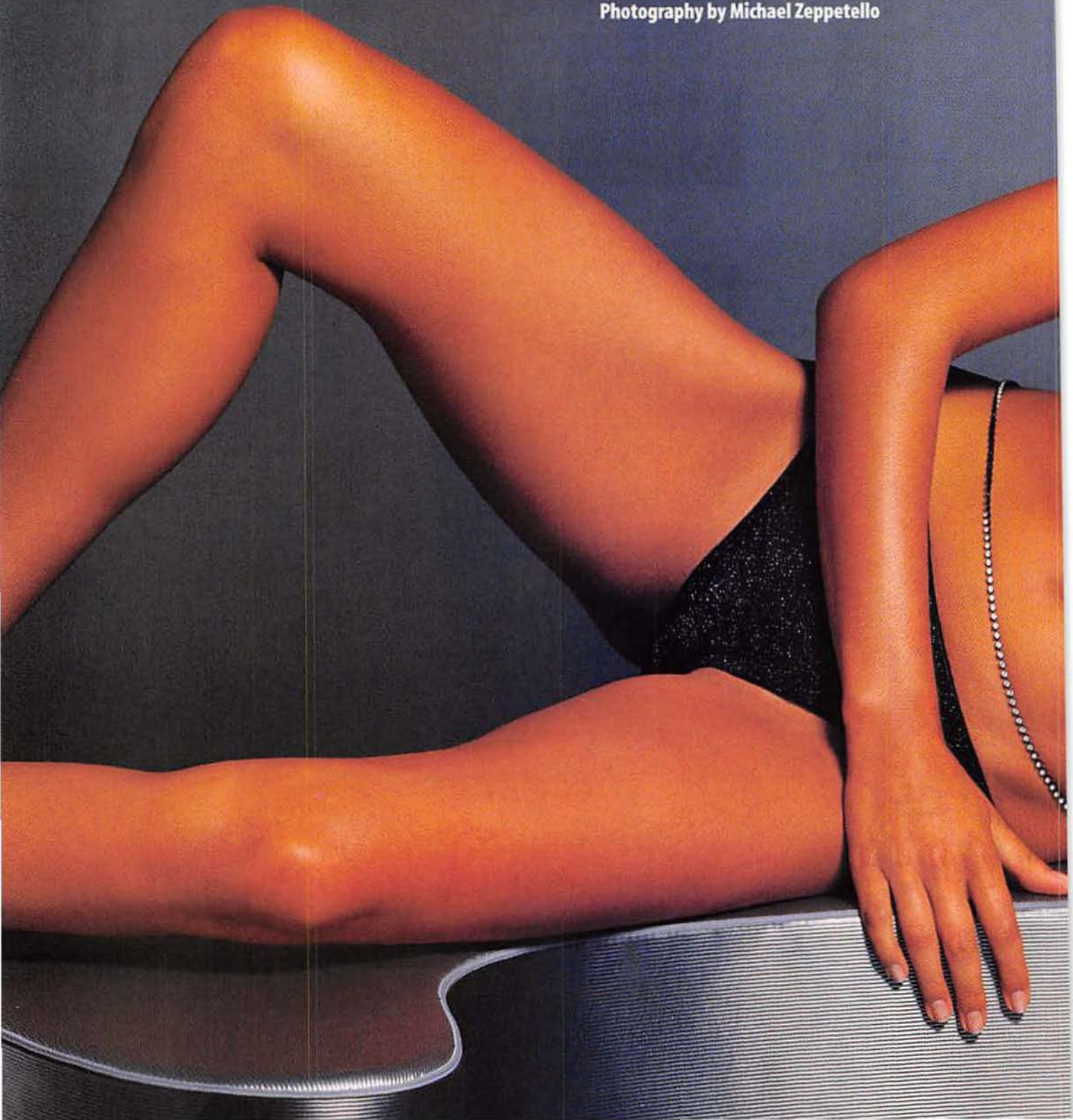
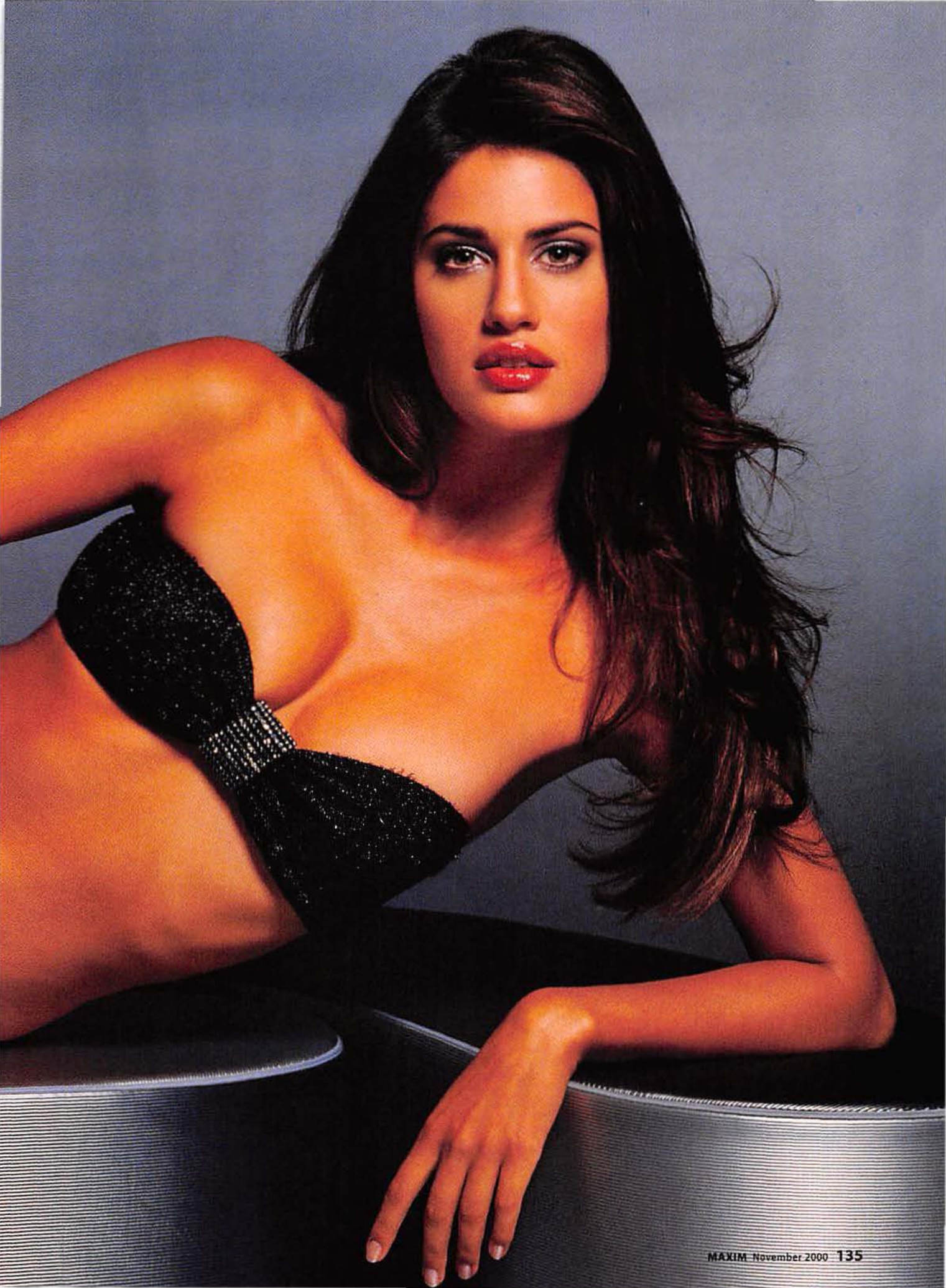
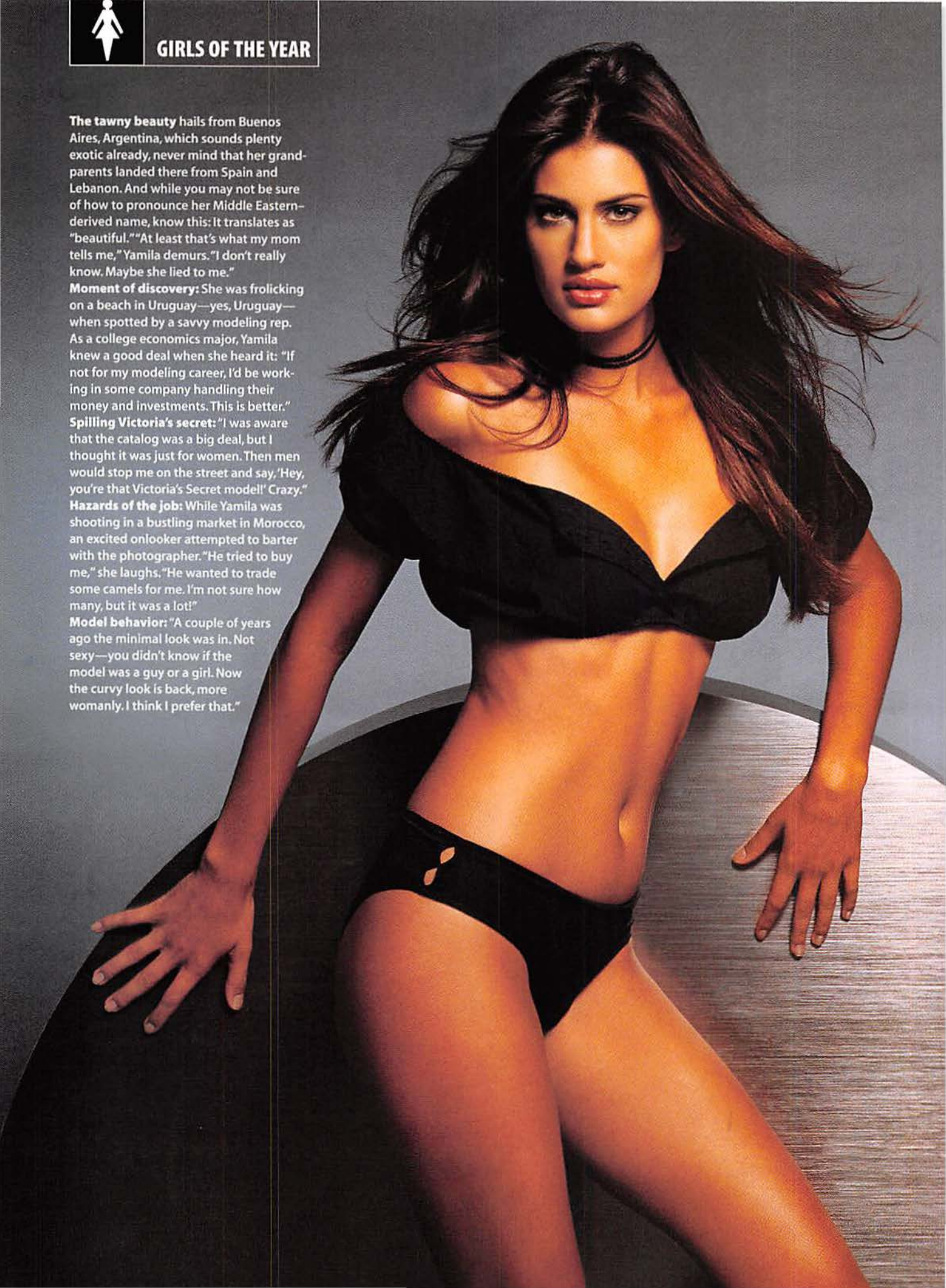
Yamila

How do you melt a room made of cold, hard steel? Just add this white-hot Argentinean export.

Photography by Michael Zeppetello







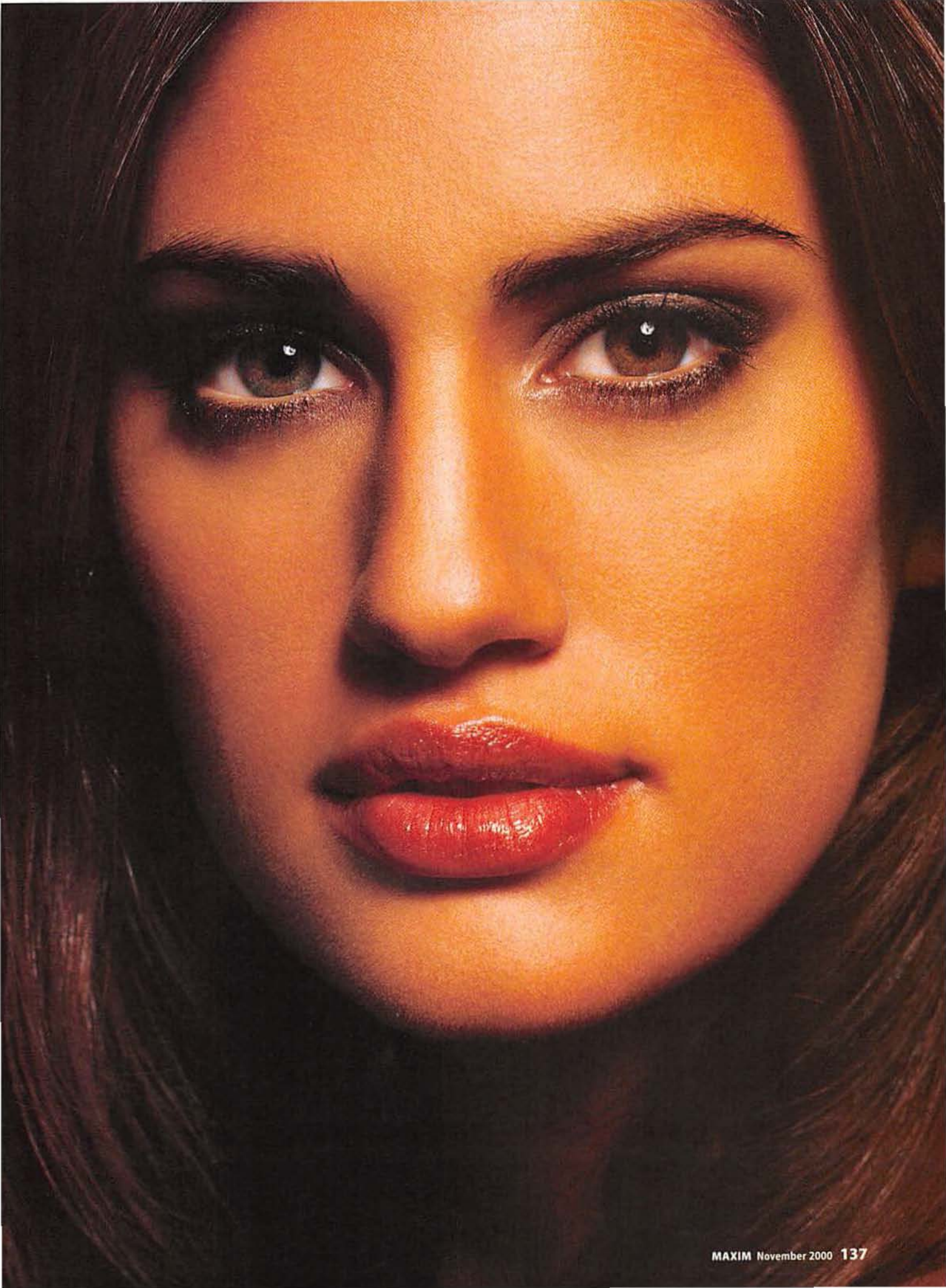
The tawny beauty hails from Buenos Aires, Argentina, which sounds plenty exotic already, never mind that her grandparents landed there from Spain and Lebanon. And while you may not be sure of how to pronounce her Middle Eastern–derived name, know this: It translates as "beautiful." "At least that's what my mom tells me," Yamila demurs. "I don't really know. Maybe she lied to me."

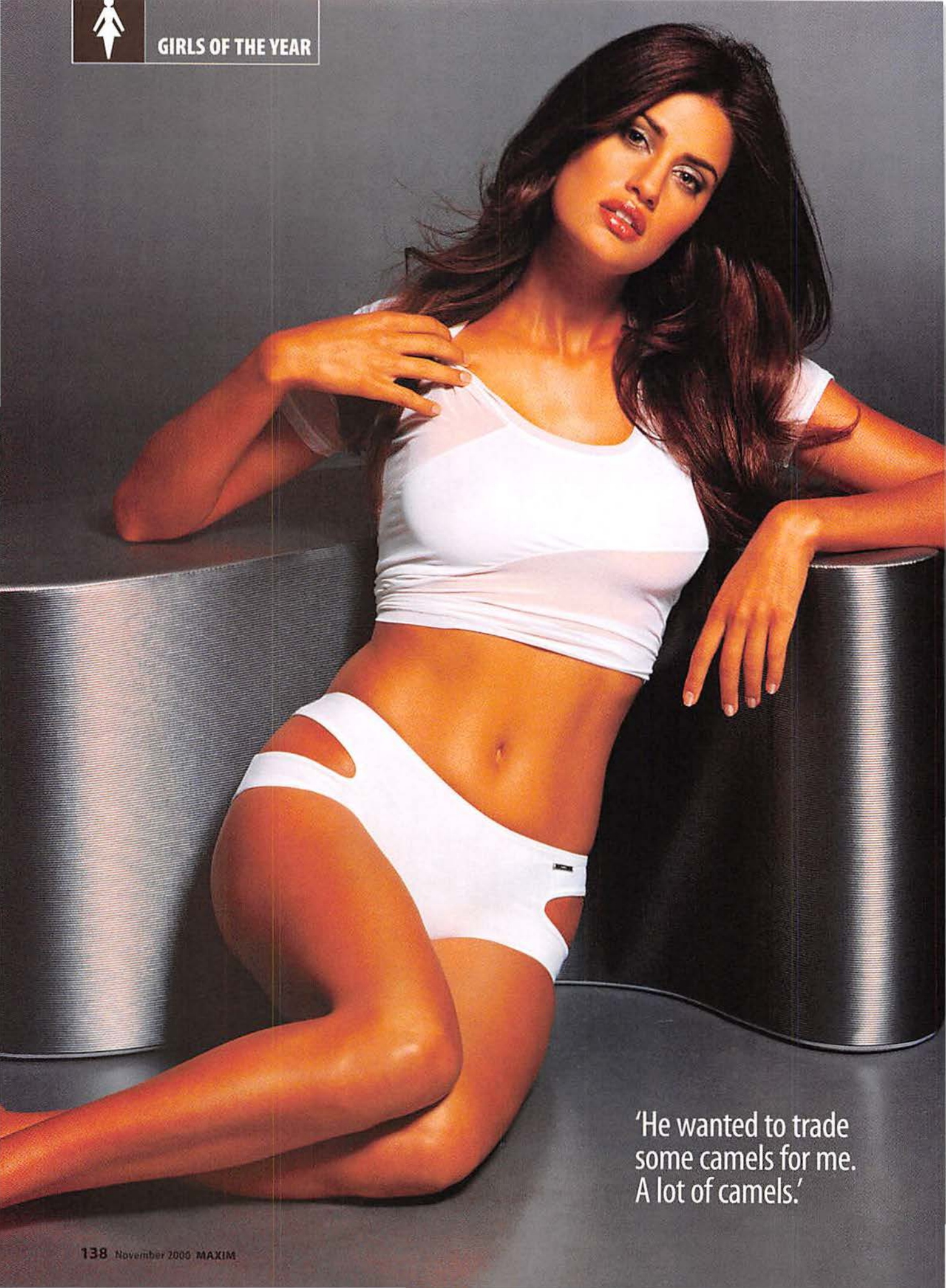
Moment of discovery: She was frolicking on a beach in Uruguay—yes, Uruguay—when spotted by a savvy modeling rep. As a college economics major, Yamila knew a good deal when she heard it: "If not for my modeling career, I'd be working in some company handling their money and investments. This is better."

Spilling Victoria's secret: "I was aware that the catalog was a big deal, but I thought it was just for women. Then men would stop me on the street and say, 'Hey, you're that Victoria's Secret model!' Crazy."

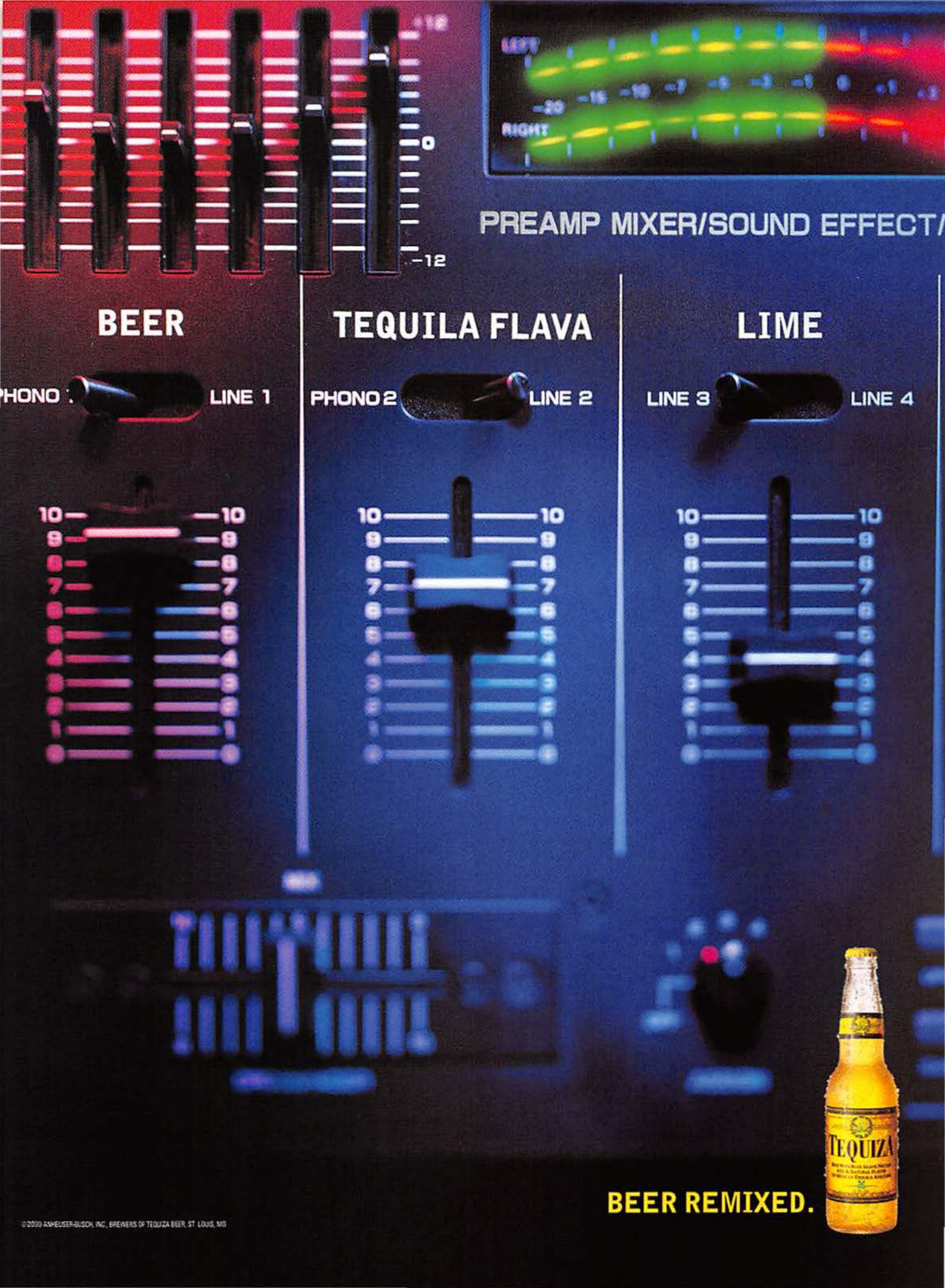
Hazards of the job: While Yamila was shooting in a bustling market in Morocco, an excited onlooker attempted to barter with the photographer. "He tried to buy me," she laughs. "He wanted to trade some camels for me. I'm not sure how many, but it was a lot!"

Model behavior: "A couple of years ago the minimal look was in. Not sexy—you didn't know if the model was a guy or a girl. Now the curvy look is back, more womanly. I think I prefer that."





'He wanted to trade some camels for me. A lot of camels.'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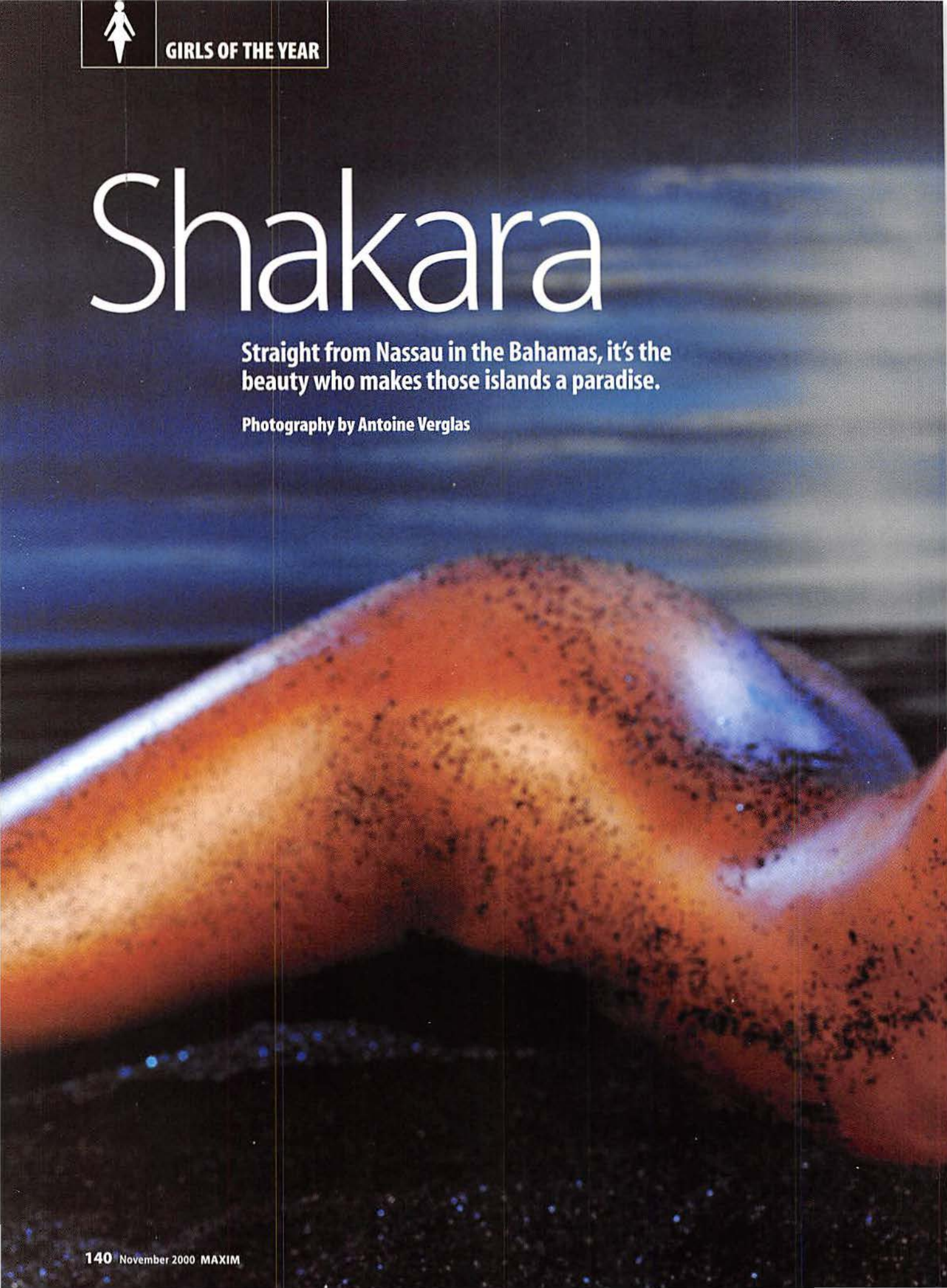
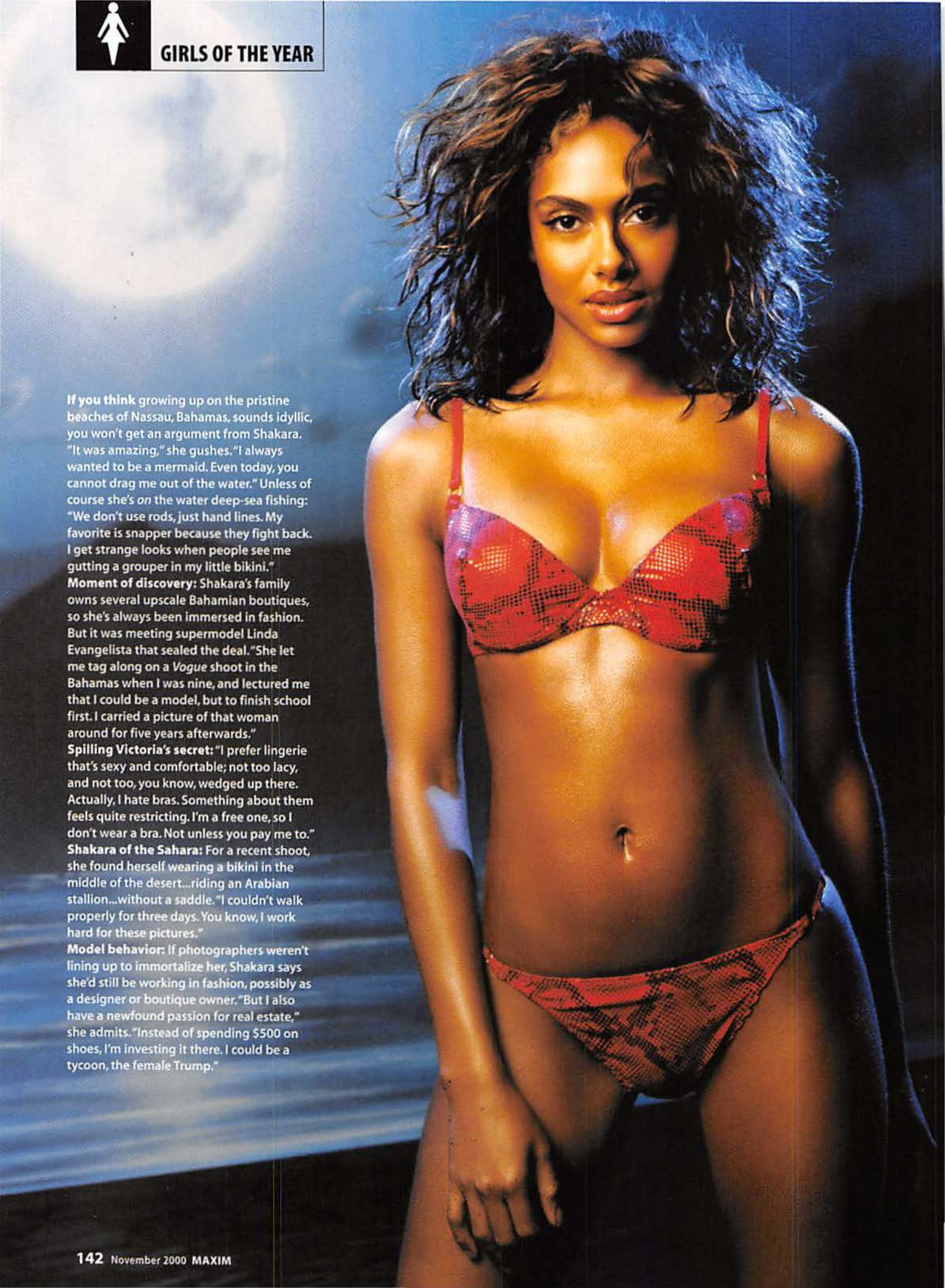
Shakara

Straight from Nassau in the Bahamas, it's the beauty who makes those islands a paradise.

Photography by Antoine Verglas





If you think growing up on the pristine beaches of Nassau, Bahamas, sounds idyllic, you won't get an argument from Shakara. "It was amazing," she gushes. "I always wanted to be a mermaid. Even today, you cannot drag me out of the water." Unless of course she's *on* the water deep-sea fishing: "We don't use rods, just hand lines. My favorite is snapper because they fight back. I get strange looks when people see me gutting a grouper in my little bikini."

Moment of discovery: Shakara's family owns several upscale Bahamian boutiques, so she's always been immersed in fashion. But it was meeting supermodel Linda Evangelista that sealed the deal. "She let me tag along on a *Vogue* shoot in the Bahamas when I was nine, and lectured me that I could be a model, but to finish school first. I carried a picture of that woman around for five years afterwards."

Spilling Victoria's secret: "I prefer lingerie that's sexy and comfortable; not too lacy, and not too, you know, wedged up there. Actually, I hate bras. Something about them feels quite restricting. I'm a free one, so I don't wear a bra. Not unless you pay me to."

Shakara of the Sahara: For a recent shoot, she found herself wearing a bikini in the middle of the desert...riding an Arabian stallion...without a saddle. "I couldn't walk properly for three days. You know, I work hard for these pictures."

Model behavior: If photographers weren't lining up to immortalize her, Shakara says she'd still be working in fashion, possibly as a designer or boutique owner. "But I also have a newfound passion for real estate," she admits. "Instead of spending $500 on shoes, I'm investing it there. I could be a tycoon, the female Trump."

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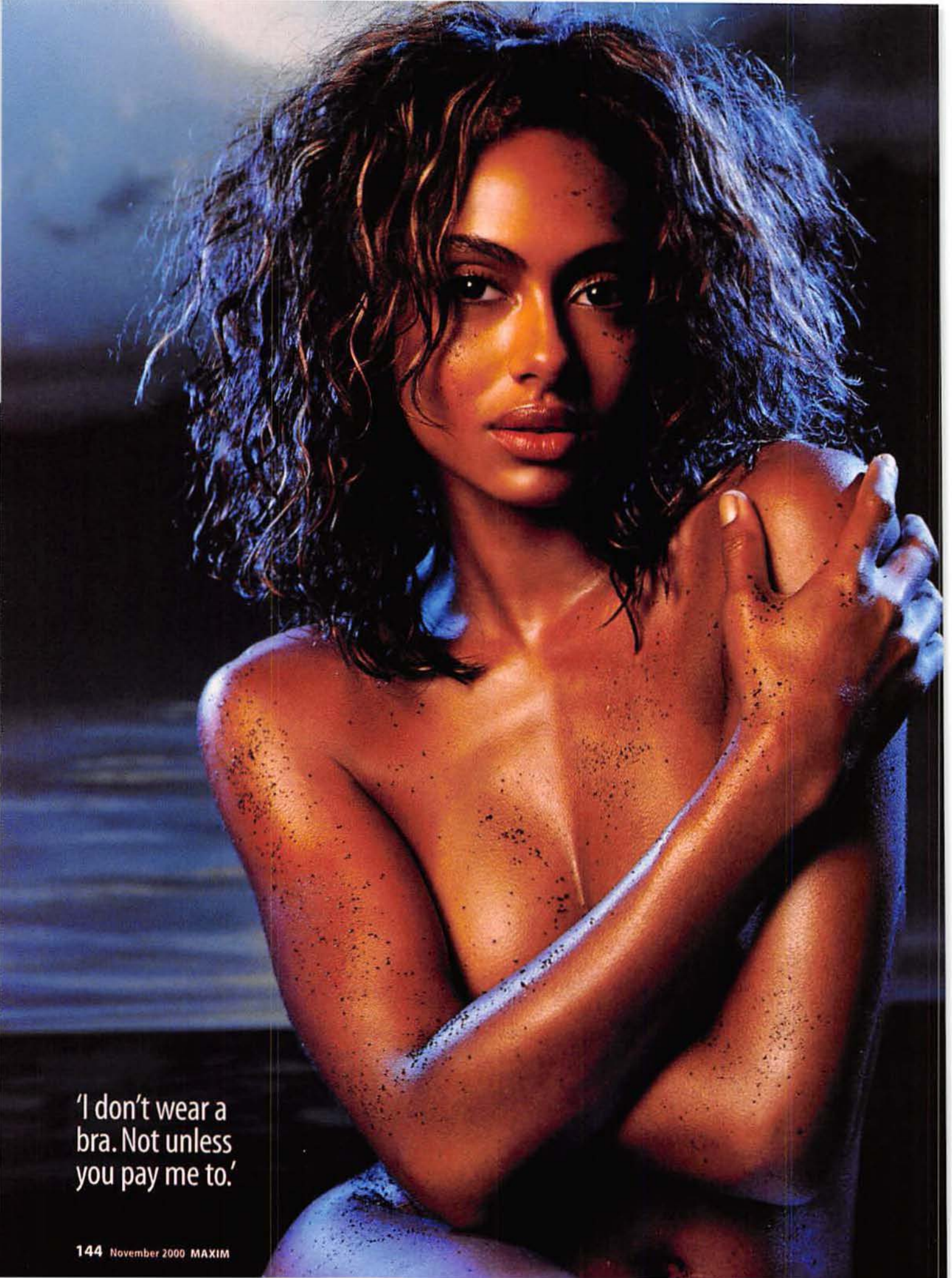

'I don't wear a bra. Not unless you pay me to.'

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Models Without Borders

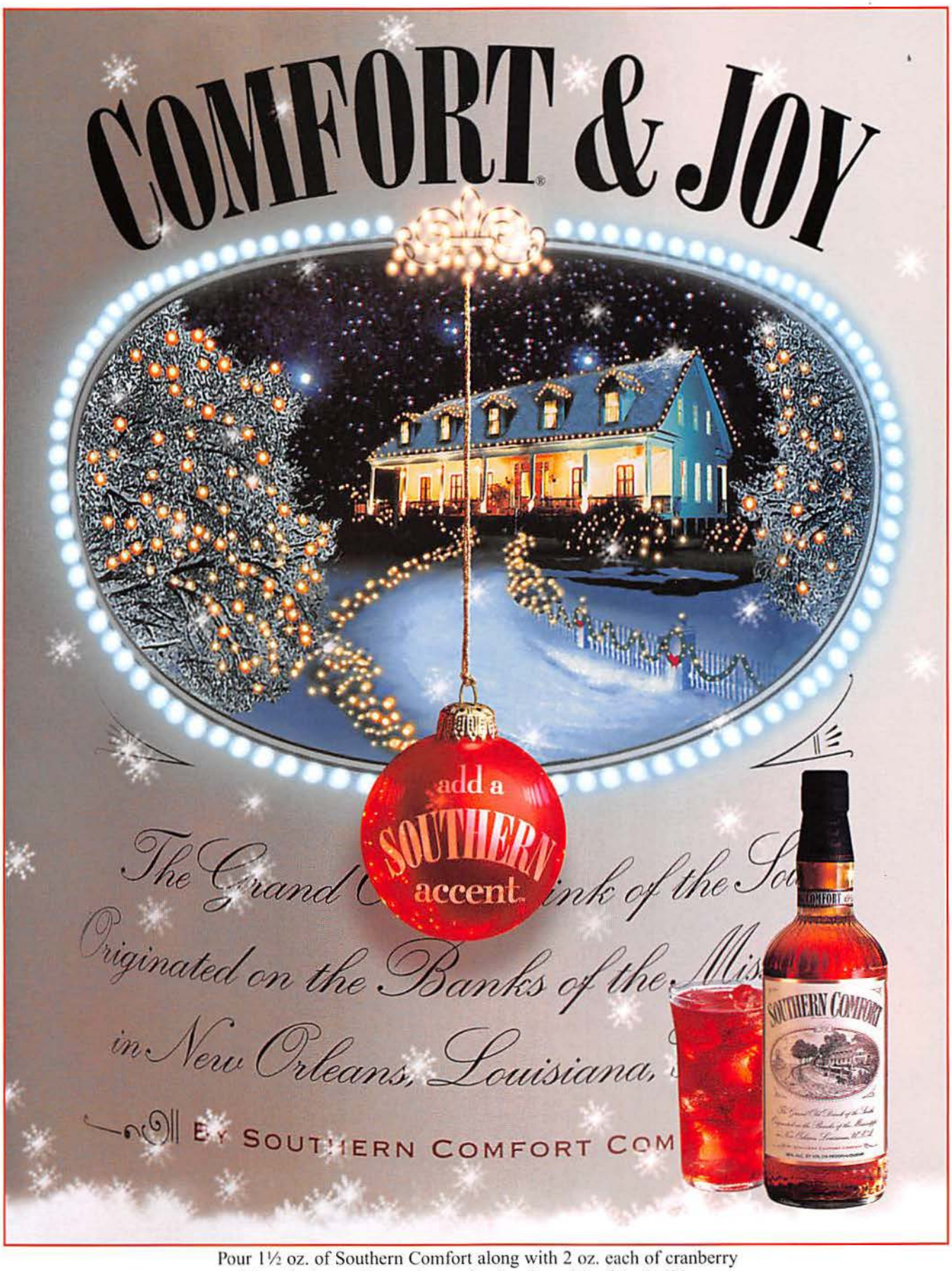
The United Nations could learn from these models who come together from around the world to promote international harmony, good will toward men, and full-body tans.

Photographs by Antoine Verglas

MANON VON GERKAN—Germany
Age: 27 **Where you've seen her:** *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. **Passion:** Owns a jewelry store in New York's Soho. Plays the flute, piano, and saxophone. **Home country's national drink:** Beer. Germany produces more than 5,000 varieties. **Home country's most endearing delusion:** When afflicted with ailments like headaches, sensitivity to light, and grouchiness, residents of Munich blame the Föhn, a warm seasonal wind that blows down from the Alps. Oh, yeah, that's the culprit. Not hangovers. Warm wind.

NINA JOUKOVA—Russia

Age: 20 **Where you've seen her:** Not many places yet, unless you happen to be a devoted reader of French *Elle*. **Passions:** Loves dogs, swimming, and seafood—not necessarily at the same time. **Home country's favorite buzz:** Vodka, in serious quantities. The average Russian knocks back more than a liter a week. **Russia's most ruthless ruler:** Tough call. Probably that wacky Stalin, but Peter the Great deserves mention for imposing taxes on coffins, beards, and the souls of the lower classes.



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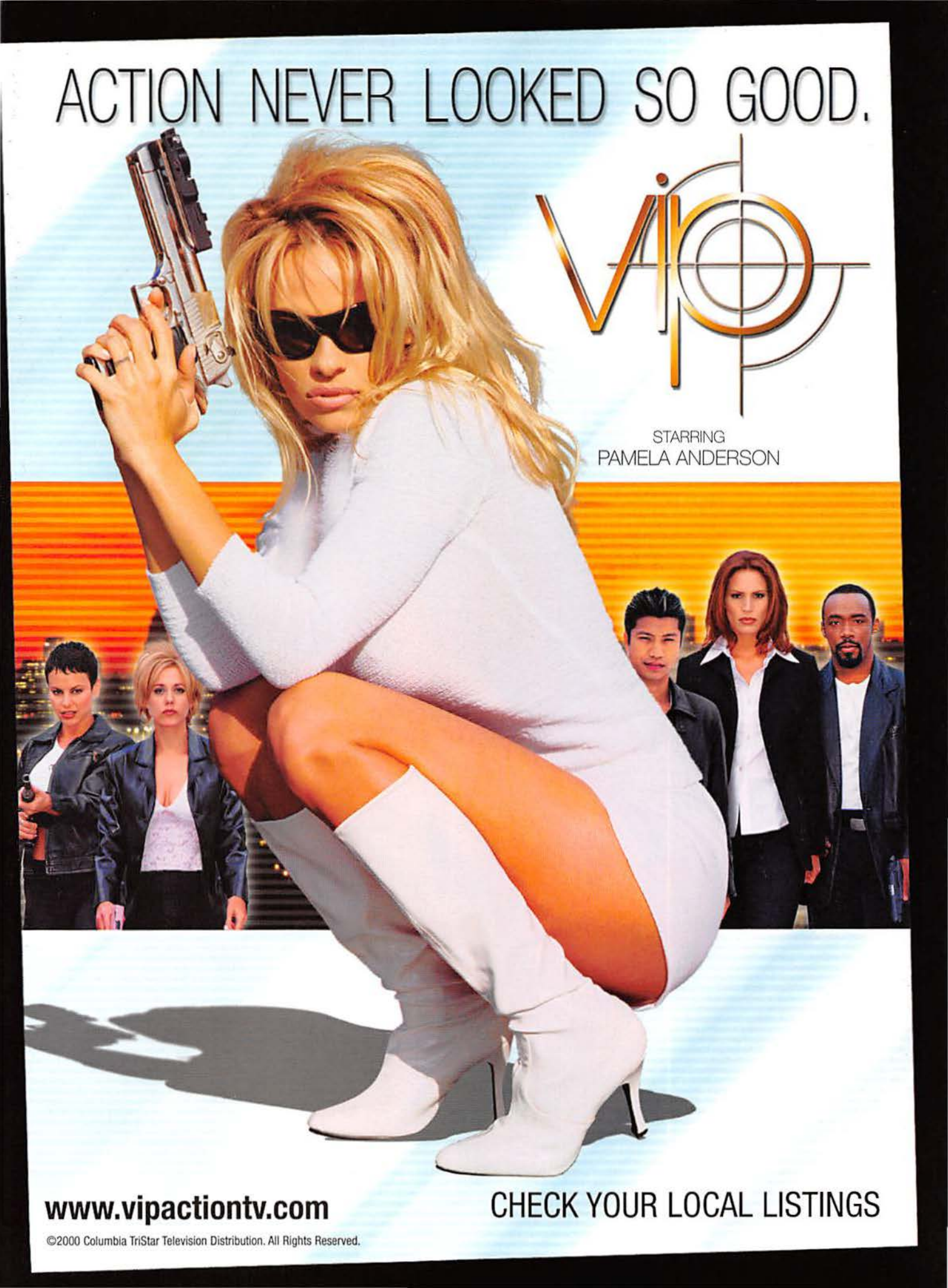
TATIANA ZAVIALOVA—Kazakstan
Age: 26 **Where you've seen her:** Chanel and Victoria's Secret ads; Gillette TV spot. **Passion:** Wants to become a doctor someday and reads thick medical textbooks in her spare time. No, really. **Home country's most revolting delicacy:** *Qazy,* or horse sausage. **And you thought the X Games were tough:** Bizarre Kazakstani sports include *kokpar,* an ancient ancestor of polo played with a headless goat carcass, and *qyz quu,* a boy-girl horse chase: If the boy catches the girl, he kisses her; if she catches him, she beats him with a whip.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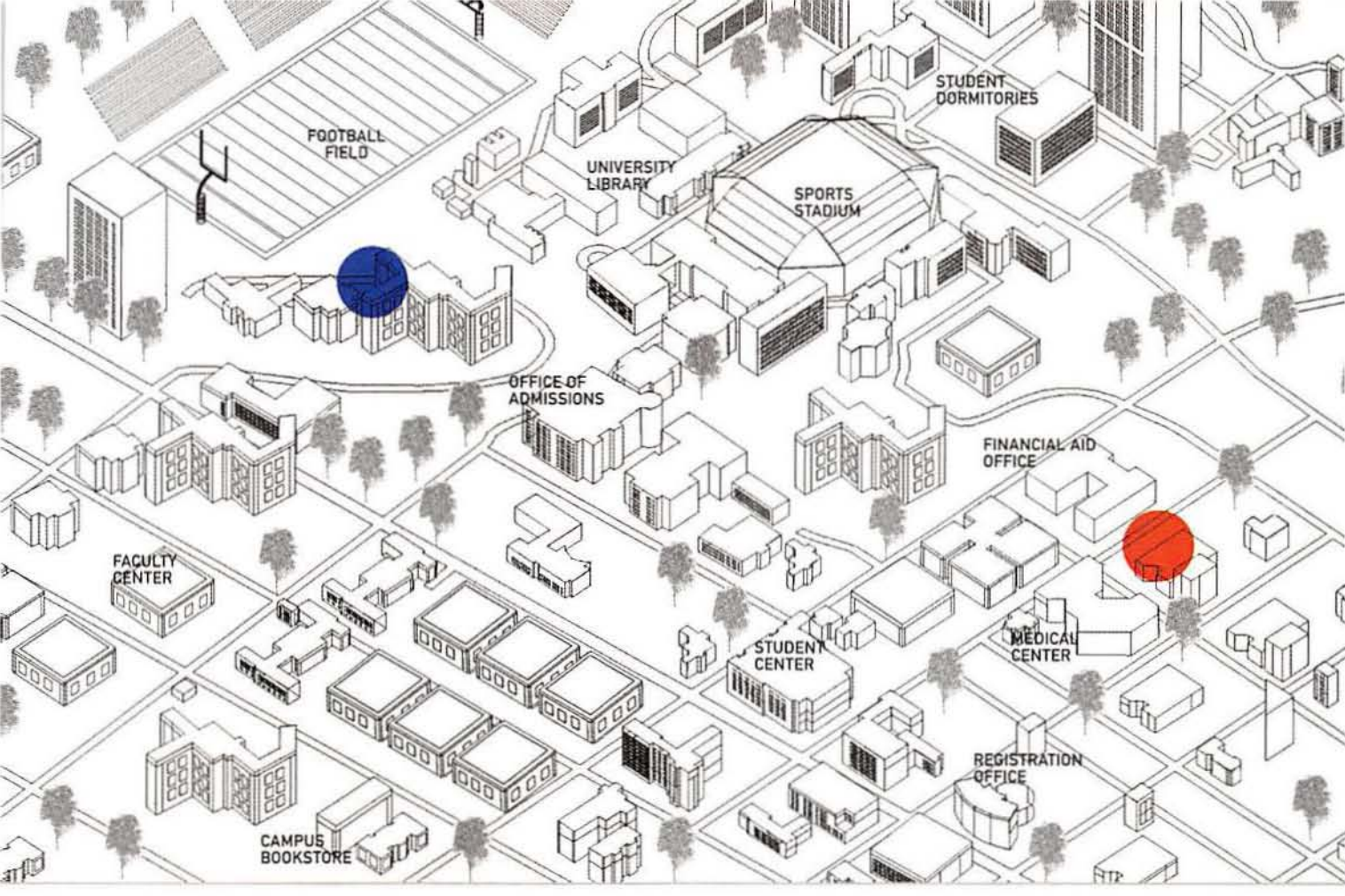
KRISTY HINZE—Australia
Age: 20 **Where you've seen her:** *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. **Passion:** Endures flights between her New York apartment and her parent's farm in Australia just so she can ride the horses she grew up with. **Home country's strangest towns:** Big Billy Bore, Mt. Hopeless, Indented Head. **Nice idea, but change the name:** Australia's largest commercial beer bottle, the 75-ounce Darwin Stubby, is reputedly the biggest in the world.



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EHRINN CUMMINGS—Canada
Age: 21 **Where you've seen her:** Ads for the Gap and French Connection UK. **Passion:** Motorcycle riding, surfing, and tattoos—she has a frog under that shirt and two elephants on her lower back. **Home country's lamest tourist trap:** The Prince Edward Island Potato Museum, which includes the "Potato Interpretive Center" and displays of prized specimens. ***You won't see that* in the Miss America pageant:** As part of the Arctic Northern Games, held in Inuvik in far-northern Canada, the "Good Woman" contest tests local ladies in hardcore activities like animal skinning.

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SAIRA MOHAN—Canada
Age: 22 **Where you've seen her:** Appeared in a commercial for the VH1 video-fashion awards, almost tempting us to give a damn about who won. **Passion:** She's an avid painter who has just showed her work at a chic restaurant in New York City. **Her home-country delicacy we're most likely to crave while drunk:** Deep-fried cubes of pork fat known as scruncheons. **Fine, but would you want to?** Writer Pierre Berton defines Canadians as "people who know how to make love in a canoe."

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JOSIE MARAN—San Francisco, U.S.A.
Age: 21 **Where you've seen her:** Guess?, Maybelline, and Herbal Essence shampoo ads; numerous music videos. **Passions:** Loves running, mountain climbing, and travel. Dreams of living on her own beach. **Home town's wildest party:** Thousands of leather-clad S&M devotees whip one another into a veritable frenzy during the Folsom Street Fair each September. **Home town's gloomiest tourist attraction:** An average of seven people fling themselves off the Golden Gate Bridge every month.

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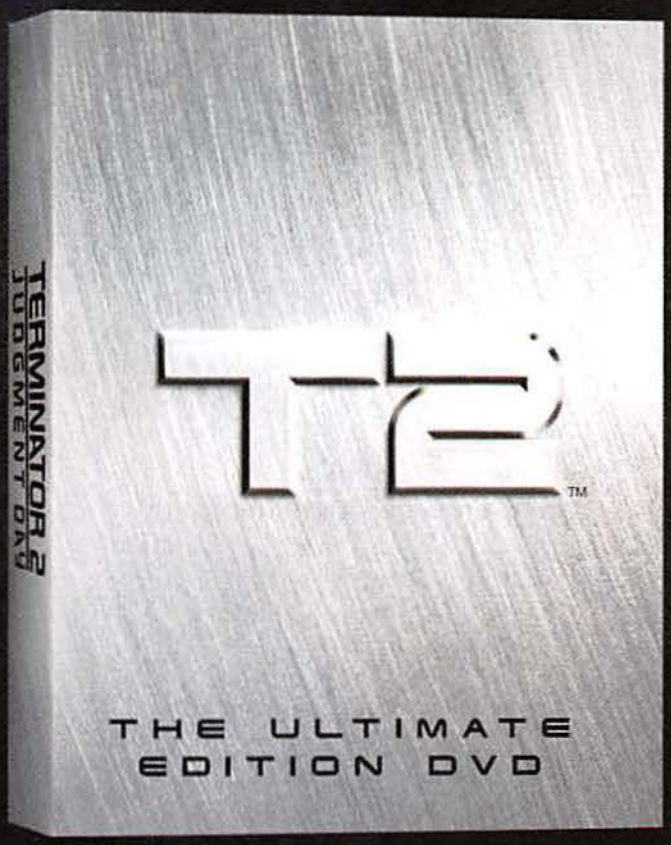

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MICHELLE RAY—Detroit, U.S.A.
Age: 26 **Where you've seen her:** Those annoyingly hip Target ads, TV spots for Dentyne Ice. **Passions:** The outdoors; loves mountain biking, fishing, and camping out. When she retreats to the indoors, says she hates "model parties and late nights." **Most bizarre item displayed at Detroit's Henry Ford Museum:** A test tube containing Thomas Edison's last breath. **Most conspicuous item not on display:** The Iron Cross presented to Ford by fellow car buff Adolph Hitler.

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AMANDA MARCUM—Oklahoma, U.S.A.
Age: 22 **Where you've seen her:** You probably don't study Liz Claiborne swimwear campaigns, but in the spring Amanda becomes a full-fledged Guess? girl. **Passion:** Back home, Amanda used to love racing her four-wheeler through the mud. **Home state's oddest graveyard:** The National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City features a last resting place for well-loved horses. **And you thought your local bar was a meat market:** Oklahoma City's stockyards, the world's busiest, have sold more than 100 million cattle since 1910.

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Five for the Ages

When does a model officially become a supermodel? When her fame outlives the campaign that created her and she becomes a household name. Here are five current stunners we'll never take off the wall.

DANIELA PESTOVA

Before she was big-time: As a 19-year-old planning to become a teacher in Prague, Daniela arrived fortuitously late to the movies and was spotted by a talent scout who begged her to enter a modeling contest.
Career highlights: Strapped on wings, a halo, and—oh, yeah—some barely there underwear as one of Victoria's Secret's top "angels." She has produced her own swimsuit calendar each year since 1995.
Modeling spin-offs: Motherhood. Believe it or not, the taut, 30-year-old lingerie goddess is the mother of a four-year-old son. Says Daniela of being a pregnant skivvies model, "It worked out well because I could take the pads out of the Miracle Bra."
If this modeling thing doesn't pan out: She could become a translator, making use of her fluency in Czech, Russian, English, Italian, and French. Meanwhile she'll settle for megabucks supermodeling: "I don't mind getting up in the morning, and I don't mind the money. There's really no other job for women that pays as much."

Antoine Verglas

TYRA BANKS

Before she was big-time: Tyra was planning to attend L.A.'s Loyola Marymount University as a film major when she decided to give the modeling thing a shot instead. Since then she has appeared on more than 20 magazine covers.

Career highlights: At 23, Tyra not only became the first black model to grace the cover of *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue, but she also survived the vicious, eight-month catwalk fight with Naomi Campbell that followed.

Modeling spin-offs: Played Will Smith's love interest on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, then graduated to roles in movies such as *Higher Learning*, *Love and Basketball*, and *Coyote Ugly*. Runs her own corporation, Tygirl Inc.; is a prominent supporter of numerous charities.

Tyra on dating: "Some guys are real slick and you can't tell what their agenda is. There's a kind of guy who'll be really cool in the beginning, and then after a while he's like, 'dress up like you did in that picture and come with me to my high school reunion.'"

Matthew Jordan Smith/Corbis Outline

"THE ULTIMATE GETAWAY GAME GETS EVEN BETTER"
PSM Magazine, July 2000

"STRAP ON YOUR SEATBELT FOR THE MOST EXPLOSIVE DRIVING EXPERIENCE SINCE THE PINTO"
Incite, July 2000

"...AN ALL-OUT BETTER WHEELMAN EXPERIENCE"
Gamespot, August 2000

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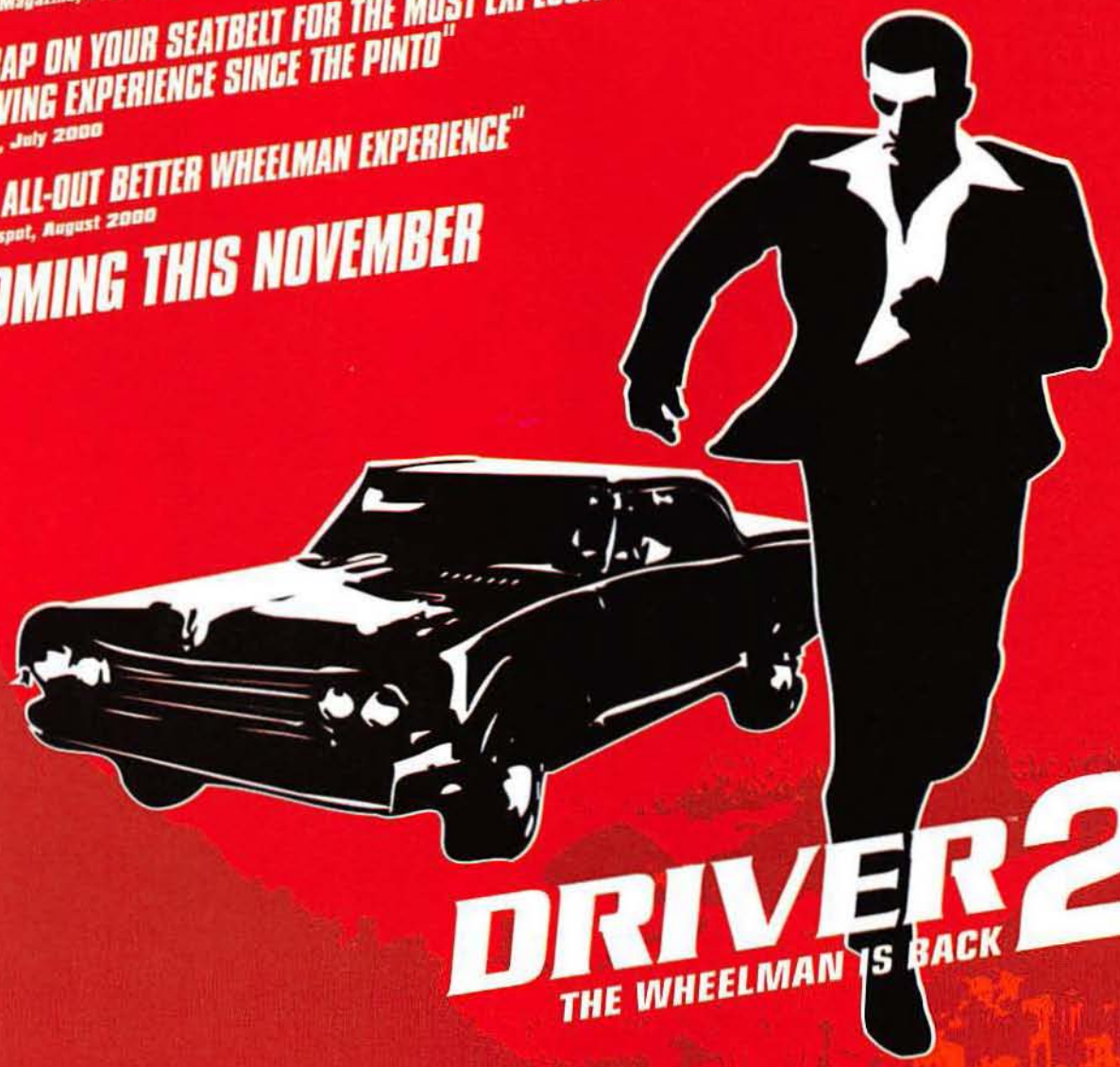

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INFOGRAMES

GISELE BUNDCHEN

Before she was big-time: Gisele was discovered at 14 while chowing down on a Big Mac during a school trip in her home country of Brazil. (Happens to us all the time.) Fashion gurus immediately proclaimed that the era of the anorexic, watercress-grazing waif was over.

Career highlights: Snagged the VH1/Vogue Model of the Year award last December; graced dozens of magazine covers last year alone; currently makes a record $7,000 an hour swishing down the catwalk at fashion shows.

Modeling spin-offs: So far, limited to dance floor nuzzling with Leonardo Di Caprio and inviting George Clooney to share a drink. (Clooney reportedly declined, saying "If I was 20 years older—or 20 years younger—I'd go.")

Obligatory ugly-duckling story: "At school the other kids teased me because I was so thin. I was called Olive, after Popeye's wife, or even The Skeleton."

Just another reason to love her: Of her nickname "The Boobs from Brazil," Gisele comments: "There's not a lot to do about it...I can hardly hide them."

Visages

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LAETITIA CASTA

Before she was big-time: Laetitia was discovered at 15 on a beach in her native Corsica, when a photographer invited her to Paris. "At first I didn't like the idea," she says. "I thought, *Are they honest or are they weird?*"

Career highlight: Last October 16,000 French mayors chose Casta to follow in the footsteps of Brigitte Bardot as the latest model for Marianne, the bare-breasted national symbol who appears on French stamps and currency. They praised her as a symbol of "solidarity, openness, and tolerance," qualities they particularly appreciated in her work for Victoria's Secret. *"Chouette quoi* [like, neat]," Casta gushed.

Modeling spin-offs: Amazingly, just a few roles in some crappy French movies.

The power of a babe: France erupted in patriotic outrage last April when news leaked that Casta may have moved to England to avoid high income taxes. The controversy became so heated that the prime minister was forced to pledge national tax cuts.

Max Vadukul/Corbis Outline

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BRIDGET HALL

Before she was big-time: She dreamed of the big time. Born in Springdale, Arkansas, and raised in Dallas, Bridget waited until the ripe old age of nine before breaking into the local modeling biz—for JCPenney.
Career highlights: Became a skinny-dipping, bicycle-straddling Guess? girl at age 14; now 22, she has helped convince the public they need closets full of Christian Dior, Versace, and Ralph Lauren (the clothes, not the people).
Modeling spin-offs: Was featured in *Scratch the Surface*, a 1997 documentary about former teen models, along with Phoebe Cates, Whitney Houston, and Brooke Shields.
Makeup test: Though she dropped out of high school to model full time at 15, Bridget continues to pursue a degree through correspondence with the University of Nebraska. Somehow she still finds time to snowboard, cheer on the Dallas Cowboys, and chow down on Tex-Mex food. "That and anything salty," she says. "No sweets. I hate sweets."

Davis Factor/Corbis Outline

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CLOTHING CREDITS

KIM SMITH-photographs: Michael Zeppetello **stylist:** Karen Shapiro **set design:** Sam Cook **hair:** Patrick Melville for Patrick Melville Salon **makeup:** Bryin Smoot for Club Monoco /ARTISTS

p. 116 silver knit dress available at Imelda's Closet **p. 118** choker by Agent Provocateur **p. 119** silver scarf top available at ZAO NYC, black brief with rhinestone by Maja, shoes by Gianfranco Ferre **p.120** black top by Dolce & Gabbana, black bottom by Patricia Field for House of Field

MICHELLE BEHENNAH-photographs: Michael Zeppetello **stylist:** Lisa Cooper **hair:** Howard Fugler for The Agency **make-up:** Linda Hay for The Agency **set design:** Sam Cook

p. 122-126, Items available at: Resurrection Vintage Clothing, NYC

MAGDALENA-photographs: Michael Zeppetello **stylist:** Jane Harrison for Danielle Forsythe **hair:** Patrick Melville for Patrick Melville Salon **makeup:** Linda Hay for The Agency

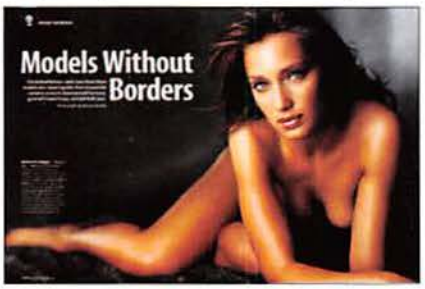
p.128 jewel bikini by Fausto Puglis, necklace by Fausto Puglis, ring by Noir **p.130** cami by Erickson Beamon, necklace by H. Stern **p.131** mesh halter by Noir, gold plate on chain by Oxygen, choker by Oxygen, bracelet by H. Stern, ring by H. Stern **p.132** top: Nel & Co., crochet bikini w/ chain by Ambika

YAMILA-photographs: Michael Zeppetello **stylist:** Karen Shapiro **set design:** Sam Cook **hair:** Mitch Barry for Bryan Bantry **makeup:** Bryin Smoot for Club Monoco /ARTISTS **manicurist:** Larissa

p.134 bandeau & bottoms by Betsy Johnson, jewels by Agatha **p.136** cropped top by D&G-Dolce & Gabbana, bottoms by Exte **p.138** white top at ZAO, NYC, bottom by Gucci

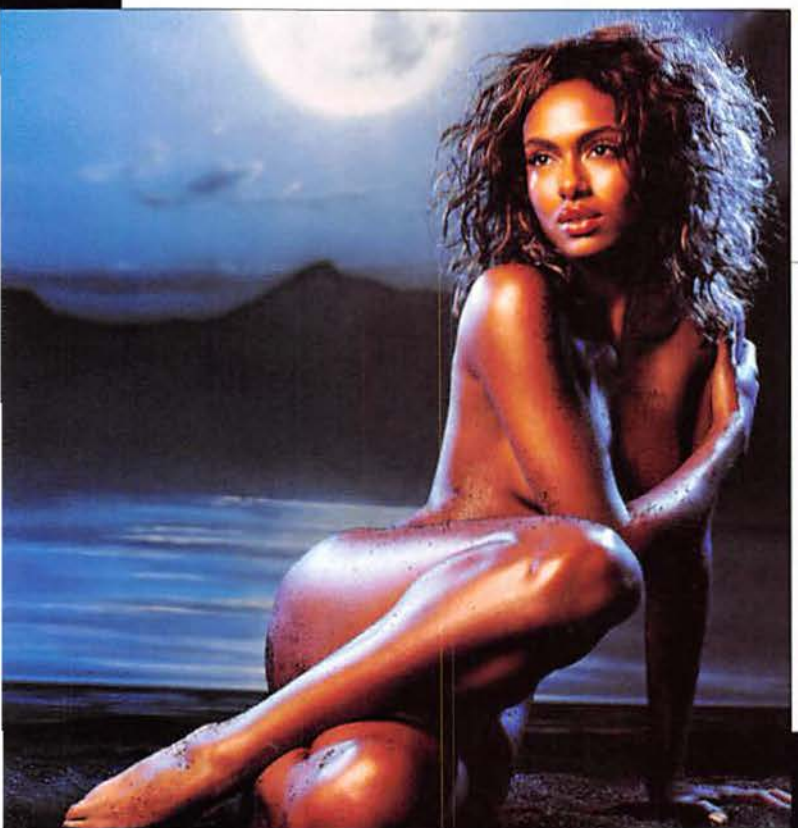
SHAKARA-photographs: Antoine Verglas **stylist:** Angelina Jolin for AREA 51 Prop **stylist:** Casey Spooner for CMI **hair:** Frederic Parnell for Bryan Bantry **makeup:** Rebecca for Garren New York

p.142 red snakeskin bikini by H & M



ROUND THE WORLD

Photographs: Antoine Verglas



HALL OF FAME

Photographs: p.164 Daniela Pestova by Antoine Verglas p.166 Tyra Banks by Matthew Jordan Smith/Corbis Outline p.168 Giselle Bundchen by Visages p.170 Laetitia Casta by Max Vadukul/Corbis Outline p.172 Bridget Hall by Davis Factor/Corbis Outline

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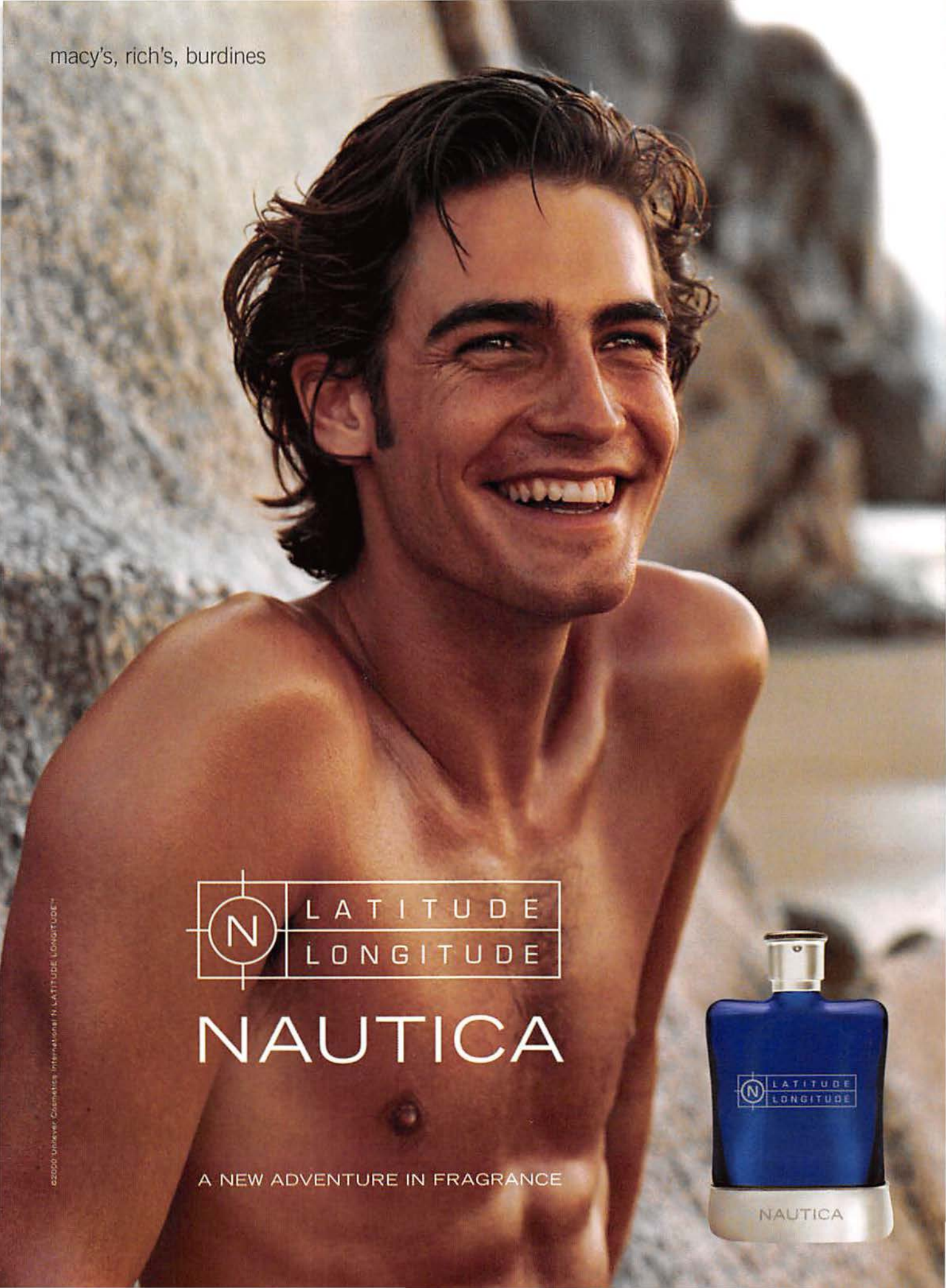
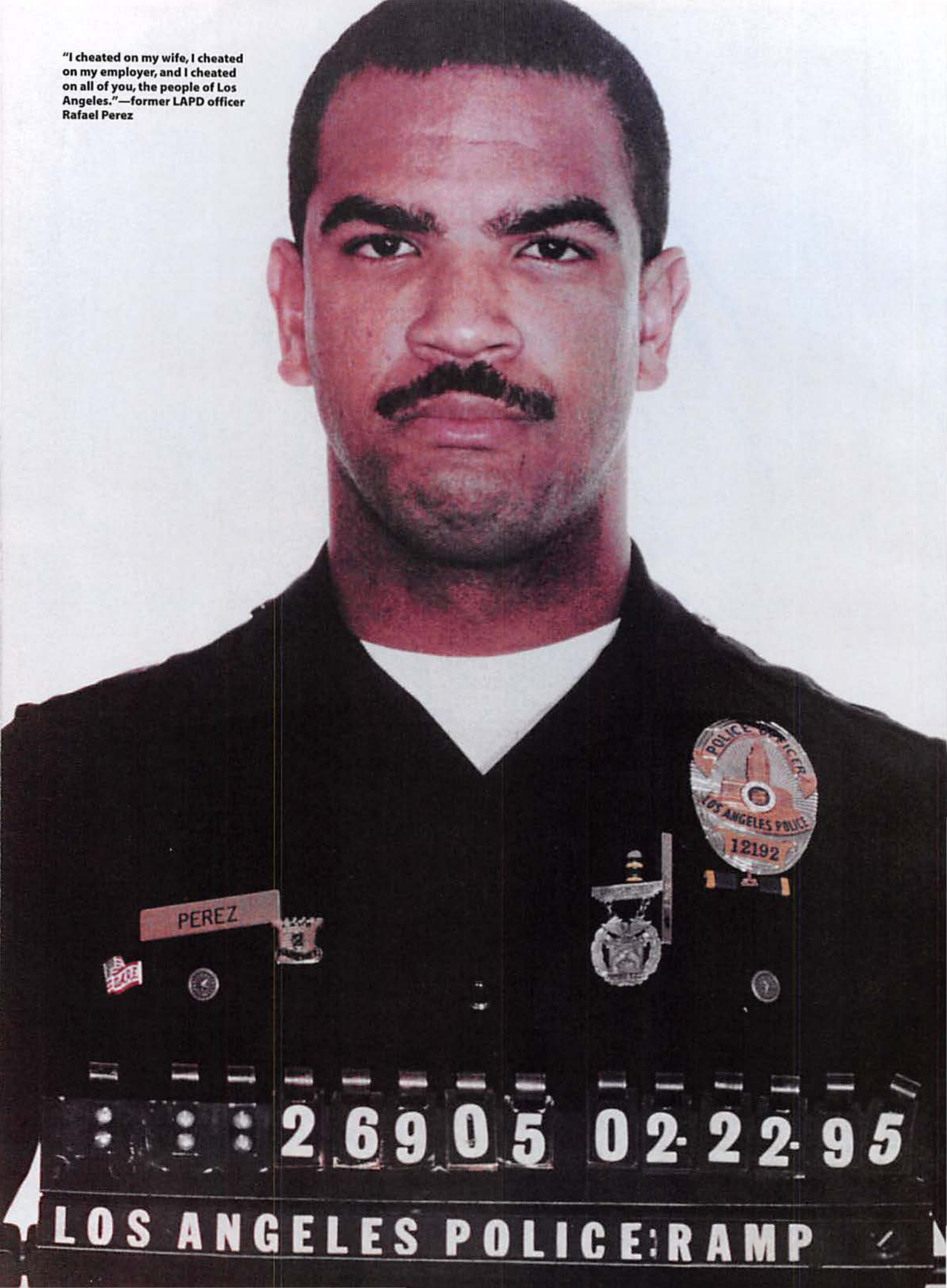




"I cheated on my wife, I cheated on my employer, and I cheated on all of you, the people of Los Angeles."—former LAPD officer Rafael Perez

THE DIRTIEST COP ALIVE

Los Angeles police officer Rafael Perez was part of a ruthless task force charged with eliminating gangbangers from the city's terrorized streets. So how did the cops become monsters themselves? By Gil Reavill and Justin Brown

Joey Tenorio, the scrawny 14-year-old junior gangbanger everyone called Li'l Silly, tried to stay calm as he stood handcuffed to the second-floor railing in the abandoned rathole at 11th and Lake in downtown Los Angeles. It was a bright day in early August 1997, but he had to force himself to keep from shivering. He was terrified.

Tearing through the house like a shitstorm were a dozen LAPD cops from the Rampart Division's antigang detail, called CRASH—Community Resources Against Street Hoodlums. He recognized them from the gaudy patch some wore on their uniforms: a grinning white skull with deep black eye sockets, wearing a cowboy hat with a silver LAPD badge on the brim. Fanned out in the background were four cards—the deadman's hand of aces and eights. Everyone on the street knew to fear that insignia and anyone who wore it. Word was these guys were worse than any gang.

According to Tenorio, the two cops who'd cuffed him—Brian Hewitt, the buffed-out one with the dirty-brown Fu Manchu mustache and the wild eyes, and Ray Perez, the intense one who seemed to be calling all the shots—stomped upstairs with the rest of the CRASH unit to clear the upper floors. On the way up one of the cops kicked Tenorio square in the head as he walked past him. As Hewitt and Perez trooped back down, they booted him upside the skull again.

He watched nervously as the big freak Hewitt took out a black felt-tip pen and drew two concentric circles on the plaster wall of the hallway. He couldn't figure it out at first, until the goddamn cop inked in a center circle.

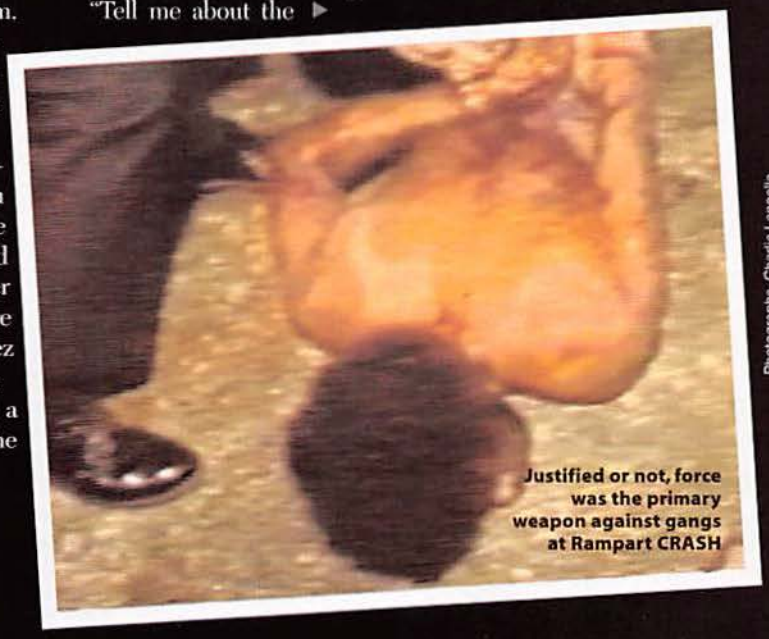
"You don't give me a gun, and your head's gonna go right through that bull's-eye," Hewitt promised Li'l Silly.

"I don't know where I can get you a gun," Tenorio cried.

Wrong answer. The two cops uncuffed him from the railing and recuffed his hands behind his back. Perez and Hewitt each took one of Tenorio's arms and lifted his 90-pound body easily. Then they hurled a battering ram consisting of the head and body of Joey Tenorio hard into the target. The impact made a flat, smacking sound and bent Tenorio's neck back at a crazy angle. When they pulled him away from the wall, the plaster cracked and crumbled and a jagged hole roughly the size of Li'l Silly's cranium appeared in the bull's-eye.

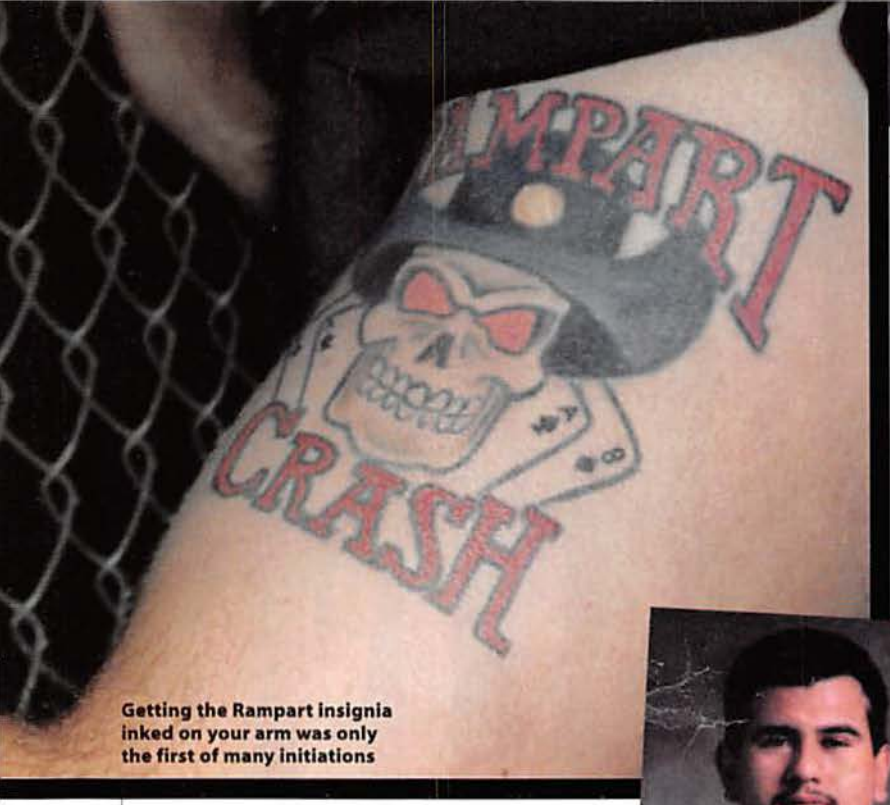
"Tell me about the ▶

The following account is based on the sworn testimony of a former LAPD officer.



Justified or not, force was the primary weapon against gangs at Rampart CRASH

Photographs, Charlie Langella



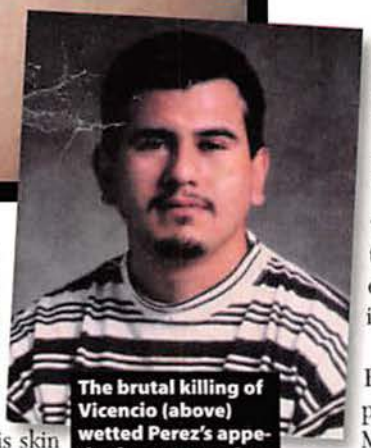
Getting the Rampart insignia inked on your arm was only the first of many initiations

gun!" Hewitt demanded.

"I don't *know* about a gun!" the kid screamed.

The cops smashed Tenorio into the target over and over until the wallboard busted apart and they were ramming him into the two-by-fours underneath. He felt blood trickle from a gash in his head, then gush. He tried not to pass out, even as the splinters of wood sliced into his skin and embedded themselves deep beneath his scalp.

Welcome to Rampart, kid.



The brutal killing of Vicencio (above) wetted Perez's appetite for street action

The Thin Blue Line

The assault on Joseph Tenorio triggered no immediate official investigation. Officers Perez and Hewitt never entered the event into their memo books. It was, in fact, just an ordinary day in the City of Angels' most hellish police precinct.

The Rampart Division of the LAPD covers eight square miles of misery just west of downtown. Poor and mostly Hispanic, the densely packed area is home to more gangs than any other part of L.A.—60 in all, with about 8,000 members battling for turf. For years, bodies littered the streets. To fight fire with fire, a city-wide antigang unit, CRASH, was created and given a simple, all-encompassing mandate: Clean up the mess, no questions asked. The CRASH motto was "We intimidate those who intimidate others." For a time in the mid-90s, gang violence in L.A. plummeted. But at what cost?

Last fall, the stunned citizens of L.A. began to find out. Two years after he used Joey Tenorio as a battering ram, Rafael Perez became the central figure in one of the worst police-corruption scandals in U.S. history. In 50 hours of gripping testimony given to investigators, Perez painted a chilling picture of brutal, rogue cops working far outside the law. The elite officers of Rampart, he said, planted evidence to get convictions, sold drugs, and unlawfully beat and even murdered suspects.

Few of the cops, investigators concede, may have been worse than the whistleblower himself. "One of my clients told me he'd rather meet Satan in a dark alley than Rafael Perez," a lawyer representing Rampart victims said to Court TV. On February 25, 2000, Perez told a judge: "Whoever chases monsters should see to it that in the process, he does not become a monster himself." But just how did Perez—and much of an entire division in the nation's largest police force—become more evil than the criminals they pursued?

Baptism by Blood

Rafael Antonio Perez was born in Puerto Rico to an absent father and a tough, hard-working mom. He moved to the U.S. while he was still a kid and soon became obsessed with cop shows like *Adam-12*. He joined the Los Angeles Police Department in 1989 at age 21, and prospered right from the start.

"Perez was a glory hound," says a senior officer who had him under his command. "The guy *looked* like a great officer, but it was all about himself—the highest gun take, the highest number of narco busts, the highest felony arrests. If he wasn't in the thick of it, he wasn't interested."

Assigned to the West Side Narcotics Bureau after some quick promotions, Perez partnered up with the star of the unit. David Mack was a smooth operator who'd learned street smarts the hard way, growing up in Compton. Mack had run his way out of the ghetto, winning a track scholarship to the University of Oregon and becoming an NCAA 800-meter champ. He almost married fellow sprinter Florence Joyner. But by 1988, at age 27, he'd lost his world-class wheels and joined the LAPD.

Mack and Perez worked undercover in some of the worst neighborhoods in east L.A. Mack seemed to know everyone. Perez, just 25, idolized his partner, picking up Mack's taste for cigars, designer suits, and mistresses.

"Ray was impressionable and young," remembers his wife, Denise, who met Perez while working as a department dispatcher. "He really looked up to David for his street sense."

On October 26, 1993, Mack and Perez sealed their partnership in blood. That night they rolled up to Jesse Vicencio, a crack dealer with the Clanton 14th street gang. The two cops were acting as "buy dogs" for an undercover narcotics sting.

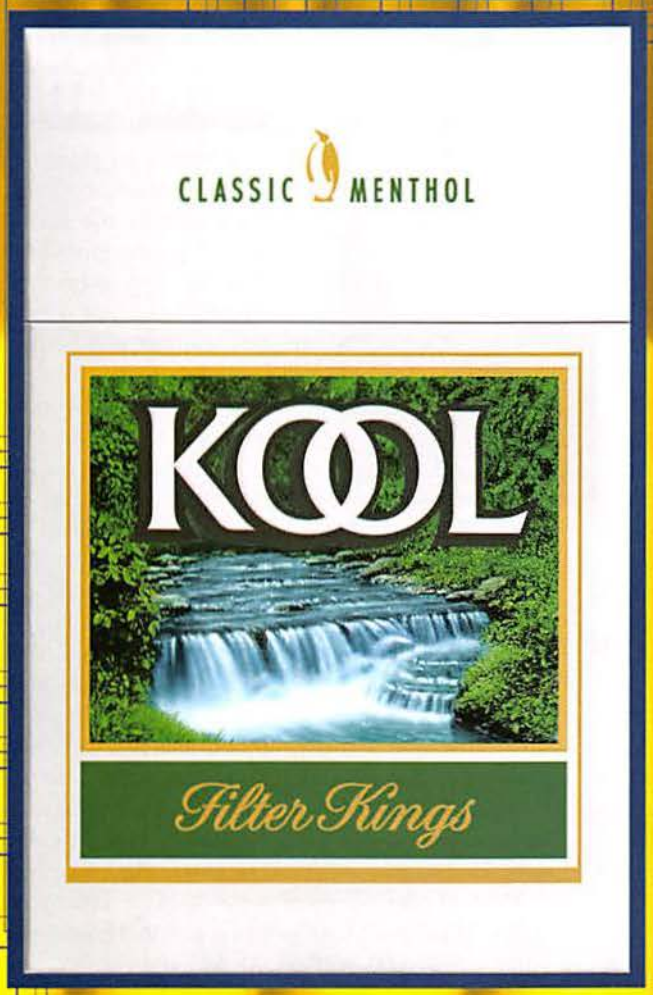
Vicencio, dusted up on PCP, acted nervous and jerky. Suddenly, in the middle of the deal, he threw the cash Perez had given him back into their car.

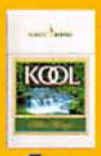
"Nah, man," he said. "Are you Bloods or Crips?"

Perez, riding shotgun, tried to do damage control. "Come on, man, I'm just a basehead," he said. "Take it easy." ▶

U.S. Prepared to Sue to Force LAPD Reforms

Photograph, top, Charlie Langella (tattoo, building, photo)





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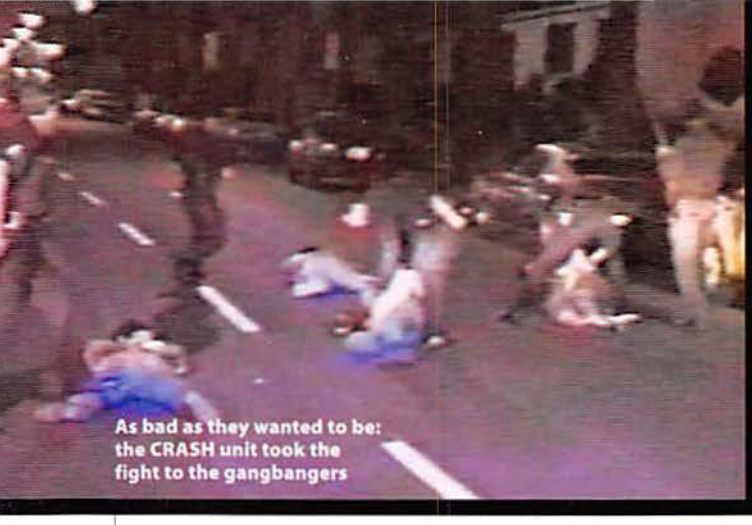

As bad as they wanted to be: the CRASH unit took the fight to the gangbangers

IT WAS A LIKE HE'D JOINED A HARD PARTYING FRATERNITY—ANIMAL HOUSE WITH SEMIAUTOMATICS

Vicencio began to back away. Suddenly, say bystanders, David Mack was reaching past Perez with a .38. He thrust it out the window, then he began squeezing off rounds. He hit Vicencio in the scrotum and in each thigh. The gangbanger staggered away toward the middle of the street and clutched his midsection while blood began to seep through his clothes, warm and sticky. He turned to run. More shots, in rapid succession. Two hit Vicencio in the left arm and one went through his back, tearing up his innards. One more bullet entered his chest, puncturing his right lung and aorta.

After 13 shots in all, Vicencio died in front of 2137 Cambridge Street, the house where his parents, wife, and young daughter lived. He never fired a round, and according to witnesses, may not have even been armed.

The LAPD investigated the incident, as it does every "O.I.S."—officer-involved shooting. Vicencio, the investigation concluded, pulled a gun first. They nominated Mack for a medal on that one. Ray Perez came out a hero, too. But Perez was restless. He wanted something bigger.

Initiation into a Secret World

The more Perez heard about CRASH, the more he wanted in. Created in the 1980s as a last-line defense against the vicious drug-related gang violence threatening to engulf the city, the department's 20 paramilitary-style CRASH divisions were culled from the best street officers the LAPD had to offer. The units were given breathtaking autonomy, with little oversight.

Ovando was shot, paralyzed, and framed by cops

For Perez, there was only one problem. You couldn't just join a CRASH unit as though it were some neighborhood gym. You had to be sponsored in. But Perez had an ace: Sammy Martin, Mack's former partner, was an active CRASH officer, and he agreed to recommend Perez for his detail—the CRASH unit at Rampart.

Even in the harsh realm of CRASH, the 20-member Rampart unit stood out. "They were tough and crazy," says Rafael Zambrano, a former member of the Playboys gang, who more than once was on the receiving end of a CRASH beating. "They were there to kick ass." And they got results.

Ray Perez arrived at Rampart CRASH in August 1995. His first impression was that he had joined a particularly hard-partying fraternity—Animal House with semiautomatics. Perez dove headfirst into its rituals. "There was always going to be some type of bachelor party," Perez recalls. "It just depended on who we would pick to be the bachelor that day."

Most of the blowouts were held in one of the unit's "CRASH pads"—places near the precinct house used to hothouse mistresses, hookers, drugs, and copious amounts of booze. One was an apartment in the Valley donated in return for the increased security that a cop presence would provide.

The parties had a tendency to get out of control fast. ▶

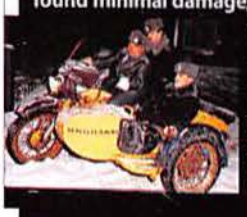
Photographs, from top, Charlie Langella (building), Justin Brown (Ovando)

BRUTAL FORCES

Think the LAPD is bad? Try running afoul of the law in *these* countries.

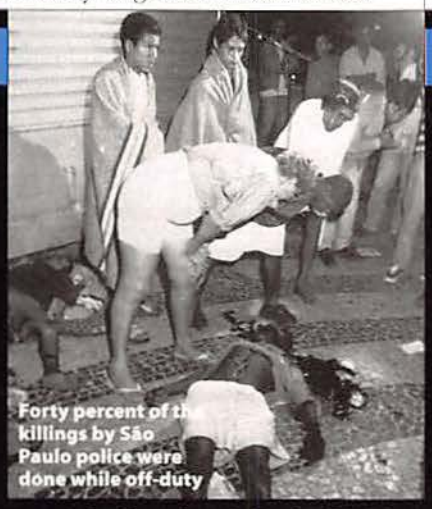
ARGENTINA
When heartthrob Enrique Iglesias arrived at the Hyatt in Buenos Aires last year, a throng of teenage girls pressed against security barriers, prompting the police to beat them down with truncheons. The girls were lucky. Since 1983 there have been some 500 cases of arbitrary detention, torture, and summary execution reported against the Argentine police.

RUSSIA
In 1998 a Russian businessman got a call that there'd been a fire in his retail outlet the previous night. When he reached the store, he found minimal damage, but his entire inventory had been loaded into cars by the police, witnesses said. Consider it standard police procedure in a mafia-ruled nation where more and more cops moonlight as $8,000-a-job hit men—contributing to a murder rate nearly 20 times that of Western European countries.



BRAZIL
On July 23, 1993, five off-duty police officers shot and killed eight children sleeping on the steps of the Candalaria Cathedral in downtown Rio de Janeiro. The slaughter ignited international outrage over Brazil's police "death squads," hired by politicians and "crime weary" merchants. According to *The Washington Post*, Brazil's civil and military police participated in more than 2,500 murders from 1997 to 1999.

MALAYSIA
On September 20, 1998, recently ousted deputy prime minister Anwar Ibrahim was arrested and held without charges for nine days, during which time he was beaten bloody and unconscious by the police. And in separate incidents in early October 1998, the cops gunned down 11 civilians, including a pregnant women, while investigating a kidnapping. State investigator Yaacob Amin defended the force, noting that cops had only killed 380 "criminals" over the last five years. Interestingly, criminals had killed 332 people during the same period.—*John D. Spalding*


Forty percent of the killings by São Paulo police were done while off-duty

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Even as everyone was getting trashed, the CRASH veterans watched Perez carefully. They were leery of the new recruit. For his part, Perez was eager to prove that he was "in the loop"—he inked the same grinning skull tattoo that other CRASH officers had, matching the patches on their uniforms.

Soon Perez's loyalty would be put to the test for real.

Getting in the Loop

As soon as Perez hit the sidewalk in front of the Shatto Place apartments the night of July 26, 1996, all hell broke loose. Shotgun blasts boomed from the interior, sounding like cannons. Perez didn't waste time. He tore up the front stairwell and almost tripped over the wounded body of a gangbanger, Jose Perez. Officer Michael Montoya had him covered, so Perez didn't even slow down.

More blasts echoing from upstairs. Just as Perez got to the third-floor hallway, he saw Juan Saldana, a member of the 18th Street gang, fall over backward. He'd been hit in the "10 ring," or dead center in the chest. Another blast had ripped through his back. Above him stood Officer Kulin Patel, his semiautomatic still drawn.

"Decock and holster," Perez shouted to the frozen Patel. Perez inched forward to put the cuffs on Saldana. Just then officers Brian Hewitt and Doyle Stepp burst into the hallway from upstairs.

"Shit!" Hewitt said, looking at Patel. "Kulin got him." He and his partner Stepp had been pursuing Saldana through the building. Now the guy lay bleeding at their feet, going into shock. "What's going on?" mumbled the dying Saldana.

It dawned on Perez: No gun. Saldana was unarmed.

"Shit!" Hewitt said again. He and Stepp disappeared upstairs, returning seconds later. Stepp carried the butt of a pistol by his fingertips. He dropped it next to Saldana.

Then they showed Ray Perez how it was done. Led by their sergeant, Eddie Ortiz, the CRASH officers huddled up in the third floor hallway. Nobody else was allowed near the scene.

Planting a gun was an art, one the officers of CRASH had down cold. The "throw-down gun," they explained, was always loaded, with a bullet racked in the chamber—a loaded gun carried a higher penalty. Also, CRASH cops routinely filed off the guns' serial numbers, since that made possession into an instant felony.

The cops huddled together as Juan Saldana bled out a few feet away. Finally an ambulance was called, and Perez led the barely conscious, handcuffed Saldana downstairs. Medics met them at the first floor landing, but Saldana died shortly after.

"Before I arrived at Rampart CRASH," Perez later told investigators, "I had never put a gun on a person. When you get to Rampart CRASH, this is something that you're taught.

"Once you're in the unit," he added, "certain things have to happen before someone can say, 'Yeah, you can depend on him, he's in the loop.'" No question, Perez was now in the loop.

That night after the shooting, the CRASH cops partied at the Short Stop, their favorite bar, until 6 A.M.

New Blood

That summer Ray Perez got a new partner, a guy he sponsored into the unit. Nino Durden knew enough to play second fiddle. He let Perez, who spoke Spanish, do most of the interrogations while he booked evidence. But he had a mean streak.

On October 11, 1996, Durden and Perez were set up in an OP, an observation point stakeout, in apartment 403 of a huge abandoned apartment building downtown. They were looking for 18th Streeters with guns. The place stank of piss. Inside, they found a 19-year-old named Javier Ovando.

The two cops handcuffed Ovando and dragged him into a darkened, trashed-out apartment. According to an account told much later by Ovando, Perez and Durden began interrogating him. Things quickly went straight to hell. Ovando refused to cooperate, enraging both men. Suddenly Perez ▶

Cops stripped Temple Streeter Ruben Rojas and left him in a rival gang's neighborhood to be beaten

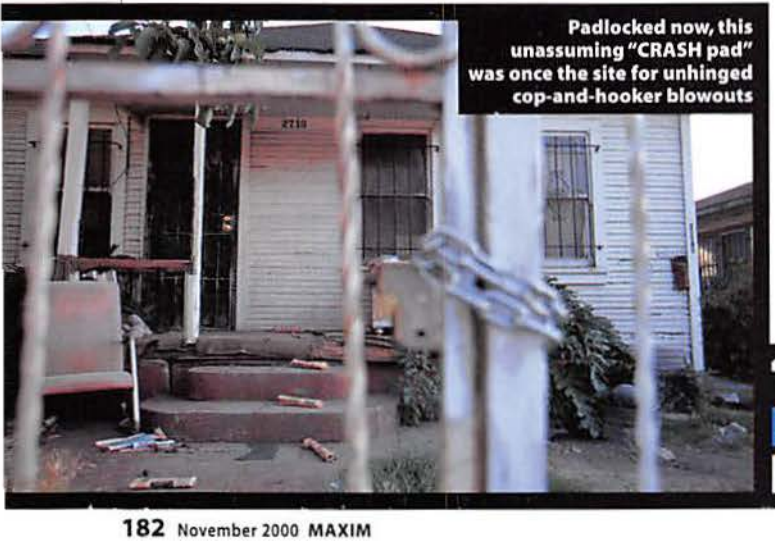
Investigation Now Targets Beating at Rampart Station

■ **Scandal:** Federal authorities expand inquiry to include attack on handcuffed suspect. A lawsuit is filed on behalf of 2-year-old daughter of man allegedly shot by LAPD officers.

By MATT LAIT and SCOTT GLOVER, TIMES STAFF WRITERS

Federal authorities said Friday that their civil rights investigation into the expanding Los Angeles Police Department corruption scandal is also focusing on the February 1996 beating of a h[illegible] suspect held inside the Rampart station.

[illegible] 34, the offi[illegible]


Padlocked now, this unassuming "CRASH pad" was once the site for unhinged cop-and-hooker blowouts

'BEFORE RAMPART, I'D NEVER PLANTED A GUN ON A PERSON. THIS IS SOMETHING YOU'RE TAUGHT.'

Photographs, Charlie Langella (3x)

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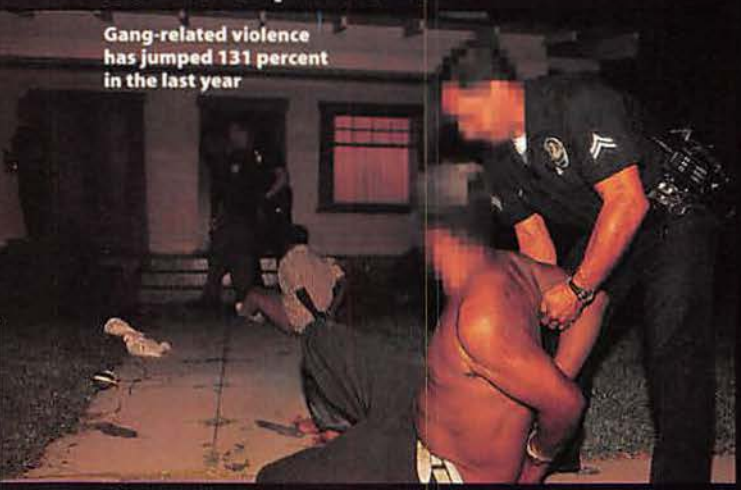
GOOD COP, BAD COP

A 10-year L.A. narcotics detective talks about the pressures and temptations that can sometimes overwhelm a police officer.*



Gang-related violence has jumped 131 percent in the last year

What is it like to be on the street dealing with thugs and murderers everyday?
My goal is to impact the people who are breaking the law in the area I serve. So, if a gang or dope dealer is causing a problem, I'll eliminate them from the streets. In whatever way possible. Period.

Is it sometimes tough for cops to keep the amount of power they have in check?
Not for everyone, but I can see how that could happen if you're weak. And once you do something unethical and get away with it, and you see that your position allows you that kind of freedom…officers can get caught up in that.

What about strong-arm tactics?
Sometimes justifiable force may go a little further than what's needed. You know, adrenaline is flowing and you're doing whatever it takes to get the job done, so it's not hard for things to get out of control. Sometimes *badly* out of control. It happens to every street cop at some point.

What goes on in your mind when you're checking thousands of dollars into evidence? Is that where some cops get fatally tempted?
For a very few. If you look at the Rampart scandal, the theft problem was limited to Perez and the people in his circle. The majority of Rampart officers did not do any of that. But there are certain officers with real problems in their lives that would cause them to do something like that.

What do you think happened in Rampart?
Basically, a lot of good officers made bad mistakes and used poor judgment in the course of putting thugs into jail. I can tell you right now that part of the problem is LAPD's practices. When they are hiring at a quicker pace than normal to satisfy a certain racial group or gender group, then they are lowering the quality of the people that they are going to recruit.

What other inappropriate behavior have you seen?
Well, some of the Rampart officers had ties with Death Row Records. They were doing a lot bodyguard work and PI-type stuff for people who definitely had gang ties, so that was a conflict of interest right there. I also heard they saw a lot of illegal things that took place, but didn't do anything about it. Here's the bottom line: When you're hanging out with all sorts of major criminals, who knows what a cop on the edge can wind up doing?

** The police officer we interviewed asked to remain anonymous.*

pulled his Beretta from its holster and fired it directly into Ovando's chest; moments later, Durden shot him in the chest also. The blasts sounded enormous in the tiny space. Ovando lay moaning and bleeding, sprawled backward toward the door. Then Perez grabbed him by the front of his shirt, pulled him off the floor, and shot him point-blank in the head.

Amazingly, Ovando was still breathing. "Hold on a second," Durden said, running off. When he returned, he carried a filthy red rag. He let it fall open and a gun tumbled out, clattering down next to Ovando: A TEC .22 semiautomatic with a banana clip that they had confiscated a few days earlier.

Javier Ovando was paralyzed from the waist down. Convicted of assault on a police officer, he was wheeled into his sentencing hearing strapped to a hospital gurney. The judge scolded Ovando for what he characterized as a total lack of remorse and gave him a prison sentence of 23 years.

A Reign of Terror

Rampart CRASH was too strapped for personnel to send many supervisors out into the field. The cops were just unleashed on the streets, more and more in plainclothes, and everyone—police hierarchy and citizenry alike—turned their backs. Throughout the spring of 1997, Perez and Durden slipped deeper into the dirty bath of street drug culture, barely noticing that the level was rising over their heads.

Perez took a mistress straight off the streets, a big-breasted drug informant named Veronica "Bela" Quesada. At the same time she was seeing Perez, she became involved with Ruben Rojas, one of the leaders of the Temple Street gang.

Rojas knew the CRASH unit well. In 1994 they picked him up in an alley, then threw him in the squad car and drove into the rival 18th Street Gang's territory. The cops made Rojas take his shirt off—revealing his gang tattoos—and pushed him out of the car. Then they switched on the loudspeaker.

"Temple Streeter walking by!" they announced.

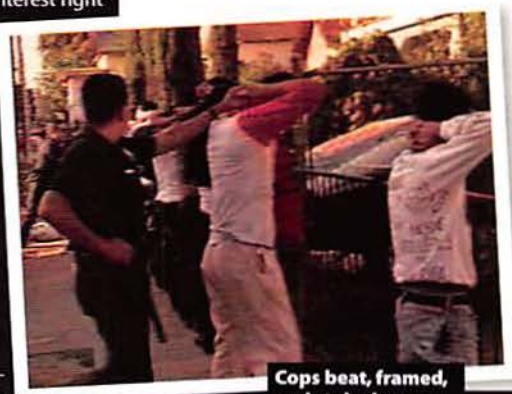
Ruben tried to run, but it was futile.

"Next thing I know I got 10 motherfuckers on me," he said. "I got stabbed in the arm two times, in the stomach. My jaw was broken and so were two of my fingers."

In the spring of 1997, shortly after Rojas had gotten out of prison on armed robbery charges, he and Quesada began seeing each other. When Perez found out, he went ballistic.

A few days later, Rojas was sitting at home in his boxer shorts watching *Free Willy* on video. He didn't recognize the voice when he picked up the phone and heard some guy speaking half English and half Spanish. "Don't you know it's bad to be messing with somebody's *novia*?" the caller snarled.

Five minutes later, his front door crashed open and CRASH cops flooded into the house. They slammed Rojas down to the carpet. Perez stood over him and shoved a shotgun into his face. ▶



Cops beat, framed, and stole drugs from gangbangers

Photograph, top, Charlie Langella (building)

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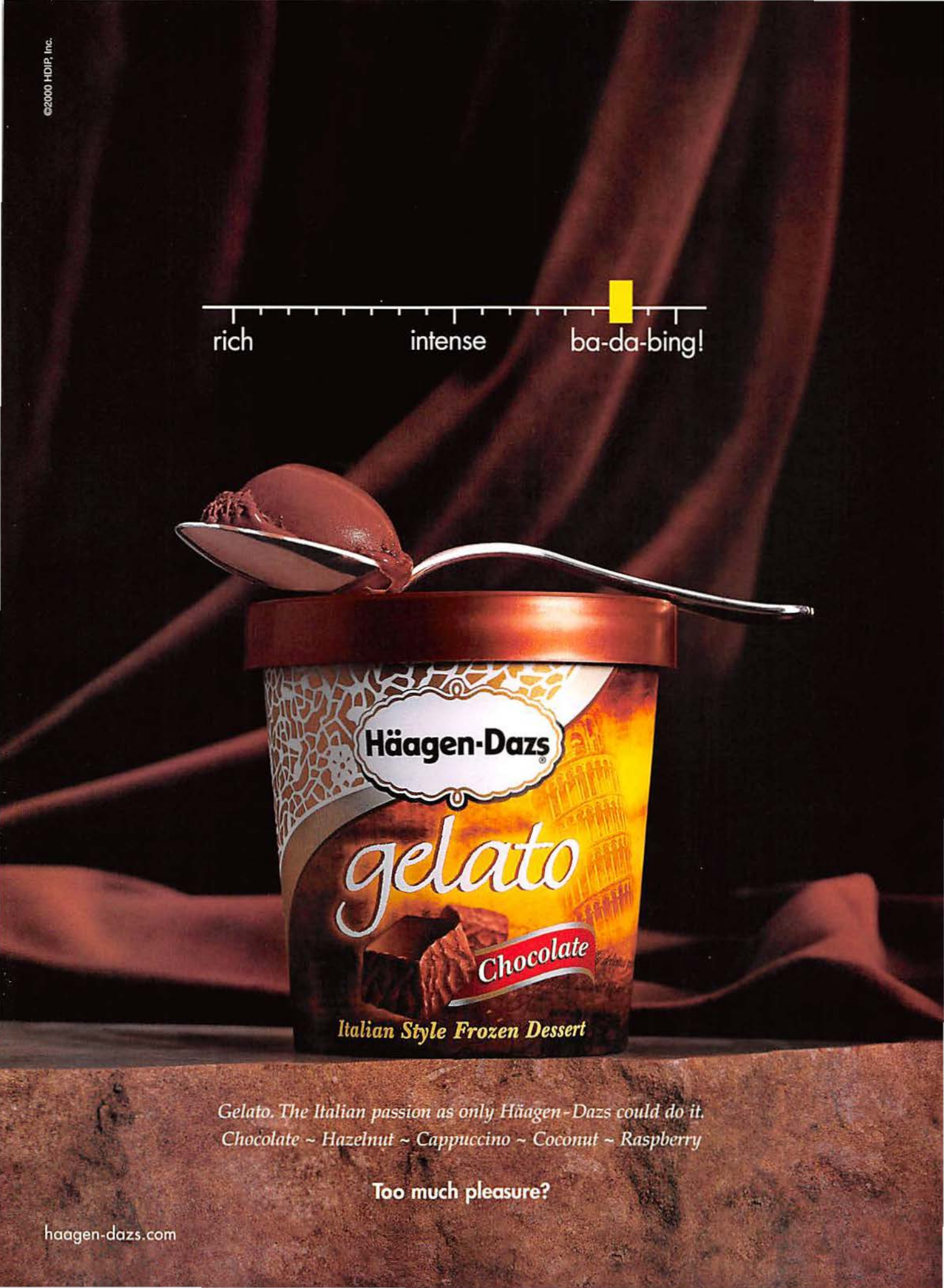

'I COULD KILL YOU AND NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW,' HE TOLD HIS MISTRESS

"Motherfucker," he yelled, "make a move and you're a dead son of a bitch!"

The cops, about four of them, furiously ransacked his house, screaming and turning everything upside down. They found nothing.

Perez didn't know what to do with Rojas until an old friend climbed up the steps and entered the house. It was David Mack. He had dropped by the neighborhood and thought he would help out his old buddy Perez.

"Bring him in," Rojas recalls Mack saying.

Sitting in the station's interrogation lockup, Rojas saw Perez emerge from the evidence room holding a yellow envelope with a bulge in the bottom. "This is what you're going down for," Perez said. "These are your drugs."

Perez nailed Rojas for six years state time, effectively eliminating a gang leader and a rival in love at the same time.

Three kilos of "Madhatter" coke Perez stole from the police evidence room

Where the Money Is

In May 1997 Nino Durden and Perez made a clean arrest. They confiscated a shoebox stuffed with the holy trinity of the coke trade—money, drugs, and pagers. After returning to the Rampart station house, Durden sat in an unused interview room and counted the cash. Perez walked in on him.

"Man, there's $1,000 in here," Durden said.

Perez paused for a moment." Yeah, well, shit, we ain't gotta book *all* of it." Durden booked $500. He and Perez split the other $500. There was no turning back now.

During a bust that summer, Perez took a pager and a white paper bag filled with cocaine off a suspect. The bag contained 24 ounces of coke, already rocked up. As he prepared to book the coke as evidence, the beeper went off.

Perez looked down at the number on the display, and looked back up at Durden. Why not?

Perez made the call. Pretending to be a dealer, he set up a meeting with the potential buyer, fully intending to arrest him when they met. But as he and Durden were driving to the rendezvous, Durden came up with a better idea.

"Screw it, let's just sell to him," Durden said. After two more deals, they ended up pulling in $10,000 from the bag.

Former Perez partner and track-star David Mack caught on surveillance cameras robbing a branch of the Bank of America

Desperate Measures

If things were spinning out of control for Ray Perez, he had plenty of company. His old partner Mack was in the West L.A. precinct, a flashy neighborhood that contrasted sharply with his own financial plight. Mack knew it wouldn't be easy to support a wife and two kids on a cop's salary of $55,000, but he never thought it would be *this* hard.

In private he started speaking cryptically about planning a major crime. "I could kill you in your apartment and nobody would ever know." he told his girlfriend, Errolyn Romero.

As winter 1997 approached, Mack became more and more desperate. His credit card bills had reached $17,000, and he owed the IRS more than $20,000.

On the morning of November 6, 1997, Mack dressed in a dark business suit, a cloth hat and dark sunglasses. A little after 9 A.M., he entered the Bank of America on West Jefferson Boulevard, just across the street from the USC campus.

Mack seemed to know his way around the bank. It helped that the branch assistant manager was his girlfriend, Romero.

Romero got Mack into the vault, where two tellers were at work. Once inside, Mack turned nasty. Sweeping an M-11 assault rifle from a sling inside his jacket, he screamed at the bank employees not to touch their emergency pagers. "Don't get yourself killed for money that doesn't belong to you," he shouted. Scooping up almost three-quarters of million dollars in shrink-wrapped packets, he got away clean.

Mack went on a spending spree that was extravagant even by his standards. He took his two former partners, Sammy Martin and Ray Perez, to Las Vegas to see Michael Moore fight Evander Holyfield for the heavyweight belt. They never got around to the fight. Instead, they checked into a luxury suite and hung out at Caesar's Palace, smoking $100 cigars, drinking, living the highlife. For the occasion Mack wore a bright-red designer suit, complete with a matching top hat.

Back in L.A., Mack continued to splurge. He bought car stereo gear, leather furniture, and a Chevy Blazer. He paid off some loans and deposited $7,000 into his bank account.

The investigation into the robbery almost immediately settled on Romero. She had ordered a large shipment of cash the day before the robbery. She failed a lie-detector test. ▶

Photograph, top: Charlie Langella (building, coke)

125th Anniversary

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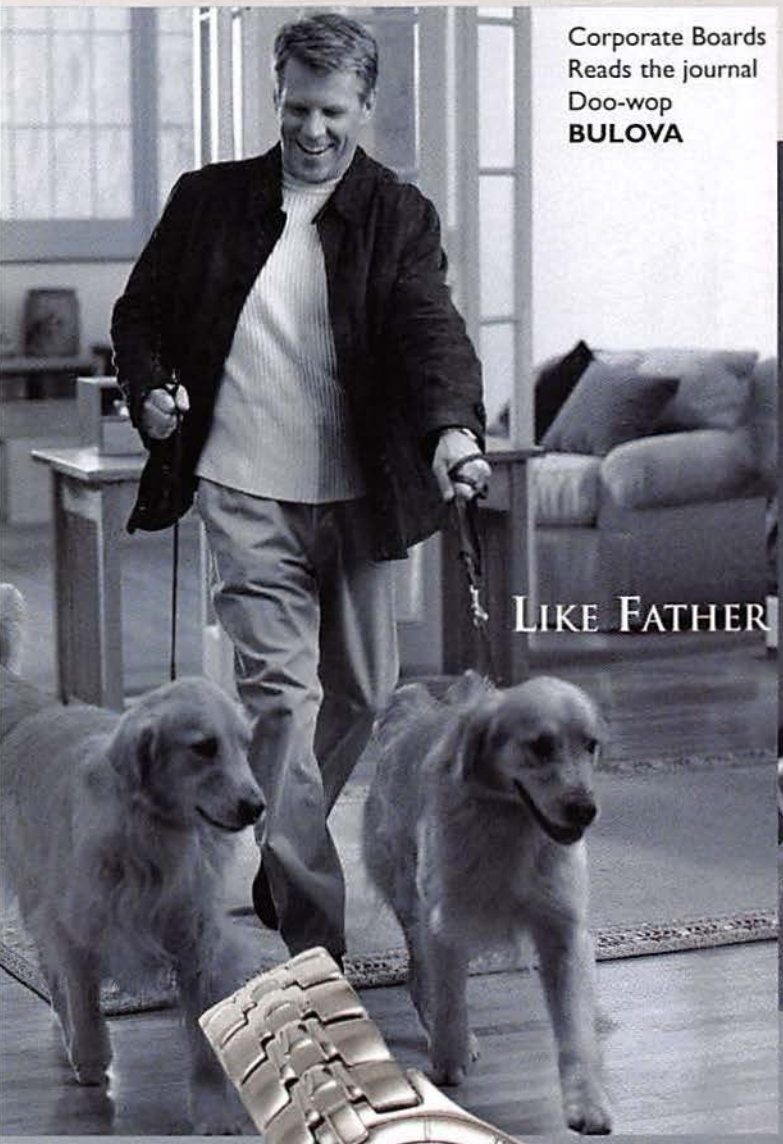

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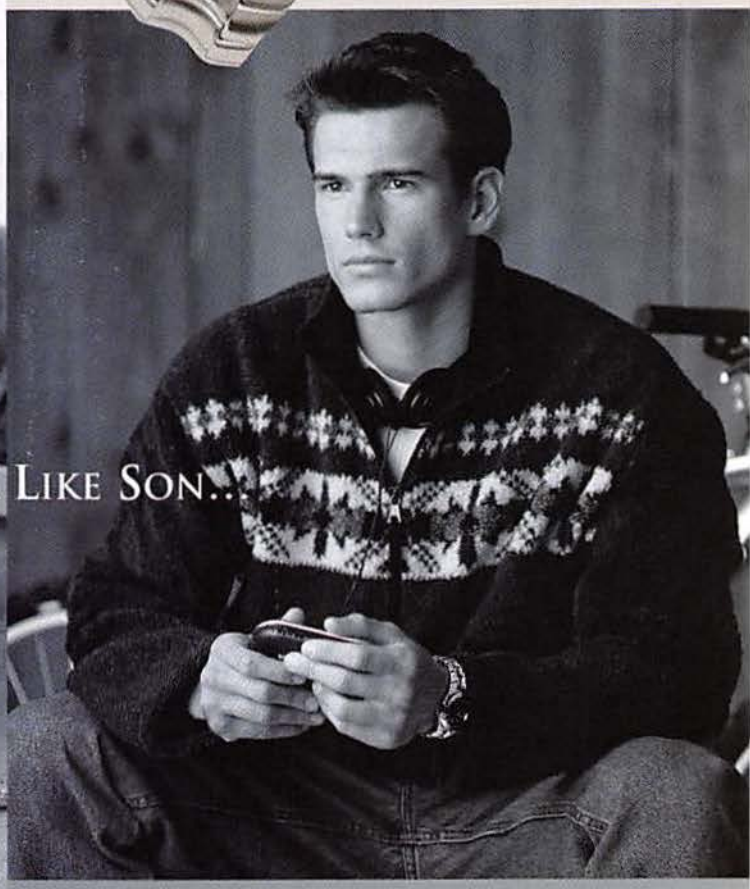

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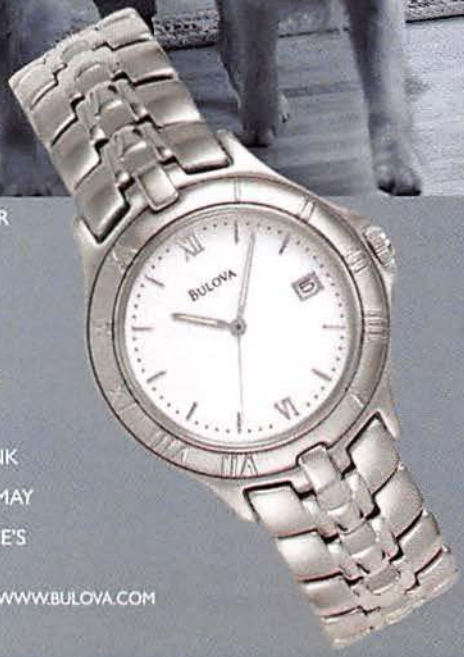

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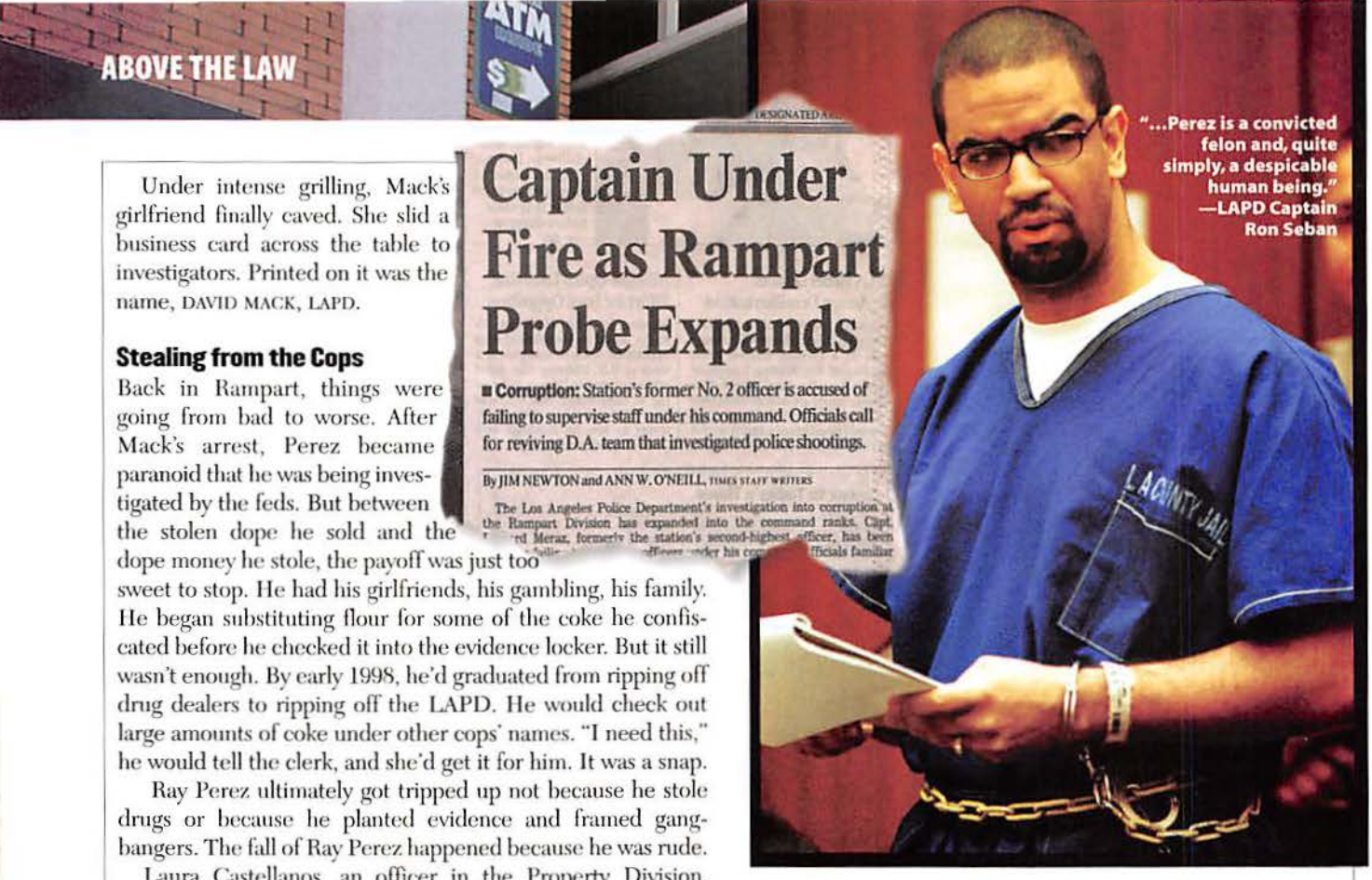

"...Perez is a convicted felon and, quite simply, a despicable human being." —LAPD Captain Ron Seban

Under intense grilling, Mack's girlfriend finally caved. She slid a business card across the table to investigators. Printed on it was the name, DAVID MACK, LAPD.

Stealing from the Cops

Back in Rampart, things were going from bad to worse. After Mack's arrest, Perez became paranoid that he was being investigated by the feds. But between the stolen dope he sold and the dope money he stole, the payoff was just too sweet to stop. He had his girlfriends, his gambling, his family. He began substituting flour for some of the coke he confiscated before he checked it into the evidence locker. But it still wasn't enough. By early 1998, he'd graduated from ripping off drug dealers to ripping off the LAPD. He would check out large amounts of coke under other cops' names. "I need this," he would tell the clerk, and she'd get it for him. It was a snap.

Ray Perez ultimately got tripped up not because he stole drugs or because he planted evidence and framed gangbangers. The fall of Ray Perez happened because he was rude.

Laura Castellanos, an officer in the Property Division, remembered Perez's nasty attitude five months earlier when he checked out an item for use in court: three kilos of cocaine, wrapped in cardboard. When a search of the evidence room showed pounds of coke had disappeared under the LAPD's noses, police chief Bernard Parks enacted a secret task force to investigate. Castellanos picked Perez out of a photo lineup.

On August 6, 1998, detectives searched his house, his Ford Explorer, and his work locker. They found nothing, and Perez refused to cooperate further. He was taken off active duty.

Three weeks later, SWAT teams blocked off Rafael Perez's quiet suburban street, search dogs were brought in, and he was arrested for the theft of close to eight pounds of cocaine.

Crimes and Punishment

The first trial against Perez resulted in a hung jury. He decided not to roll the dice on a second trial. Looking at a sentence of 12 years for the coke heist, Perez didn't like what he saw: a dozen years in state lockup, doing time with many of the same gangbangers he had beaten, robbed, and framed.

Perez called his lawyer. He brokered a sweetheart deal: a reduced sentence of five years and immunity from other charges for full testimony. And so Perez talked. And talked some more.

Perez's searing testimony, delivered over four months from September of '98 through January of '99, blew the lid off the dark world of CRASH. By the time he was finished, four more officers would be arrested, and 70 cops would be put under investigation. Among those who went down were Brian Hewitt, Nino Durden, and Edward Ortiz, who was later accused of quarterbacking the whole operation.

Mack and Perez blew thousands in Vegas after the bank robbery

Prisons across the state had to throw open their doors, freeing Ovando, Rojas, and many others. Almost 100 cases have been overturned; up to 4,000 may wind up back in court.

In spring of this year, police chief Bernard Parks formally disbanded all CRASH units. This August, a federal judge ruled that the LAPD could be sued under RICO statutes, essentially declaring that the LAPD is a criminal enterprise.

The ruling increased the city liability to staggering proportions. Already, Mayor Richard Riordan earmarked the city's $300 million tobacco settlement to pay off gang members whose civil rights were trampled. It might not be enough.

On February 25, at his sentencing hearing, Perez tried to explain his actions to an outraged public. "The lines between right and wrong became fuzzy and indistinct," he said in an unwavering voice. "I stepped over that line landing with both feet sometimes on innocent people. It didn't occur to me that I was destroying lives." Ray Perez remains in protective custody in a Los Angeles County jail, from where he recently informed his lawyer that he has found God.

David Mack got 14 years in a federal prison for the bank robbery but never told the authorities where he had stashed the major part of the money. Mack has been transferred to a federal prison in the Midwest, where he has repudiated his police past and claimed heavyweight gang connections.

Rojas, the ex-gang member who was framed for drugs, says he crossed paths with Mack as he was being transferred from one prison to another. As Rojas sat across the hall from Mack, he passed the former cop a note, asking, "How does it feel?"

He never got an answer. M

—Additional reporting by Laurina Gibbs and Charles Rappleye

Photograph, top, Charlie Langella (building)

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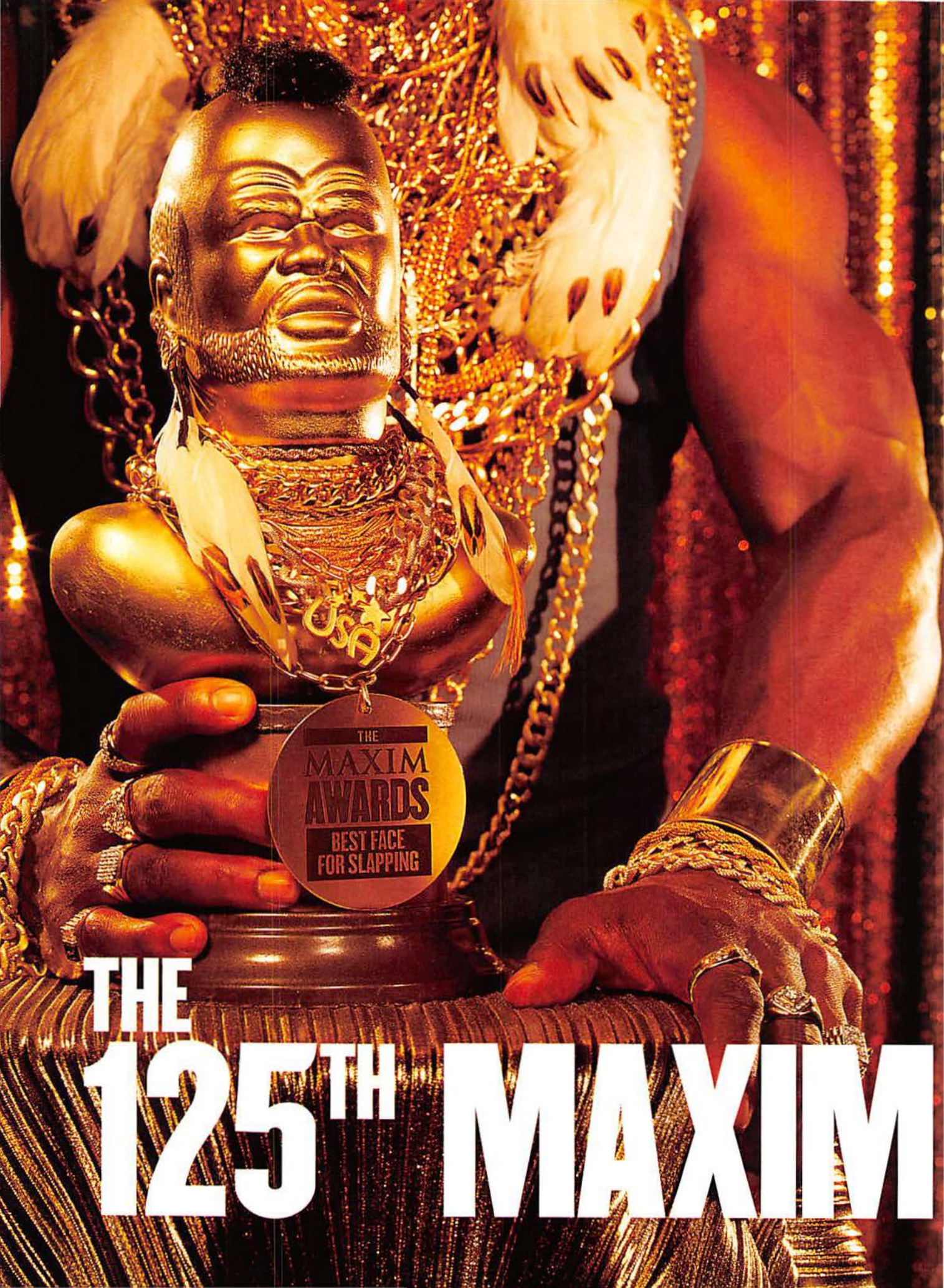

THE 125TH MAXIM

Chase scenes, gratuitous nudity, sports brawls: Maxim salutes the very best of all that matters.

By the Staff of Maxim

With the MTV music and movie awards, the People's Choice and Teen Choice awards, the Oscars, Emmys, Grammys, Tonys, Obies, Hueys, Deweys, and Louies, Hollywood's at risk of collapsing into a superdense white dwarf of gold-plated statuettes.

But what if there were only one show, one mighty awards ceremony that highlighted the very best of movies, music, sports, TV, gear, and the rest of pop culture?

So we're taking the plunge. And we're going to ask you, our readers, to pick the winners—to decide who goes home with a dazzling Golden T (left) and who goes home in tears. Cast your votes at www.maximonline.com, and log in again later to watch the ceremony unfold. Only then will you find out whether you won one of our extravagant prizes…or just the warm satisfaction of knowing you brought a smile to the face of somebody famous. And isn't that what it's all about?

HOW TO VOTE

It's like democracy, only more fun!

On most awards shows, winners are determined by some super-cool set of Hollywood insiders. Well, they wouldn't take our calls, so we're asking you, the *Maxim* reader, to pick the winners for us. Visit Maxim Online on company time like you do every morning. Cast your votes, then watch for details of the fabulous awards ceremony to come, when the handsome Golden T statuettes find homes. If only jury duty was this easy.

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The Maxim Awards: Through the Years

1875 With the movies, TV, pro sports, and the Web yet to be invented, the inaugural Maxim Awards relies on categories that seem quaint now, like Wittiest Riposte and Tastiest Horehound. But in a hint of the deviltry to come, "looting Antietam's dead" scores Worst New Job.

1876 Just weeks after Alexander Graham Bell patents the telephone, 12-year-old Humphrey Bowler wins the Best Prank Call prize for his now classic Prince-Albert-in-a-can joke. He's later beaten to death by an Irish cop.

1903 Orville Wright receives a Special Award in Applied Sciences for ▶▶▶

"I'd like to thank all the tasty little people."

MOVIES

Shining moments—and darkest hours—from the year in cinema.

LEAST BELIEVABLE FOREIGN ACCENT
☐ Joaquin Phoenix, *Gladiator*
☐ Rosanna Arquette, *The Whole Nine Yards*
☐ Robert De Niro, *The Adventures of Rocky & Bullwinkle*
☐ Arnold Schwarzenegger, *End of Days*

BEST FACE FOR SLAPPING
☐ Robin Williams
☐ Matthew McConaughey
☐ Ralph Fiennes
☐ Heather from *The Blair Witch Project*

CHICK YOU'D MOST HAPPILY LET BEAT YOU UP
☐ Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, *X-Men*
☐ Jennifer Lopez, *The Cell*
☐ Aaliyah, *Romeo Must Die*
☐ Salma Hayek, *Chain of Fools*

FUNNIEST PORN KNOCKOFF TITLE
☐ *American Booty*
☐ *The Sopornos*
☐ *Glad He Ate Her*
☐ *Sorest Rump*

TRIPPIEST PSYCHO
☐ Christian Bale, *American Psycho*

☐ Angelina Jolie, *Girl, Interrupted*
☐ Vincent D'Onofrio, *The Cell*
☐ Stephen Dorff, *Cecil B. DeMented*
☐ Tammy Faye Bakker, *The Eyes of Tammy Faye*

WORTHIEST ROBOT OR MONSTER
☐ The Golgothan, *Dogma*
☐ The *real* Godzilla, *Godzilla 2000*
☐ Darth Maul, *The Phantom Menace*
☐ Kevin Bacon, *Hollow Man*
☐ Bette Midler, *Isn't She Great*

OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN PROFANITY
☐ *The Original Kings of Comedy*
☐ *Scary Movie*
☐ *Boiler Room*
☐ *Me, Myself & Irene*
☐ *Nutty Professor II: The Klumps* ▶

Nice pole position

AWARDS

"Mom, the stripper's here..."

THROW A BASH!

Throw your very own Maxim Awards party in style.

Voting is only half the fun…OK, voting isn't even remotely fun. But parties are fun, so why not pull up a room and watch the live Webcast of the Maxim Awards (details online at www.maximonline.com) with a passel of buds and a cooler of Buds? Don't cost nothin'.

THE PLACE

A large, uncluttered space with good floor drainage is key. If your local hospital for the criminally insane won't rent to the likes of you, an emptied-out garage will do just fine. Drunk-proof the place ahead of time by removing anything remotely fragile. Books, videos, your Hummel figurine collection…all of it. That water-pipe thingy over there can stay, but for the love of God, don't spill it.

THE GEAR

For every 20 guests, you'll need five cases of cold beer, five pounds of ice, four bags of crispy nitrite snacks, poker chips, crappy cigars, three bottles of squeeze cheese, two Nixon masks, a couple of beach balls, and a dog with a bandana tied around its neck.

THE PARTY

1) Collect all car keys before you open the bar. If anyone objects, explain that it's just like that "key party" in *The Ice Storm* and that Sigourney Weaver will be coming by later to have sex with him. 2) Put a cigarette lighter, a church key, and a handful of condoms in your pocket—you'll be the hero all night. 3) Finally, make sure the fat guy shows up. You did invite one, didn't you?

"Hey! Stop! I drink outta that!"

THE AWARDS

Log on to www.maximonline.com, print out blank awards show ballots and pass out the pencils. Charge five bucks or so per ballot, and score one point for each correct guess. Winner takes the pot. And we'd best get our cut, bitch.

The Maxim Awards: Through the Years

inventing the "yard-high club" at Kitty Hawk, N.C., coupling feverishly with a game local lass for 7.3 seconds before his primitive plane touches down. To this day the little chamber at the front of the plane's known as the "cock pit."

1920 Best New Trend: sports gambling. Worst New Trend: prohibition. Gadget of the Year: the Tommy gun.

1925 While accepting the Most Stirring Summation award for his Scopes ("monkey trial") speech, attorney William Jennings Bryan is attacked by a pack of rabid gibbons set loose in the auditorium by a drunk and bitter Clarence Darrow. "This won't be the last time those monkeys come back to bite Bryan in the ass," observes rake H.L. Mencken.

1942 British Prime Minister Winston Churchill nabs the Sneakiest Dirty Joke award after a radio address about the war effort in which

...MOVIES

MOST CREATIVE LETHAL WEAPON
☐ Anna Paquin as a living mutant bomb in *X-Men*
☐ Jackie Chan's moose antler attack in *Shanghai Noon*
☐ Liz Hurley in *Bedazzled*
☐ The pie machine in *Chicken Run*

WILDEST CHASE SCENE
☐ The incredible wrecking-ball scene, *Gone in 60 Seconds*
☐ Tom Cruise and Thandie Newton, *M:I2*
☐ Boat pursuit, *The World is Not Enough*
☐ The *Andrea Gail* vs. the Atlantic, *The Perfect Storm*

BEST ACTOR WHOSE NAME YOU NEVER KNOW
☐ That guy who played one of Gary Sinise's gang in *Reindeer Games* and one of Mel Gibson's gang in *The Patriot*
☐ That guy who played the crime lord in *Romeo Must Die*
☐ That guy who played the fat kid in *Boogie Nights*
☐ That guy who played John Cusack's record-store clerk in *High Fidelity*
☐ That guy who played Jim Carrey's boss in *Me, Myself & Irene*

GNARLIEST BATTLE SCENE
☐ Guerilla Mel Gibson vs. the redcoats, *The Patriot*
☐ Flamethrowing Romans vs. spear-waving Krauts, *Gladiator*
☐ Milla Jovovich vs. England, *The Messenger*
☐ Uncle Sam and his stolen Enigma machine vs. the Krauts, *U-571*
☐ Evil Trade Federation droids vs. annoying Naboo aliens, *The Phantom Menace*

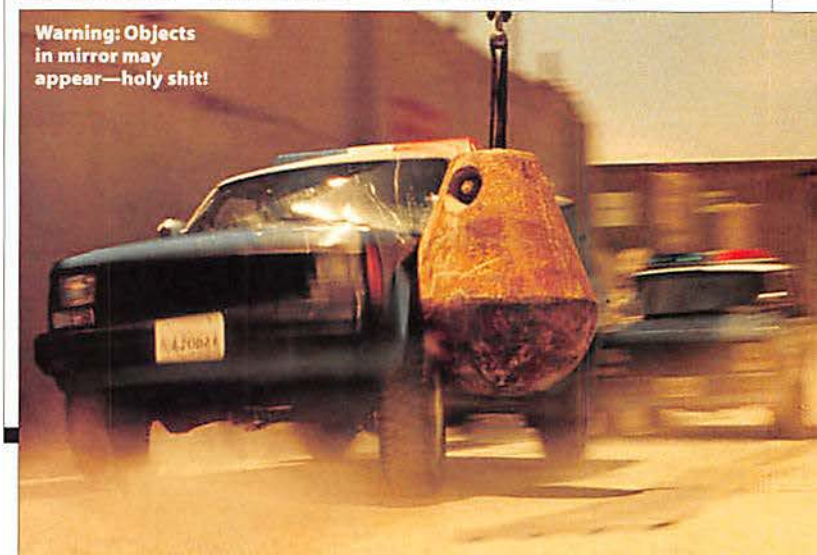
MOST AWESOME DISPLAY OF MARTIAL ARTS
☐ Russell Wong vs. Jet Li, *Romeo Must Die*
☐ Jackie Chan vs. Roger Yuan, *Shanghai Noon*
☐ Tom Cruise vs. Dougray Scott, *M:I2*
☐ Wesley Snipes vs. Michael Biehn, *The Art of War*
☐ Liam Neeson and Ewan McGregor vs. Ray Park, *The Phantom Menace*

SLAP-HAPPIEST CHICK FIGHT
☐ Lolita Davidovich clocks Lucy Liu, *Play It to the Bone*
☐ Kirsten Dunst goes pom-pom to pom-pom with Gabrielle Union, *Bring It On*
☐ Wacky Alicia Witt abducts fetchingly pouty starlet Melanie Griffith, *Cecil B. DeMented*
☐ Susan Ward goes all psycho-hottie on poor Lori Heuring, *The In Crowd*

TASTIEST SUPPORTING SUPERMODEL
☐ Claudia Schiffer, *Black and White*
☐ Rebecca Romijn-Stamos, *X-Men*
☐ Amber Valletta, *What Lies Beneath*
☐ Michele Hicks, *Twin Falls Idaho*
☐ James King, *Pearl Harbor*

MOST DEEPLY SATISFYING GRATUITOUS NUDITY
☐ Ashley Judd, *Eye of the Beholder*
☐ Mena Suvari, *American Beauty*
☐ Jennifer Lopez, *The Cell*
☐ Amanda Peet, *The Whole Nine Yards*

And she's even got a bear for you


Warning: Objects in mirror may appear—holy shit!

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"Shit! My contact! Nobody move."

TELEVISION

Small-screen wonders...and blunders.

SEXIEST SPACE BABE
☐ Jeri Ryan, the bodacious Borg on *Star Trek: Voyager*
☐ Xenia Seeberg, the half-lizard love slave on *Lexx: The Series*
☐ Gigi Edgley, the slinky scam artist on *Farscape*
☐ Nicole de Boer, the sizzlin' symbiont on *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*

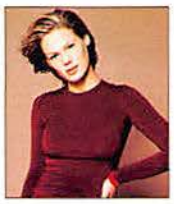
SHOW THAT'S MOST OVERSTAYED ITS WELCOME
☐ *The X Files*
☐ *Late Show With David Letterman*
☐ *The Real World*
☐ *Arli$$*

WACKIEST NEIGHBOR
☐ Fez, *That '70s Show*
☐ Ned Flanders, *The Simpsons*
☐ Ray's parents, *Everybody Loves Raymond*
☐ Mrs. Dubcek, *3rd Rock from the Sun*

HOTTEST NEWS BABE
☐ Serena Altschul, *MTV News*
☐ Maria Bartiromo, *CNBC Business News with Maria Bartiromo*
☐ Daljit Dhaliwal, *ITN World News*
☐ Jules Asner, E! News Daily

BEST NEW SHOW
☐ *Dark Angel* (Fox)
☐ *Nikki* (WB)
☐ *BattleBots* (Comedy Central)
☐ *Freedom* (UPN)

BEST MALE TV CHARACTER
☐ Homer Simpson, *The Simpsons*
☐ DA Adam Schiff, *Law & Order*
☐ The Rock, *WWF Smackdown!*
☐ Adebisi, *Oz*



BEST FEMALE TV CHARACTER
☐ Faith, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*
☐ Cordelia Chase, *Angel*
☐ Max, *Dark Angel*
☐ Cassidy, *Nash Bridges*

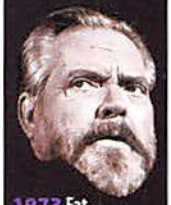
TV MOMENT OF THE YEAR
☐ Angelina Jolie soul-kisses her brother at the Oscars
☐ Jim Carrey accepts MTV Movie Award as Jim Morrison
☐ That old lady with the ukelele gets kicked off the island (*Survivor*)
☐ Daniela Pestova lets a train make her a pair of Levi's shorts (commercial)

The Maxim Awards: Through the Years

he announces, "It will be long, it will be hard, and there will be no withdrawal." Runner-up: Rear Admiral Johnson's "The seamen poured across her poop deck, and the battle was lost."

1954 "Best Gams for an Old Babe" Greta Garbo is tripped en route to the stage by rising star Marilyn Monroe, and this results in a rousing, gown-ripping chick fight. The audience, spellbound, erupts into spontaneous applause; the event gets its own award the following year and has been part of the show ever since.

1963 In solemn recognition of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, the bestowal of the Best Oval Office Slam-Pig award is suspended for one year.



1973 Fat, Disgusting SOB of the Year award candidates Marlon Brando and Orson

▶▶▶

SPORTS

Big-league winners and losers.

GNARLIEST INJURY
☐ The Eric Lindros concussion, May 26, Game 7, Eastern Conference finals
☐ Piazza stops a Clemens fastball with his skull, July 8, Yankee Stadium
☐ Dallas Star Joe Nieuwendyk sticks Jersey Devil Claude Lemieux in the throat, June 1
☐ Cincinnati's Kenyon Martin snaps right fibula in opening game of Conference USA, March 9

BEST SPORTS BRAWL
☐ Cubs vs. Dodgers, May 16; 16 players, three coaches booted
☐ Millwall vs. Cardiff, Wales, August 7—melee organized online by net-wise thugs
☐ Red Sox vs. Devil Rays, August 29; five game-stopping brawls!
☐ Citrus Bowl, January 1; Gators stomp Wolverines to support mugged teammate Kenyatta Walker

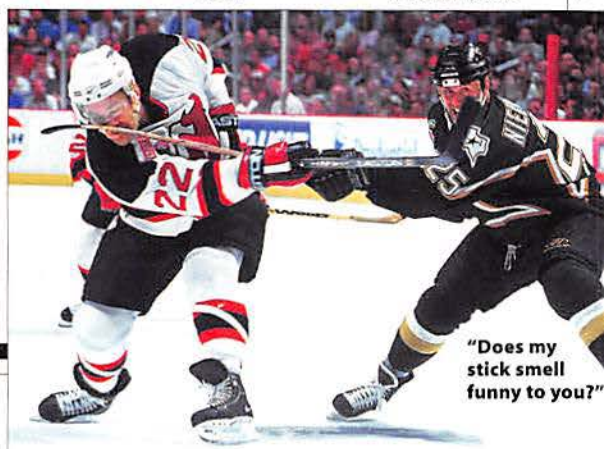
"Must...ignore ...distracting pitstench..."

ATHLETE OF THE YEAR
☐ Kobe Bryant
☐ Tiger Woods
☐ Anna Kournikova
☐ Lance Armstrong

GAME OF THE YEAR
☐ Super Bowl XXXIV, January 30. Rams score with under two to go for their first-ever Super Bowl win, 23–16 over their Tennessee rivals.
☐ Mariners vs. Red Sox, August 1. After 19 innings, Mariners win on a Cameron homer.
☐ PGA Championship, August 20. Tiger Woods' grueling one-stroke victory didn't touch the spread.
☐ Felix Trinidad vs. Oscar de la Hoya, Mandalay Bay, Sept. 18. Trinidad takes the title (and a cool $8.5 mil) by decision.

BEST SPORTS MOMENT
☐ Tiger Woods' donning of green jacket at Augusta.
☐ Gretzky's retirement skate at the Garden.
☐ Brandi Chastain's World Cup striptease
☐ Yogi Berra's long-delayed return to Yankee Stadium for Old Timers' Day

MOST OVERPAID JOCK
☐ Jim McIlvaine, Seattle Sonics; $35 mil for seven years
☐ Shawn Kemp, Cavaliers; $71 mil for four years
☐ Raul Mondesi, Toronto Bluejays; $10 mil
☐ Kordell Stewart, Pittsburgh Steelers; $2.5 mil per year, $8 mil bonus
☐ Juwan Howard, Washington Wizards; $55 mil for three years


"Does my stick smell funny to you?"

TiVo helped cure my road rage.

I'm embarrassed to say...I was a mess. Every Thursday I'd leave work early so I could watch my favorite law show. I'd be sailing along, humming the theme song, which I absolutely love, when all of a sudden, gridlock traffic. And...I'd lose it. I, and this is hard to admit as a PTA member, wanted to throw my SUV into low and crush every living thing in front of me. Then my husband got me TiVo, which lets me watch the shows I want whenever I want to watch them. I especially cherish Season Pass,™ which automatically retrieves my favorite show week in and week out for the entire season. I'm fine now. And you'll be too if you go to **tivo.com** or your local electronics store.

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"Do my bidding, head... explode!"

MUSIC

The year's high and low notes.

SEXIEST VIDEO
- ☐ Aaliyah, "Try Again"
- ☐ Christina Aguilera, "What a Girl Wants"
- ☐ Toni Braxton, "He Wasn't Man Enough"
- ☐ Destiny's Child, "Say My Name"

BEST ROAD TRIP SONG
- ☐ "Bad Touch," Bloodhound Gang
- ☐ "Steal My Sunshine," Len
- ☐ "Who Let the Dogs Out," Baha Men
- ☐ "All the Small Things," Blink 182

BEST BAND YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF
- ☐ The Zambonis (Tarquin-Sumthing)
- ☐ Broadcast (Tommy Boy)
- ☐ At the Drive-In (Grand Royal)
- ☐ The Go-Betweens (Jet Set)

MOST UNDERRATED ARTIST
- ☐ De La Soul
- ☐ Elliott Smith
- ☐ Kelis
- ☐ Weezer
- ☐ Everclear

MOST OVERPLAYED VIDEO
- ☐ "Bye Bye Bye," 'N Sync
- ☐ "Real Slim Shady," Eminem
- ☐ "Higher," Creed
- ☐ "Thong Song," Sisqo

MOST OVERRATED ARTIST
- ☐ Eminem
- ☐ Moby
- ☐ Limp Bizkit
- ☐ Creed

DINOSAUR WHO SHOULD BE FORCIBLY RETIRED
- ☐ Sting
- ☐ Don Henley
- ☐ Mick Jagger
- ☐ Phil Collins
- ☐ Elton John

BEST MUSIC MOMENT
- ☐ Metallica sues Napster
- ☐ Tim Commerford climbs speaker tower at VMAs
- ☐ Rage Against the Machine's DNC performance
- ☐ Eric Clapton joins the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame

The Five Corey Feldmen

The Maxim Awards: Through the Years

Welles' exhibition sumo match goes horribly awry when the stage collapses, crushing the All Blind Orphans Chorus, who'd been innocently wandering into one another in the orchestra pit while awaiting their entrance cue.

1986 Judd Nelson goes home miffed and empty-handed when he discovers that his Lifetime Achievement in Nostril Flaring award was merely a ruse staged so the show's organizers could ask him what *St. Elmo's Fire* costar Joyce Van Patten is really like.

1992 Tragedy erupts when East Coast and West Coast rappers get into a deadly brawl over shared use of the backstage Frappuccino maker. Seven are killed, but nobody you've ever heard of.

2000 Kids, don't try this at home. Several staffers are hospitalized after "huffing" the *Maxim* blimp so they would talk funny. Who knew helium was toxic?

MISCELLANEOUS

Everything else that floated our boat.

Tom Green: at last, a comic with ball

COOLEST WEB SITE
- ☐ Fatchicksin partyhats.com
- ☐ Theonion.com
- ☐ Timmybig hands.com
- ☐ Eveo.com

MOST OVERRATED WEB SITE
- ☐ Farmclub.com
- ☐ Blairwitch.com
- ☐ MP3.com
- ☐ Hotwired.com

GADGET OF THE YEAR
- ☐ MP3 player
- ☐ Lightweight bulletproof vest
- ☐ Catapult watch
- ☐ Night-vision camcorder
- ☐ Storm-resistant cigarette lighter

CAR OF THE YEAR
- ☐ Audi TT
- ☐ Nitrous-oxide-boosted Hennessey Prowler GTX
- ☐ Aston Martin Volante
- ☐ Plymouth PT Cruiser
- ☐ Popemobile

BEST CELEBRITY GIRLFRIEND UPGRADE
- ☐ Tom Green, Drew Barrymore
- ☐ Freddie Prinze Jr., Sarah Michelle Gellar
- ☐ Chris Klein, Katie Holmes
- ☐ Justin Timberlake, Britney Spears

BALLSIEST CAREER MOVE
- ☐ Dennis Miller takes on *Monday Night Football*
- ☐ Kathie Lee Gifford quits *Live!*
- ☐ Hillary Clinton runs for U.S. Senate
- ☐ Marv Albert shows face in public

SEXIEST FEMALE NEWCOMER
- ☐ Izabella Miko
- ☐ Katherine Heigl
- ☐ Jessica Alba
- ☐ Penélope Cruz
- ☐ Monica Keena

FUNNIEST NEW COMEDIAN
- ☐ Godfrey
- ☐ Energetic fatso Reno Collier
- ☐ Smartass Bostonian Rick Harris
- ☐ *Dinner and a Movie* host Paul Gilmartin
- ☐ U.S. Comedy Arts Festival winner Candy Ford (and she's from Compton, so *step*!)

CATCHPHRASE OF THE YEAR
- ☐ "On my signal—unleash hell."
- ☐ "Wasssup?"
- ☐ "Is that your final answer?"
- ☐ "The tribe has spoken."
- ☐ "Drop the *chalupa*."

BEST TREND OF THE YEAR
- ☐ Thongs
- ☐ Fundamentalist Christians getting all pissed about Harry Potter
- ☐ Filthy MPEG files
- ☐ Australian girls in shorts all over the TV
- ☐ Celebrities going publicly insane, wandering or driving into other people's houses

WORST TREND OF THE YEAR
- ☐ Those stupid Razor scooters
- ☐ Boy bands
- ☐ *Survivor* mania
- ☐ People going to Cuba
- ☐ Dot.com billionaires

MAXIM MAN OF THE YEAR
- ☐ Homer Simpson
- ☐ Howard Stern
- ☐ David Wells
- ☐ Drew Carey
- ☐ Oliver Reed

MAXIM WOMAN OF THE YEAR
- ☐ Shannon Elizabeth
- ☐ Jennifer Lopez
- ☐ Kirsten Dunst
- ☐ Aaliyah
- ☐ Amanda Peet

"Outta the way, or I'll send you straight to hell!"

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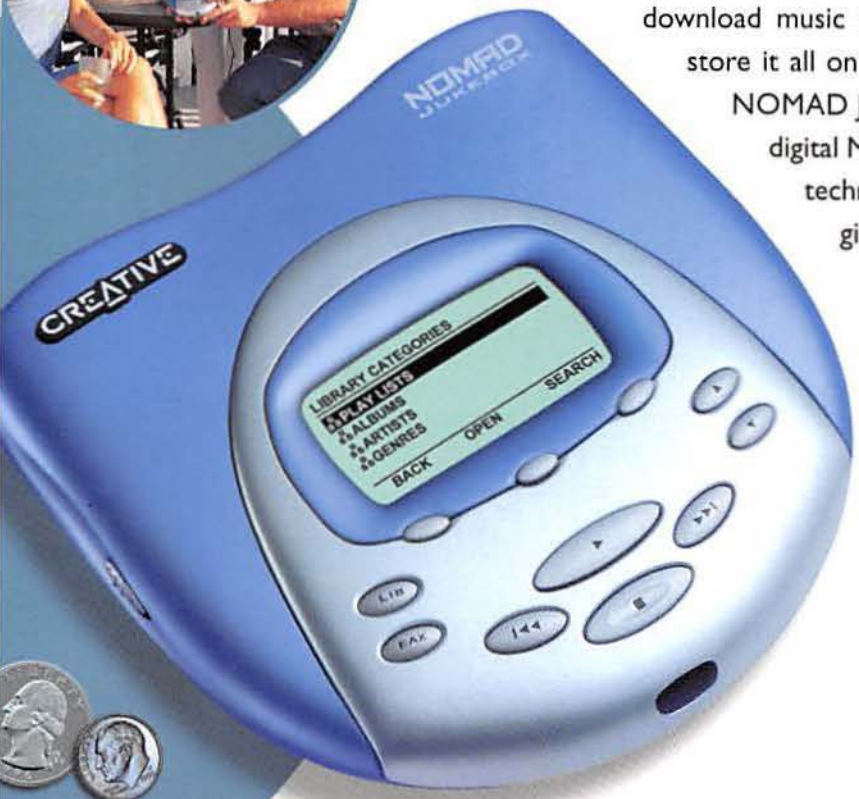

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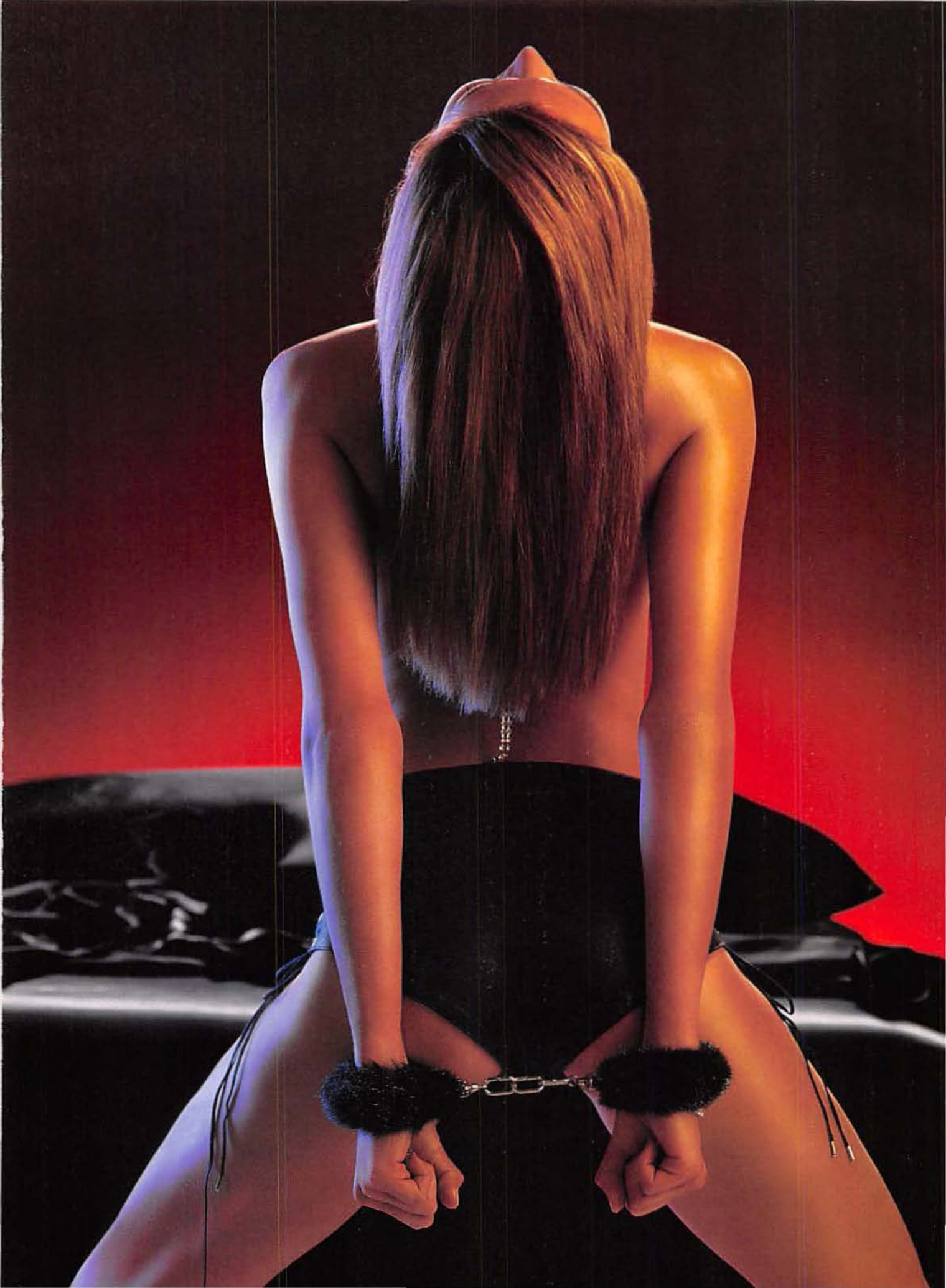

FREAK YOUR SEX LIFE

Calm her fears and get her to try it (and like it!) without setting off the perv alarm.

by Sasha Main
Photos by Dominick Guillemot

Nothing beats a roll in the hay—except maybe a roll in a Jacuzzi full of green Jell-O with two women in wigs. Unfortunately, most of you have probably experienced the former more than the latter. You may blame it on the fact that your current relationship is past that shag-till-sunrise honeymoon period or that your girlfriend's about as receptive to new sexual experiences as she would be to an alien implant, but life's too short for excuses. That's why *Maxim*'s offering 10 edgy activities that will expand your sexual horizons—and hers. Since she'll probably say "No way in hell am I doing that" when you first pop the question, we've also devised ways to warm her up to the idea, so you can have a night of risqué sex without the risk of being labeled a weirdo.

Aural Sex

The payoff: Dirty talk encourages porno-style sex without the god-awful 70s Muzak soundtrack.
The risk: She'll think you're Johnny Wadd's younger (and smaller) brother.
How to pull it off: Start with a G-rated vocabulary, then build toward XXX. Instead of murmuring incoherently while she's polishing your torpedo, tell her "Your mouth feels so warm and wet." If she doesn't trade your bologna for a cigarette in disgust, push it further, gradually bringing her up to speed on your depraved thoughts. By the time you get to twisted it'll seem, well, almost...normal.

Of course, you need her to yak, too. Ask questions like "How does that feel?" That's how Julie, 26, got her start. "At first I was too shy to respond with much more than 'That feels good,' she says. "But after a while, my words got wilder. The next time I said, 'That feels really good,' which eventually morphed into 'really fucking good.'"

Another tactic is to ask her "What do you want to me to do to you?" and make her request sexual favors by ▶

Tying Things Up

The payoff: It's the ultimate carte blanche: She can't push you away, smack you, or—don't forget the ball gag—say "No thanks" to any activity.
The risk: When she's tied up, you'll brandish a meat cleaver and say, "Dinner time!"
How to pull it off: Before she'll let you render her helpless, you've got to establish not only that you're not a psycho but that you can read her sexual cues more accurately than a Geiger counter. Recounts Larissa, 31: "He was so in tune with my sexuality, I knew he could turn me on without my guidance. We had dated six months before I let him handcuff me to the bed. It was worth the wait."

To awaken her submissive urges, first try a little tie-me-up without the strings. Hold her wrists above her head when you kiss her, or pull her toward you by grabbing onto her shirt or skirt. If you do graduate to real ropes, tie them loosely so she can get out if she panics when she realizes she's missing *Oprah*. "One time my boyfriend loosely tied me up with my pantyhose, then teased me for hours," says Sophie, 24. "I could have undone my bonds anytime, but it was enough of a suggestion of force to give sex that night an edgy, erotic feel." **Freak factor: 4**

'He was so in tune with my sexuality, I knew he could turn me on without my guidance.'

Wig Out

The payoff: A different appearance can encourage her to act like a different person, feeding your biological jonesing for sex with more females.
The risk: She'll think it's a half-assed way of cheating on her.
How to pull it off: Steer her toward the wig section of a department store. Once she dons a do you like, say, "Excuse me, do I know you?" If she's game, she'll fabricate a new name. Then ask her if she'd like to come over for "coffee."

Focus on how cool and sexy *she* is for taking on a new persona—not the new persona. Says Katrina, 26: "He called me a new name—Bambi or something tarty like that. But at the end, he said, 'Sorry Bambi, I miss Katrina. I can't see you anymore.' That convinced me, in a roundabout way, that no girl compared to me. It was so sweet, I took off the wig and jumped him again." **Freak factor: 2**

name—an I-dare-you-to-say-it strategy that got Celeste, 26, swearing like a sailor: "He knew I wanted him to go down on me, but he wouldn't do it until I told him to. I kept my lips zipped for a while, but eventually I wanted it so bad I started screaming 'Eat me out!' in a number of ways. The more graphic my language was, the more he got into it." **Freak factor: 1**

The Mile-High Club

The payoff: The possibility that you two will be caught sharing more than toothpaste does wonders for the libido.
The risk: You'll get caught by a nun, be kicked off the plane by an uptight stewardess, or suffer possibly fatal "turbulence torque."
How to pull it off: The lower your odds of getting busted, the more willing your girl will be to become a mile-high member. Get a red-eye flight so most of the passengers and flight attendants will be too groggy to hear—or care—you're hot-dogging in the loo.

Next, place some blankets over her lap, and give her some covert manual foreplay. (She should dress appropriately: A skirt's better than a one-piece prison jumpsuit, for example.) Once she starts to get into it, whisper in her ear, "I want you so bad...should we try it?" Hopefully she'll take the bait, like Michelle, 28: "I've never had any desire to have sex on a plane, but my boyfriend had me so riled up in my seat that I'd have done it anywhere. I told him I was going to the bathroom and that he should follow me in 20 seconds so as not to look conspicuous. I was so turned on that we both orgasmed in less time than it takes most people to brush their teeth."

If you have to have high-altitude sex but can't talk her into it, you can always cheat via a custom sex plane: Log on to www.milehighclub.com or www.fantasiesaloft.com, which offer a featherbed mattress on their one-hour flights. Just leave out that little detail when you're bragging about being in the club, wouldja?
Freak factor: 2 (0 if you cheat)

'He knew I wanted him to go down on me, but he wouldn't do it until I begged him to.'

Playing School

The payoff: Mutual perversion leads to frank, no-holds-barred gruntfests.
The risk: She'll think you're a closet pedophile.
How to pull it off: To avoid being labeled as having a Lolita complex, discuss your lust in age-neutral terms. Don't tell her you sport wood when she acts like a 14-year-old—she'll have a right to get skeeved. Instead tell her you find it a turn-on when she acts innocent (a mindset that can occur at any age). You don't want to deflower her, you just want to show her some new tricks. *Capiche?*

Also, she'll see the time you invest in your fantasy as time invested in the relationship, which is always a good thing. "My boyfriend went all out during our role-playing," says Candace, 26. "He bought me a schoolgirl-style short plaid skirt, white blouse, brown Mary Janes with heels, and a lollipop. I was so psyched he took the time that I really got into it." Yes, she really is 26...we promise. **Freak factor: 2**

The Spying Game

The payoff: Spying on your girl getting naked—or getting off—fulfills a healthy fantasy you've had since age 15.
The risk: Your girlfriend will worry you're also sneaking peeks at the big-busted divorcée next door.
How to pull it off: To calm her fears that you're a habitual Peeping Tom, convince her that you want to watch only her. Start up close and personal. Ask her to masturbate in bed while you watch, side by side. If she pulls that off successfully, tell her you want to see her do it again—this time from a distance. "Once I got comfortable masturbating in front of my guy, he said he'd always wanted to watch me from the window," says Abby, 27. "He loved thinking I was so horny that I had to get myself off without him. He got so excited talking about it that I got excited. Next thing I know, I'm standing near the first-floor window touching myself as he's peering in from outside. When neither of us could stand it anymore, I opened the window, he climbed in, and we had amazing sex." **Freak factor: 3.5** ▶

Stylist, Seanita Palmer for ARTISTS; prop stylist, Greg Meyer for Oliver Pro; makeup, Molly Roncal for Garren New York; Nathaniel Hawkins for Garren New York

New Durex **Natural Feeling** condoms.

After all, isn't that **the point?**

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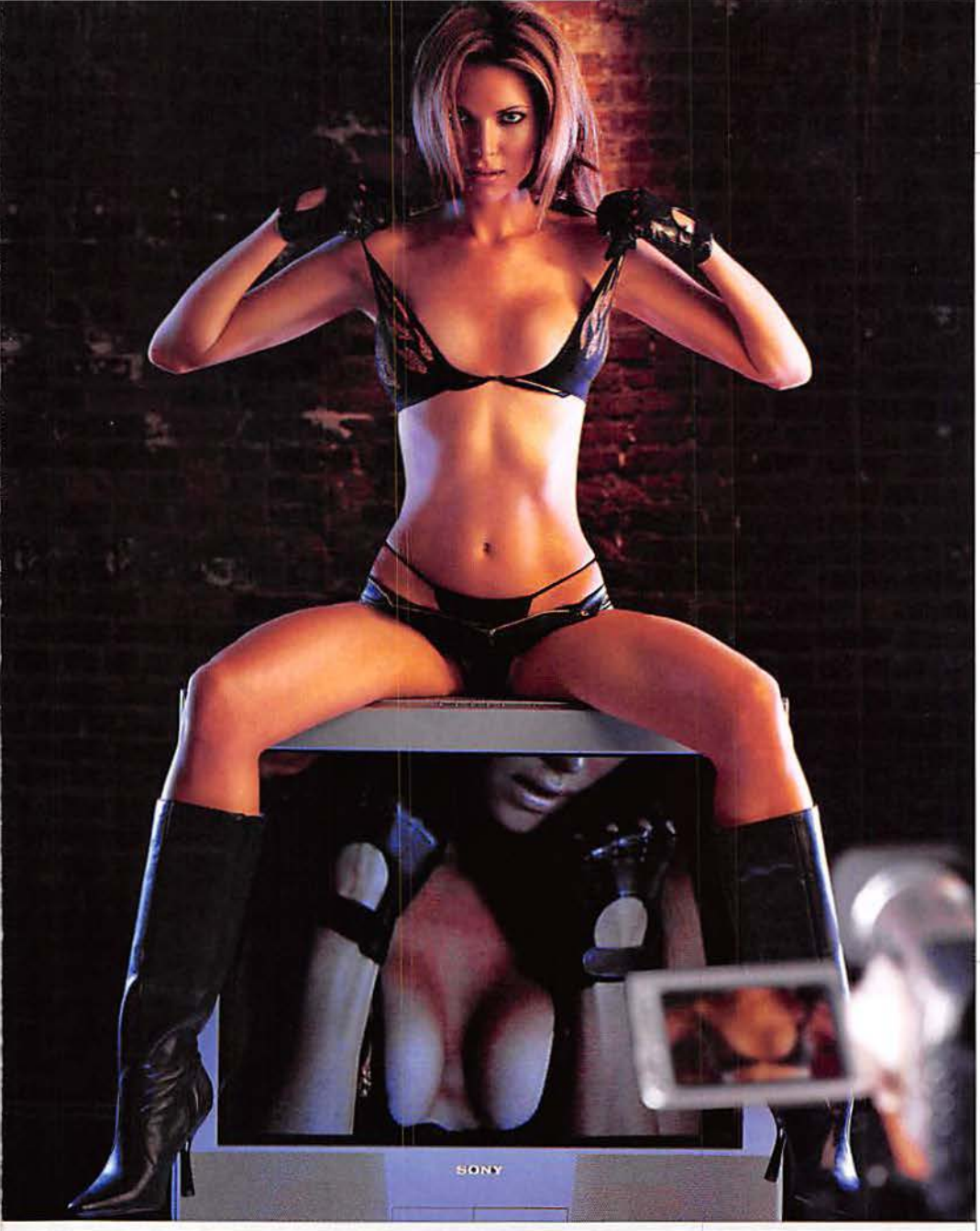
set yourself free



FREAK-OUTS!

Real ladies share stories of freaky sex gone bad.

"This guy tied a friend of mine to the bed. After they did it, he just took off—left her face up, naked, with her legs spread out. Funny, right? It got worse: His roommate came home—and instead of helping her, he brought jelly from the kitchen, smeared it on her bare feet, and let the dog in to lick it off! What is that?!"—**Ann, 29**

"My Halloween date showed up dressed up as a nun. Not so unusual, except when we were alone, he took on a weird persona, bending over and saying, 'I've been a bad nun. Please spank me.' I wasn't offended—I'm not even Catholic—but he was too insistent, and way too comfortable in that getup. I heaved that ho."—**Eva, 27**

"I tried to ride my boyfriend while he was driving, so I squeezed my cheeks between his hips and the steering wheel, which, needless to say didn't leave much room to romp. My head started to bump against his headrest, as he swerved around, trying not to drive through someone's living room. Ultimately he lost his rise before we could take full advantage."—**Denise, 30**

"We went back to his place after one date. When I came out of the bathroom, it was dark except for a TV playing a high-speed video loop of a woman masturbating. Might have been funny if I'd been seeing this guy for a while... but on a first date? Creeped me out."—**Erin, 27**

"We decided to do it on the floor. Problem is, it's polished hardwood so each time he'd thrust, he'd push me across the floor. No traction. He really got into it, started making car noises; steering me around like a friggin' Chrysler. *'R-r-r-r! Vroom, vroom!'* I peeled out."—**Kim, 33**

Back-Door Delivery

The payoff: Besides the tightness thing, anal sex is more taboo— and titillating— than shouting "Satan lives!" during a church service.

The risk: Even if you have a quart of 10W30 on your dipstick, she knows she'll be waddling the next day.

How to pull it off: Erase her fear that anal sex is just one big, painful practical joke on womankind: Let her be on top. "I'd had bad experiences with guys in the past entering me too fast. So when my current boyfriend asked about it, I said I would only if I could control the action," says Mara, 29. "So he lay on his back, and I took my time easing onto him. After a while it felt so good, I allowed him take over thrusting duties."

If she does allow you to take the reins from the start, lay on the lube as if your life depended on it. And make sure to test the waters with one, then two fingers before you let little Johnny jump in. Says Patti, 27: "Once my boyfriend showed me with his hand how good it feels to be stroked down there, I was raring for more. I really thought it would be a one-time thing, but I was so pleasantly surprised, we've both become anal-sex connoisseurs."

Freak factor: 4.5 ▶

Film the Act

The payoff: She may put on a better show once she's on camera; plus, the experience may soften her up for watching pornos regularly.

The risk: She thinks you'll share it with a pool room full o' frat brothers or "accidentally" return it to the video store.

How to pull it off: The only way to calm her fears that her performance won't become famous throughout town is to let her keep the evidence. "After he told me I could keep the tape, I was much more comfortable with going on film," swears Jenna, 27. "I don't even tell him where I hide it. It's so cute to see him beg for it when he's over at my place."

So the tape is hers. But then she may start wondering, *Doesn't a camera add 10 pounds?* To solve your girlfriend's concerns about her body flaws, tell her that the very reason you want her to go on tape is because she's the hottest girl you've ever been with. In case this isn't 100 percent true, lower your lighting or use candlelight, like the boyfriend of Amy, 27, did during their porno shoot. "The light from a few candles made our skin look smooth and sexy, and also made our bodies sleeker," she said. It will also keep you from saying to yourself later, "Sheesh, who knew my ass was so damn hairy?" **Freak factor: 3**

Move over Lara Croft, there's a new lady in town!

–GamePro

F.A.K.K.2 blends all the best aspects of...'Legend of Zelda', 'Jedi Knight' and 'Tomb Raider', and avoids almost all the missteps of those games. I found myself asking, "Lara who?"
–Gamecenter.com

In comparison to Tomb Raider...the lead Fakk2 character is far more versatile, ...good looking and interactive. It's got everything that Tomb Raider never had!
–Speedy 3D

This game is seriously bad news for other 3D action/adventures. I've been gentle on Tomb Raider because really, despite the lack of innovation in that series, it was still the best of its breed. Not any more.
–Gamesmania

...she'd tear Ms. Lara Croft a new one
–Gamers Depot

Developed By: ritual entertainment

Gathering of Developers

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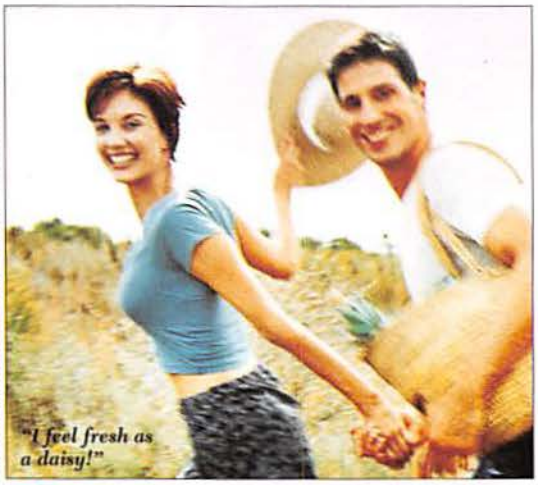
CHEAT SHEET

These sex "facts" are false but look convincing. Make a copy for your wallet. Let us know if you pull off a doozie down the line! (Geniuses: Leave this part off!)



"I feel fresh as a daisy!"

Strange... but True!

Last August the Kinney Institute of Sexual Health and Education in Chicago studied the sex habits and preferences of 1,021 women and reported the following findings:

1. 88% of the women surveyed reported that they "enjoy giving [oral sex]," with 67% of those respondents reporting that they do it either "7 to 8 times per week" or "as often as he requests it."

2. 63% of the women admitted to secretly wishing that their current husband/lover would ask them to join in a ménage à trois. Nearly half agreed with the statement "He can even pick the girl."

3. 81% of the women admitted to watching adult videos regularly, with 73% saying that they "practiced" the moves on the videos. Oddly, the 19% who said they "never watch" also registered larger hip measurements.

4. 74% of the women said that AC/DC as background music produced "significantly stronger" orgasms than the control soundtrack (Celine Dion).

Some other interesting statistics from the Kinney study:

- A majority of respondents (53%) correctly guessed that foreplay is so named because it is supposed to last four minutes or less.
- 79% of the women were unaware that sperm is a "fat coagulant" that is the nutritional equivalent of negative 500 calories per gram.
- A statistically insignificant 3% of the women said their partners had to get the glass of water.
- 64% of the women surveyed said the dog can watch "if it's OK with [their partner]."

Source: Kinney Institute Sexuality Study, August 2000

Holy Trinity

The payoff: Two girls means twice the T&A and everything in between.
The risk: She'll think that she only half satisfies you.
How to pull it off: "I've always wanted to dabble in a little woman-on-woman action with my man, but I get turned off when the guy starts drooling," says Mya, 31. "I know he's thinking, *that's two pussies for the price of one!* That's selfish. It makes me want to vomit." To avoid getting pegged a selfish male pig, focus on how much it would turn you on to see *her* with another woman.

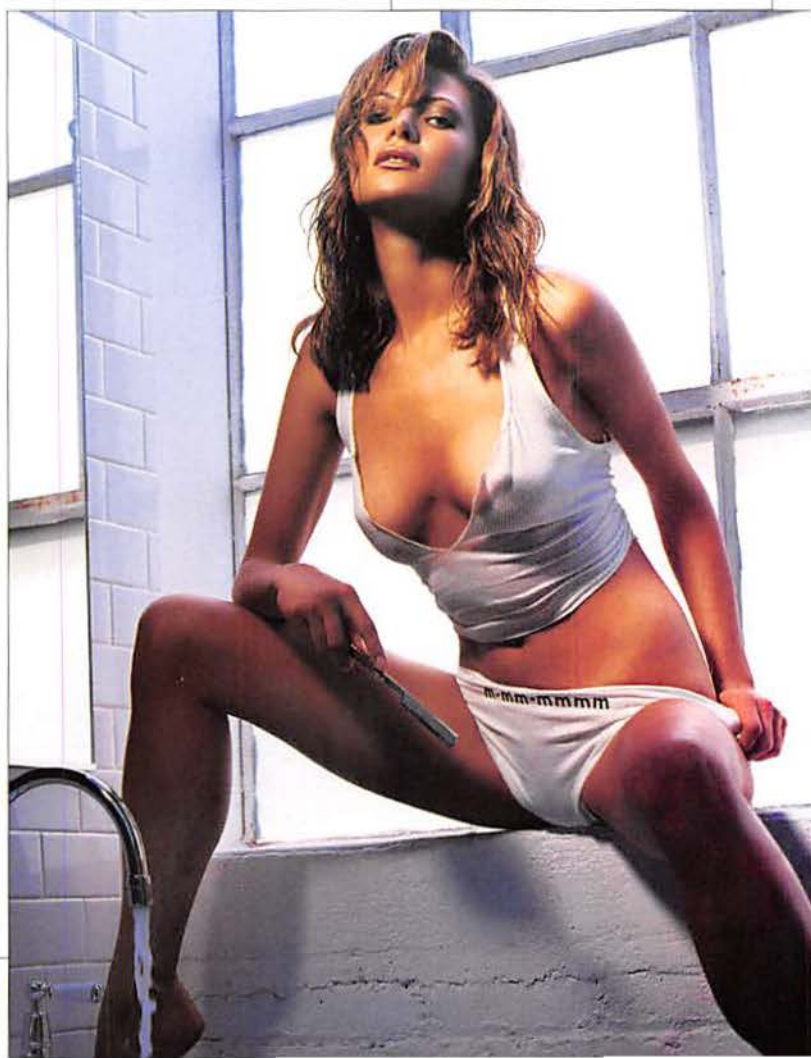
Ignore the double-D vision dancing in your head, and let her do the shopping. "Men would invite almost any decent-looking girl into a three-way," says Larissa, 26. "But I'd have to really like her to get into it." If you're lucky to land two girls on your mattress, don't act like a dog with two bones. Instead, sit back, let the girls run the show and thank Allah your girlfriend's so delightfully open-minded. **Freak factor: 5**

MAXIM ONLINE
Find more at: www.maximonline.com

Shaving Grace

The payoff: A crystal-clear view of muff central—and no more short 'n' curlies between your teeth.
The risk: Blades and blood...also that Lolita thing again.
How to pull it off: Sharp objects and surprises don't mix well. Don't whip out a razor while she's rinsing her hair in the shower. Instead, plant the idea in her head days before, while in bed. Since it's fantasy at that stage, she won't feel pressured to make a split-second decision with a sharp object near her hedges. "Sometimes sexual things I wouldn't do grow on me over time," says Chandra, 25. "I never thought about doing it and probably wouldn't have done it right then, but when he talked about it...the idea got to me."

Then sexify the process to the point of distraction. Molly, 28, was wooed into smooth sailing this way. "My boyfriend lit candles, propped me on the sink, spread my legs wide, and took his time applying shaving cream," she says. "As he teased and shaved me clean, he talked to me in a low, slow, sexy voice, saying he was going to give me the best oral sex of my life. He was *so* right." **Freak factor: 4**



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THE AGONY OF DEFEAT

Winning may not be everything, but it's a damned sight better than getting your ass kicked.

The Catch. The Shot Heard Round the World. The Miracle on Ice. The greatest moments in the history of sport. You can almost see the players leaping, hugging, screaming with joy as everyone is showered with champagne and announces his imminent departure for Disney World.

But something's missing: It's the pitcher who gave up the game-winning homer, hanging his head as he walks off the field to destroy a water cooler. It's the injured veteran struggling through his last game only to come up a yard short. It's the dejected goalie slumped in his crease after giving up an overtime goal in the Stanley Cup.

It's the loser. While the winners are showered with praise for their athletic prowess, no one properly humiliates the losers for their bonehead screwups. Until now. We've assembled a collection of the all-time greatest players, teams, and moments of pure, unadulterated failure. It's a collection about which we're proud to say, "This really, really sucks."

LOSER HALL OF SHAME: SCOTT NORWOOD

With four seconds left in Super Bowl XXV and the Bills down 20–19, Norwood tried a 47-yard field goal that a sports announcer described best: "It's high enough...It's deep enough...No good! It's wide right!" At the parade in Buffalo, Norwood gave a weepy speech as fans screamed "We forgive you!" The next season, after shanking three field goals and an extra point in one game, he got the boot. While the Bills lost three more Super Bowls, Norwood went home to Virginia—to sell insurance.

"One... singular sensation..."

"WE WUZ ROBBED!"

Some losers aren't born...they're made by officials.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

The U.S. has never lost in Olympic basketball, no matter what the scoreboard said in 1972. The U.S. led 50–49 when time ran out. Somehow, officials awarded the Soviets a do-over. The commies blew it, but a non-Olympic official demanded that the pinkos get another chance, and the U.S.S.R. scored for a 51–50 red victory. To this day, the U.S. refuses to claim their tarnished silvers. Adding insult to injury, U.S. coach Hank Iba was mugged that night, losing $370.

The Men's Room Fiasco

THE ZAMBONI GAME

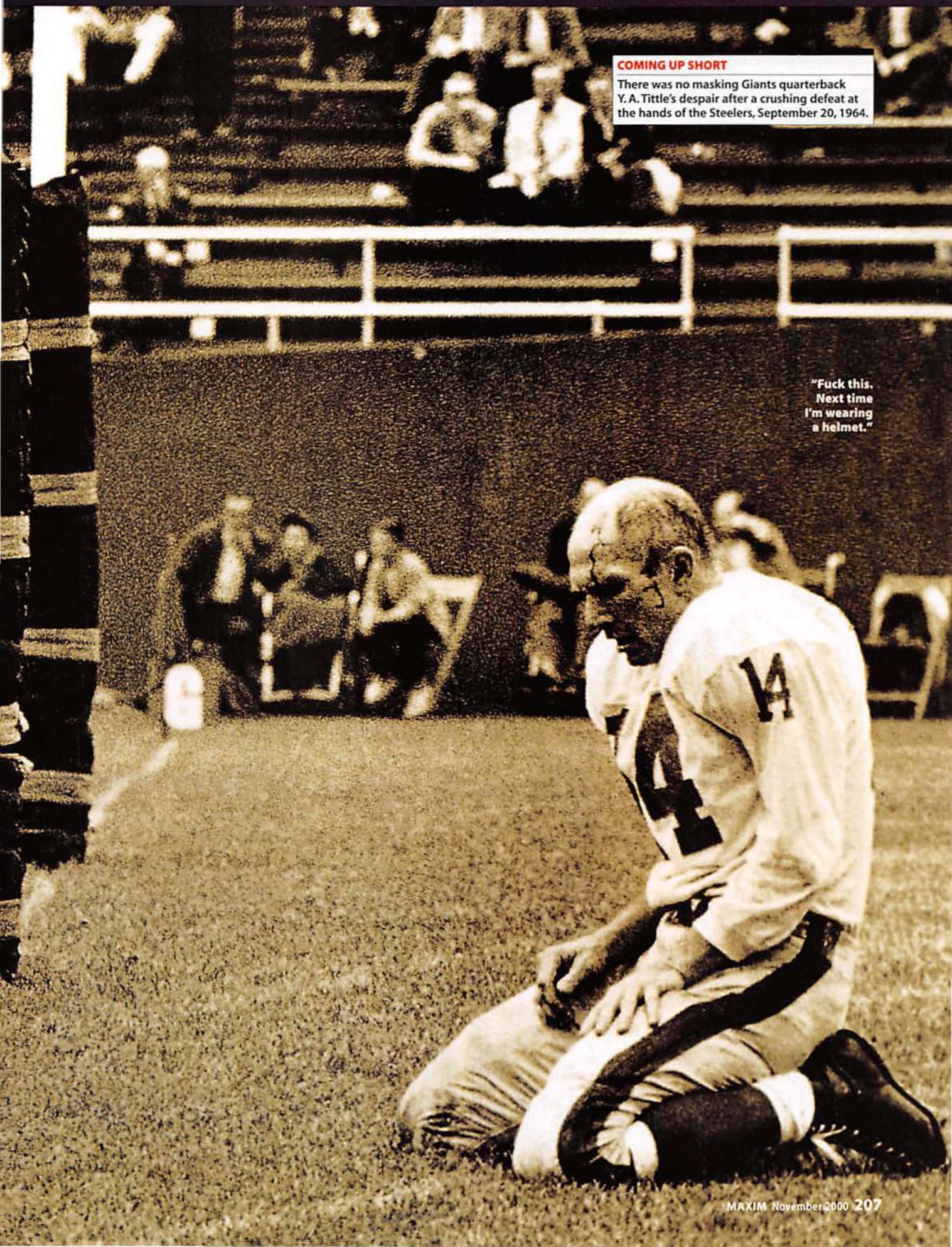
Near the end of a snowy game in 1982, the Dolphins and Patriots were scoreless with Patriots kicker John Smith about to try a 33-yarder. Patriot coach Ron Meyer told stadium worker Mark Henderson (a convicted felon) to drive a snow sweeper out to clear a spot for the kick. While the Dolphins watched in disbelief, Smith's boot was good, and the Pats robbed Miami 3–0. Ironically, the crime Henderson had been convicted of was...burglary.

"All o' you—off my lawn!"

THE PHANTOM GOAL

England beat West Germany in 1966 for its only World Cup title thanks to an overtime "goal" that hit the crossbar, bounced straight down, and straight into infamy. Despite protests, Soviet referee Tofik Bakhramov allowed the goal. Old World War II wounds may have been a factor—when asked to explain his call, Bakhramov said: "Stalingrad."

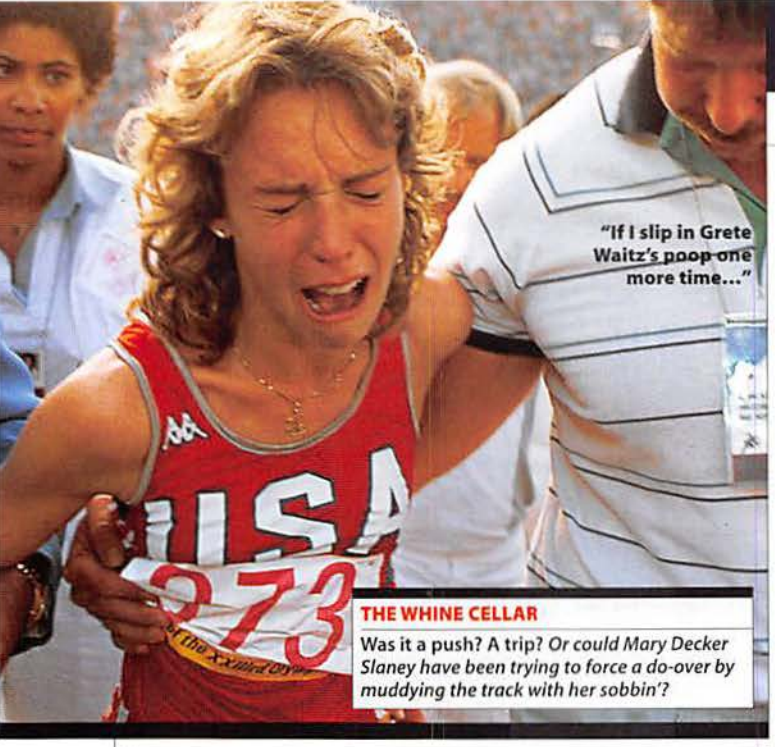
"Must...watch...floating orb."



COMING UP SHORT

There was no masking Giants quarterback Y. A. Tittle's despair after a crushing defeat at the hands of the Steelers, September 20, 1964.

"Fuck this. Next time I'm wearing a helmet."



"If I slip in Grete Waitz's poop one more time..."

THE WHINE CELLAR

Was it a push? A trip? *Or could Mary Decker Slaney have been trying to force a do-over by muddying the track with her sobbin'?*

BIGGEST CHOKES

Because sometimes you just have to snatch a defeat from the jaws of victory.

IRON MIKE GETS BUSTED

The 37–0 Tyson, overweight, overconfident, and undertrained, stepped into the ring against 43 to 1 underdog Buster Douglas. By the 10th round Mike was lying flat on the canvas, and a once-and-future fatso was the heavyweight champion of the world. Tidbit you didn't know: Midway through the pummeling, Tyson's face started to swell—but Tyson's cocky corner men hadn't bothered to bring ice. They filled a condom with bucket water and applied it to Mike's face, but the damage was done.

JOE PISARCIK'S FUMBLE

In Philadelphia, they call it The Miracle in the Meadowlands. On November 19, 1978, the Giants led Philly 17–12 with 1:23 left. On first down, QB Joe Pisarcik fell on the ball. Second down: Offensive coordinator Bob Gibson called a hand-off (huh?) to Larry Csonka. Then, unbelievably, Gibson called another run. Pisarcik screwed up the hand-off, and Philly picked up the fumble and ran for a touchdown. Gibson was fired the next day, but he's lucky—nobody remembers his name.

THE '78 RED FLOPS

Everybody in New England knows Bucky Dent and his homer that sent the sad-sack Sox packing for yet another winter. What people don't remember is the choke Boston pulled to get there. The All-Star break found the Sox up by 11½ games. Eventually, New York tied the division with a four-game sweep that Sox fans called The Boston Massacre. Still, it all came down to Bucky Bleeping Dent and the Mike Torrez gopher ball he knocked over the Green Monster. Torrez later said, "Somebody has to be the hero, and somebody had to be the goat." Hey, Mike—nice horns.

VAN CRASH

Jean Van de Velde was an unheralded nobody until the 1999 British Open. At the 18th tee on the final day, he held an apparently foolproof three-stroke lead. But then, as one commentator said, "His golfing brain deserted him." A few minutes later, after taking seven shots that visited grandstands, water, and almost everything else in his path to the cup, he lost to Paul Lawrie in a playoff. Afterward, Van de Velde protested, "Who'll remember in 100 years?" Jean, *that's why we're here.*

MILLER NIXES THE KNICKS

Nobody has tortured the Knicks as much as Reggie Miller. In a 1994 playoff game, he torched New York for 25 fourth-quarter points, giving Spike Lee the famous choke sign. But the big choke came one year later, when the Knicks gagged up eight points (and one steal) to Miller in the final *16.4 seconds,* giving Indy a 107–105 win. "They happen to luck up and win one and you should be humble," groused Knick John Starks.

"Stop looking at my goiter."

©1994 Newsday, Inc. (Miller)

LOPSIDED LOSSES

You can go down swinging, or just beg for mercy.

GEORGIA TECH 222, CUMBERLAND 0

It's hard to tell when this 1916 college football blowout got out of hand, considering the John Heisman-coached Jackets led 63–0 after the first quarter. Quote of the day: One Cumberland player told a teammate who had just fumbled, "You dropped it. You pick it up."

JAPAN 44, KUWAIT 1

At the 1999 Winter Asian Games, Kuwait was first drubbed by China 35–0, before facing hockey powerhouse Japan. The lone bright spot: #99 Al-Ajmi Salem—the 'Gretzky of Kuwait'—scoring the country's first-ever goal. "It was a great moment for Kuwait hockey on an otherwise dark day," said coach Bruce Smith, whose team was outshot 136–3. Saddam must've smiled.

BEARS 73, REDSKINS 0

The Skins had beaten the Bears 7–3 two weeks earlier, but Chicago's Bill Osmanski took off on a 68-yard touchdown run on the second play of this 1940 NFL championship. Nine other Bears scored, and the refs eventually asked them to stop kicking extra points because they were running out of footballs.

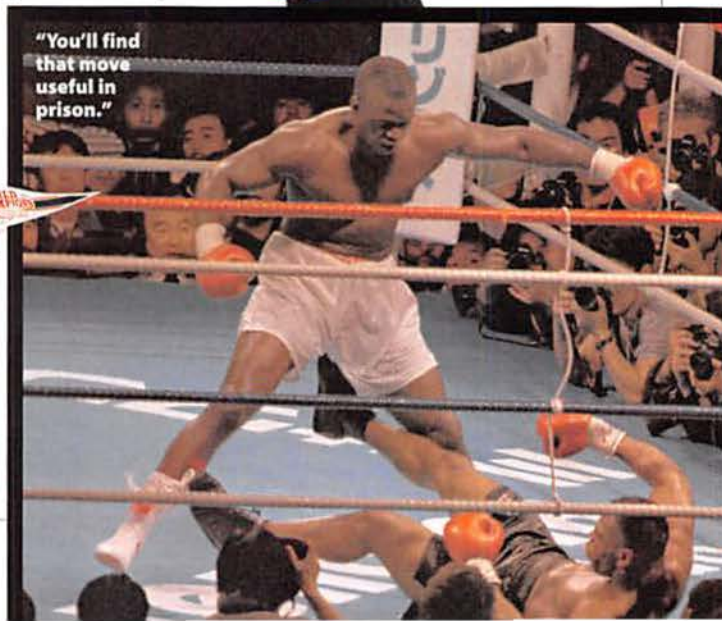
Lisa Leslie pogs! Collect 'em all!

MORNINGSIDE H.S. 102, SOUTH TORRANCE H.S. 24

Lisa Leslie was already a phenom in 1990 when her high school took on South Torrance, who started the game with six players—and two fouled out. With her team using a full-court press and letting her take all the shots, Leslie had 101 points in the first half. Protesting "our girls have feelings too," the South Torrance coach yanked his team at halftime and went home.

LOSER HALL OF SHAME: BILL BUCKNER

To be fair, reliever Calvin Schiraldi blew a Game Six Red Sox lead so solid that the scoreboard at one point mistakenly flashed CONGRATULATIONS RED SOX. But in the 10th inning, tied 5–5, Mookie Wilson dribbled an easy grounder that mystified Buckner, scooting through his legs. Game: Mets. With death threats and daily abuse from pissed-off Sox fans, Buckner was eventually forced into exile in Idaho.



"You'll find that move useful in prison."

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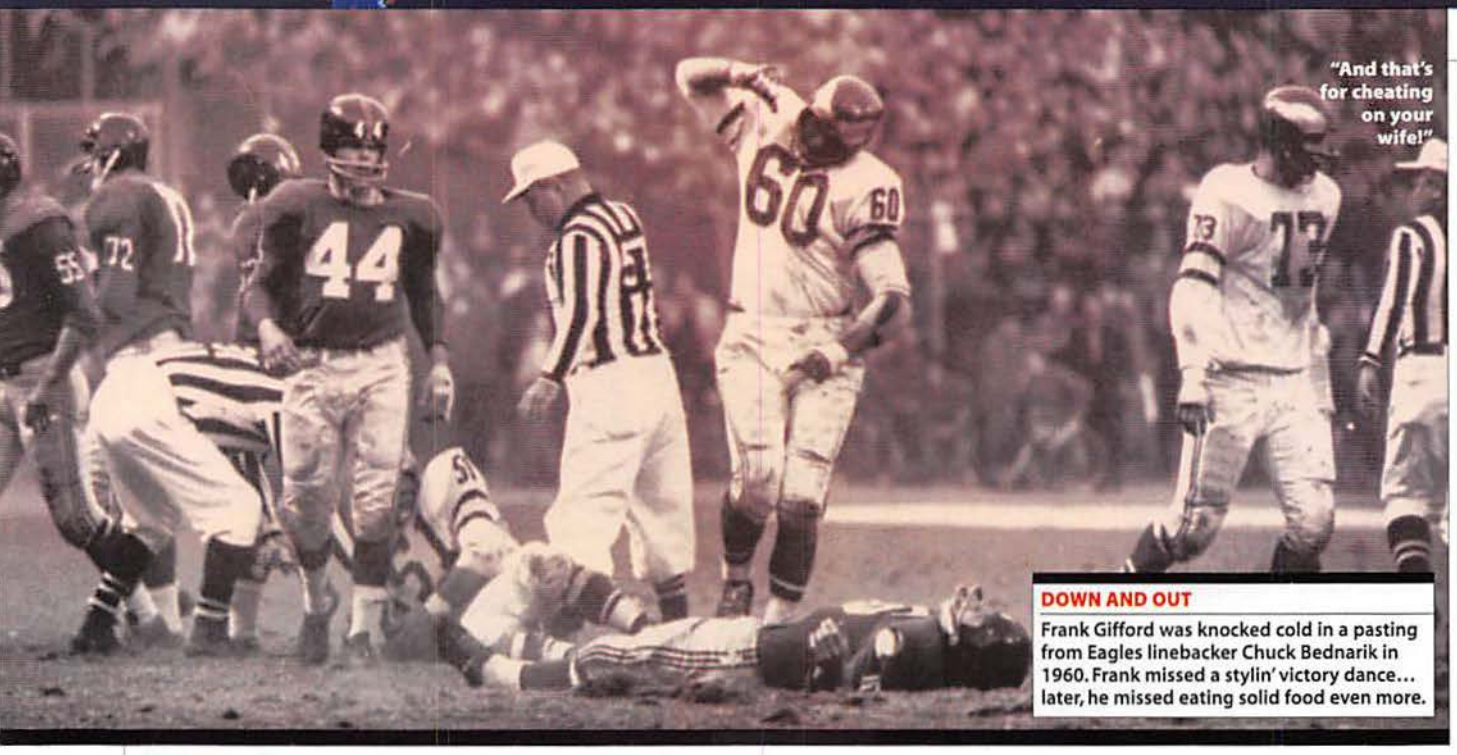


"And that's for cheating on your wife!"

DOWN AND OUT
Frank Gifford was knocked cold in a pasting from Eagles linebacker Chuck Bednarik in 1960. Frank missed a stylin' victory dance... later, he missed eating solid food even more.

CURSED FRANCHISES

No matter how good the players are, no matter how strong the will to win, sometimes God just hates you.

1899 CLEVELAND SPIDERS

Imagine the worst team ever. Then imagine them beating the Spiders 19–3. Owner Frank Robison, who also owned the St. Louis Browns, shipped all his talent—including Cy Young—to St. Louis. Shafted Spiders fans stayed away in droves (total season attendance: 6,088). During the year, Cleveland lost 24 games in a row and dropped 40 of their last 41. They finished the year 20–134, only 35 games out...of 11th place. (84 out of first.) The league was so disgusted that at the end of the season, they voted the Spiders out of existence.

PRAIRIE VIEW (TEXAS) A&M

The king of gridiron futility, Prairie View lost 80 consecutive games. What made the Panthers' streak even more pathetic is that they ended it in 1998 against lowly NAIA school Langston University. (They'd begun it by losing to Langston in 1989.) After the glorious 14–12 squeaker that ended the streak, safety Quincy Fuller got emotional: "Now we will live forever." Yeah, in infamy, you schmuck.

"London Bridge is falling down."

L.A. CLIPPERS

Thanks to the Clippers, the NBA draft has become a premiere tragedy. Each year GM Elgin Baylor takes his seat among the NBA losers and prays for another top pick to take the Clippers nowhere. During their 16 years in L.A., the Clips have lost more than twice as many games as they've won (410–870), including a memorable '86–'87 campaign when they went 12–70, and the lockout-shortened '98–'99 season, which the Clips ended at a miserable 9–41.

THE ANDRETTIS

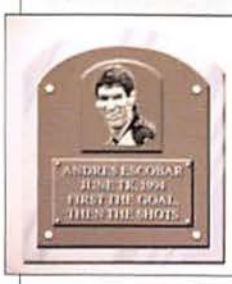
Not everyone gets their own curse, but the Andretti family is deserving: Between patriarch Mario, sons Michael and Jeff, and nephew John, they've enjoyed 31 years of Indy futility since Mario's lone winner's circle back in '69. Typical race: In 1992, when Michael was 10 laps from a win, with both his dad and brother in the hospital after crashes, an engine belt broke.

Frank tests the sweet spot

CHICAGO BASEBALL

Red Sox fans have it easy. Try living in a town with *two* teams that can't win. They may have been decent this year, but the White Sox last won the World Series in 1917. The Cubs are truly lame, making their last appearance in the series in 1945, where they lost to the lowly St. Louis Browns. To find a Cubs championship, you've got to go back to 1908. That's a combined 175 years of futility. "How do the owners of the Chicago Cubs get through it?" Donald Sterling, owner of the L.A. Clippers, once asked. Hey, Cubs! The *Clippers* feel sorry for you.

LOSER HALL OF SHAME: ANDRES ESCOBAR



Playing for Colombia in the 1994 World Cup, Escobar inadvertently scored a goal into his own net in a 2–1 loss to the U.S. Ridiculed endlessly across his homeland, one night Escobar confronted a group of his deriders. As he got into his car to drive away, one of them pulled out a gun and emptied six shots into him, reportedly punctuating each shot by shouting "Goal!" Now you know why nobody screws with the drug cartels.

"Give me a burger and fries and a *big* thing of water."

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LAST-MINUTE LOSERS

These athletes may have been the stuff of legend, but they definitely went out with a whimper.

DAN MARINO

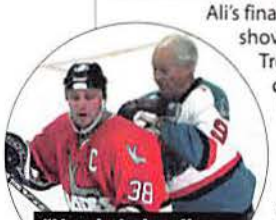
Sure, he's one of the best quarterbacks in NFL history, but Marino finished with the worst performance of his life, a 62–7 shellacking by Jacksonville in last year's playoffs. The Jags were leading 38–0 before Marino even completed a pass. He fumbled once, threw two interceptions, and ended up passing for just 95 yards. He had to beg Jimmy Johnson to let him back on the field for the second half. Next stop, Canton—but that was one hell of a speed bump.

BABE RUTH

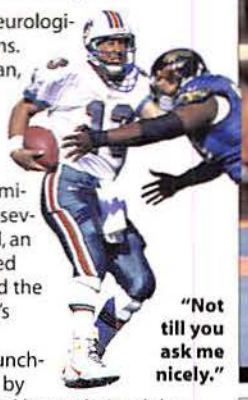
One of baseball's greatest careers came to an ugly end as The Babe, offered one measly dollar to play for the Yankees, signed on for his last season with the lowly Boston Braves. The Sultan of Swat, as one teammate put it, could "hardly run, and couldn't even bend down to pick up the ball." By the end of June 1935, batting .181 with six home runs, Ruth was released. The saddest part? Babe had signed with the Braves at least partly because they'd promised him the manager's job. He never got it.

MUHAMMAD ALI

Ali's final fight, a 1981 shoving match with Trevor Berbick, could not have been more pathetic. Ali was a month shy of 40, overweight, and already suffering from neurological problems. His physician, Ferdie Pacheco, called it "nothing short of criminal." In the seventh round, an embarrassed Berbick told the referee "He's hurt!" and stopped punching. Ali lost by decision, and later admitted that his last fight should have been the Rumble in the Jungle—seven years earlier. "I didn't do that bad," The Greatest decided after the fight. That pretty much says it all.



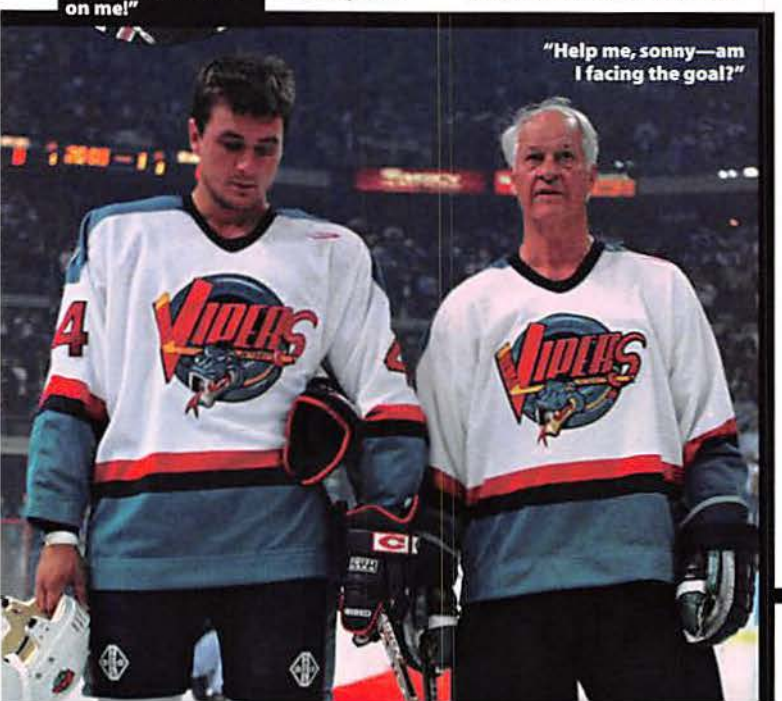
"Hey, he's drooling on me!"



"Not till you ask me nicely."

GORDIE HOWE

Still admired and feared by opponents, Howe played in all 80 games and the All-Star game during his final season, at the amazing age of 52. No doubt about it, Howe is one of the two or three greatest players in NHL history. Unfortunately, he chose to leave the game as one of the silliest. Determined to become the only hockey player to play in six decades, the *69-year-old* Howe suited up with the minor-league Detroit Vipers in 1997 and "skated" one 47-second shift, never even touching the puck. The worst part? Tough call, but probably Gordie Howe emerging with the rest of the Vipers from an inflatable green snake head onto the ice.



"Help me, sonny—am I facing the goal?"

"They canceled *Suddenly Susan*? What the..."

LOW BOWE

Twice in 1996 Andrew Golota beat up Riddick Bowe. And twice Golota was disqualified for repeatedly punching Bowe in the balls.

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True tales of total, never-ending domination.

AFC VS. NFC

The AFL got its kicks back in Super Bowl III with Joe Namath's Jets victory, and the AFC followed with great Miami and Pittsburgh teams in the 1970s. After that, things got ugly. From 1982 and 1997, the NFC won 15 of 16 Super Bowls: Bears 46, Patriots 10; 49ers 55, Broncos 10; Cowboys 52, Bills 17. John Elway's Broncos ended the streak with wins in '98 and '99, but Kurt Warner's Rams could have the NFC on another run.

CHAMBERLAIN VS. RUSSELL

We'll give Wilt his props: If he was half the man he claimed, he's got Bill Russell (and the rest of us mortals) trumped in the babe category. And Wilt crushed Bill in individual stats, averaging 28.7 points and 28.7 boards in head-to-head meetings to Russell's 14.5 and 23.7. But Russell made a career out of letting Wilt rack up the points while the Celtics kept raising banners in Boston Garden. Russell's Celts went 87–55 against Chamberlain's Warriors, 76ers, and Lakers, and 7-1 in the playoffs. It's enough to drive a guy to Viagra.

IVAN LENDL VS. WIMBLEDON

Not since JFK has anyone had more reason to hate grass than Lendl. Despite being ranked No. 1 in the world for 270 weeks, Lendl never got his hands on the silver plate, despite seven trips to the semifinals. Eventually he just skipped Wimbledon, telling reporters that he was "allergic to grass." Then he showed up on a golf course two days later.

U.S. VS. THE FAR EAST

We may have invented the game of baseball, but in Little League, our tykes always get crushed by tiny Asian thugs. Since 1967, we're a sad 3–22 against the Far East in the Little League World Series. Sure, Japanese kids may only be able to look forward to a career with the Yakult Swallows, but it still sucks. M

He'll never store a ball there again

LOSER HALL OF SHAME: BOBBY RIGGS

Besides Lorena Bobbitt, nobody's damaged the male gender more than Riggs. When he faced Billie Jean King in 1973, 40 million people watched the 55-year-old get crushed by the 29-year-old King, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3. Afterward, Riggs—who said "I love women. I think every man should have two of them"—hopped over the net to congratulate her. Nice try, Bobby, but you committed the ultimate sin: You got your ass kicked by a girl.

THEY SAY ICE PUMPS THROUGH HER VEINS. THAT'S ASSUMING SHE HAS A HEART.

Heart or no heart, Columbia Chairman Gert Boyle has devoted a lifetime to defeating the cold. The Fire Ridge Parka™ is testament to that. Its Bergundtal Cloth™ shell keeps the cold away while an MTR Fleece™ liner and pull-out hood keep the warm comfortably where it belongs. Because when it comes right down to it, who cares if she has a heart so long as ice isn't pumping through your veins. For a dealer near you call 1-800-MA BOYLE.

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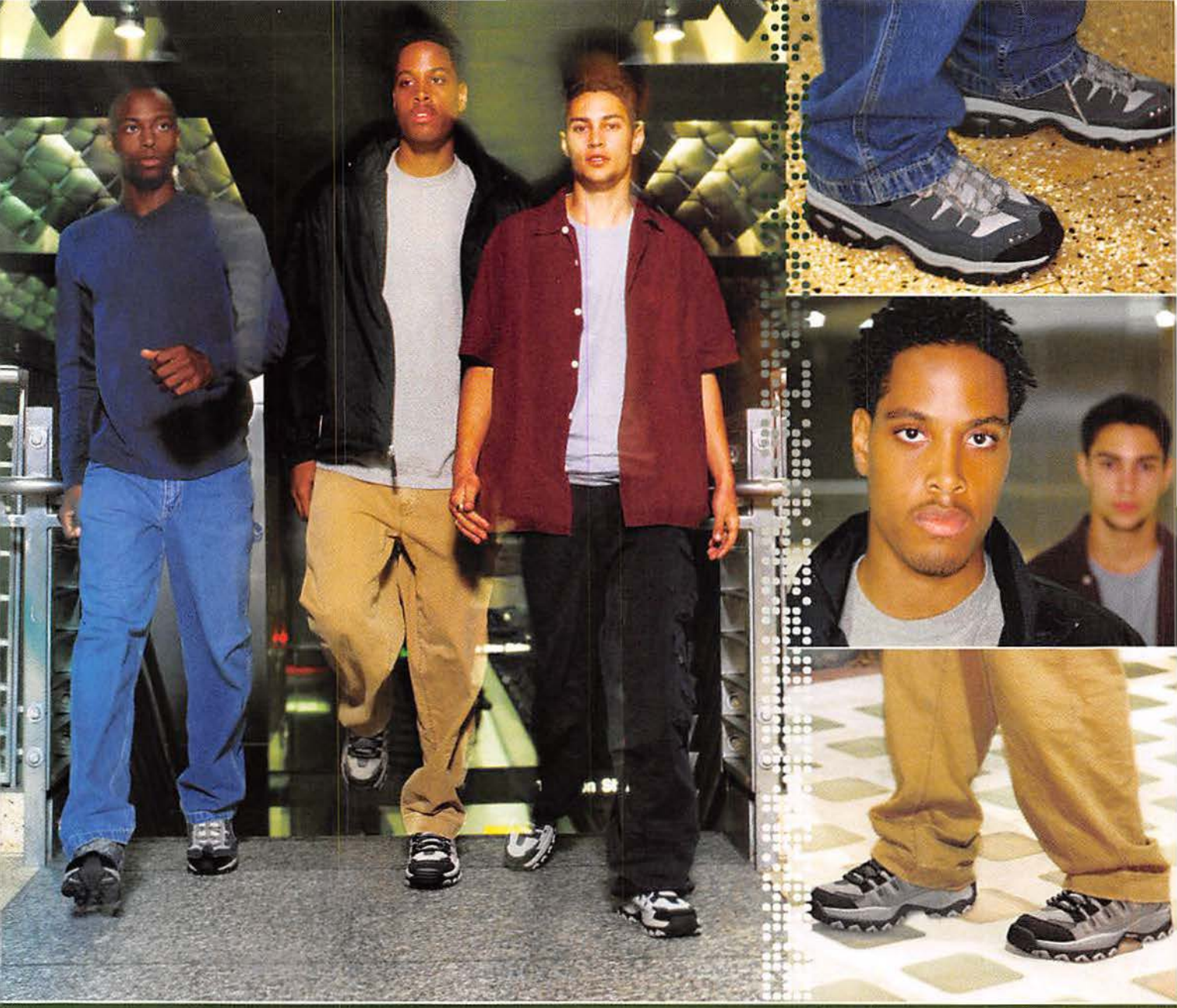


SKECHERS SPORT FOOTWEAR

Foot Locker
SELECT STORES

How do you want to look today? November 2000

MaximWear

Collar your world p.232

Suit yourself p.216

Hit the street p.230

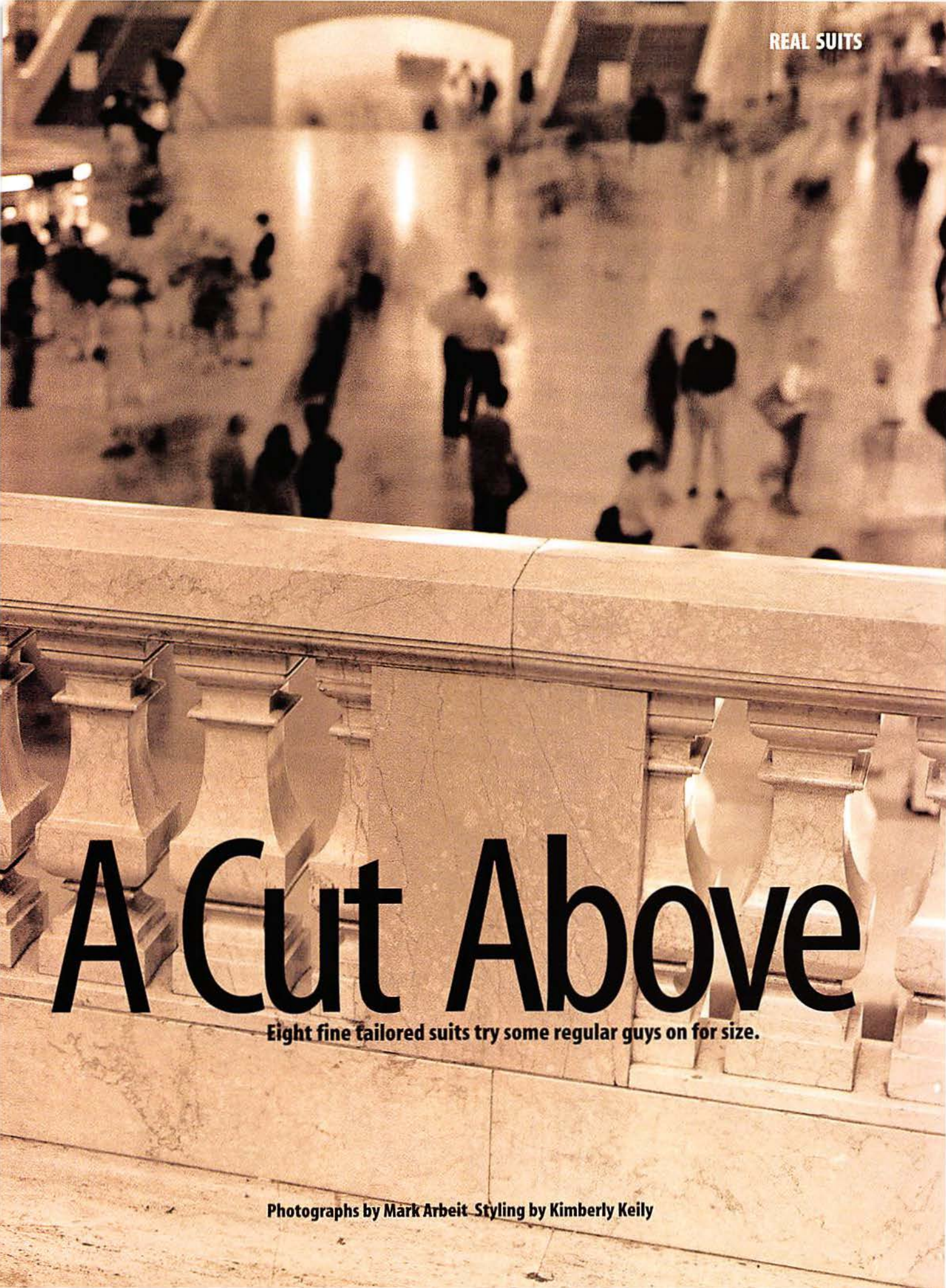
Slim shadys
p.240

17 pages of the coolest new clothes

"There's nothing like wearing a navy blue chalk striped suit for making a strong statement."

George Chinsee, photographer

Double-breasted chalk striped wool suit, $1,295, shirt, $175, and knit tie, $95, all by Canali; pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott; shoes, $380, by Salvatore Ferragamo



A Cut Above

Eight fine tailored suits try some regular guys on for size.

Photographs by Mark Arbeit. Styling by Kimberly Keily

"I like this suit so much, I'd like to buy stock in it."

Andy Goldberger, stock trader

Chalk striped three-button wool suit, $1,675, by Ermenegildo Zegna; cotton shirt, $125, by Thomas Pink; silk tie, $90, and pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott; leather shoes, $595, by A. Testoni

Shot on location at Metrazur Restaurant in Grand Central Terminal

"When I wear this suit, I feel like I'm taking a step back in time and a step forward in fashion."

Todd Detwiler, Maxim intern and future art director

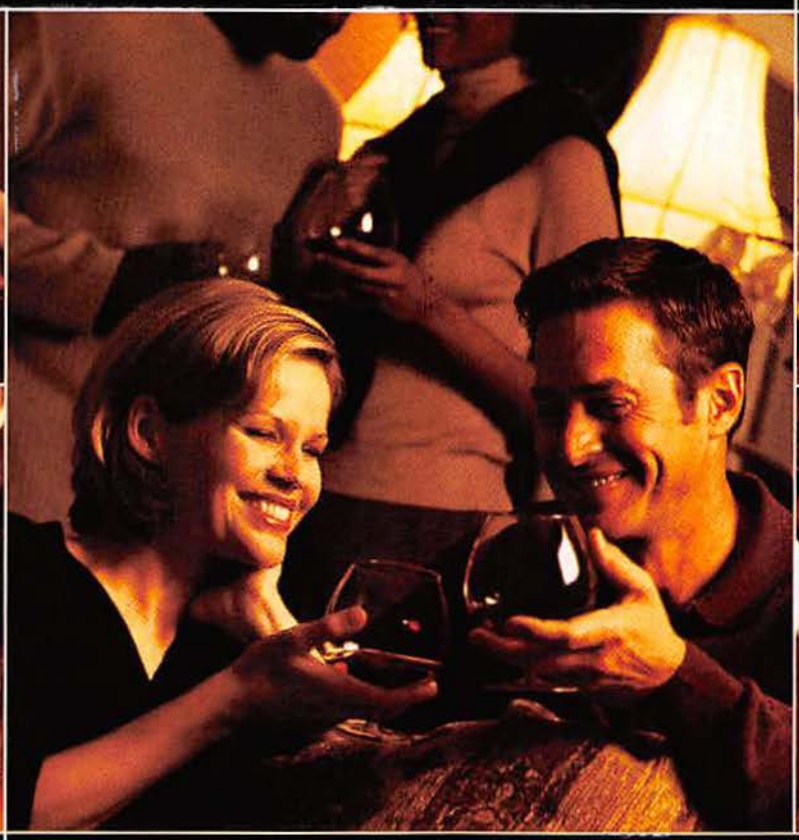
Custom-made windowpane two-button wool suit, $1,950, custom-made shirt, $275, and silk/cotton tie, $125, all by Jack Simpson for Dormeuil; cuff links, $175, by Catherine Zadeh; pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott

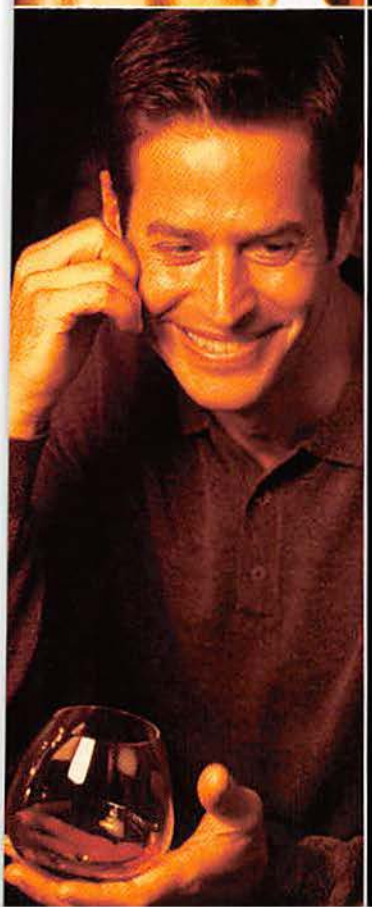
"The right suit projects pride, confidence, a professional edge."

John P. Lanza and John D. Lanza, father-and-son CPAs

(on John D., in front) Pinstriped wool suit, $2,100, shirt, $140, and silk tie, $98, all by Davide Cenci; pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott. (on John P.) Pinstriped two-button wool suit, $1,200, by Hickey-Freeman; cotton shirt, $225, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; silk tie, $90, and silk pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott; platinum-framed glasses, $485, by Lunor for Robert Marc

THE PAUL MASSON BRANDY MOMENT,





WHEN THE NIGHT COMES TOGETHER.

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Grande Amber
BRANDY

AGED LONGER. TASTES SMOOTHER.

Produced by Paul Masson Cellars, Bardstown, KY. 80 proof (or 40% alc./vol.). Please enjoy our product responsibly.

"A suit for me is more than just the cut and the fabric. It's about the intangible, how it makes me feel. This one made me feel grown-up. It has a traditional look with a modern edge."

Bobby Han, architect

Pinstriped three-button exotic-wool suit, $18,750, shirt with French cuffs, $475, and silk tie, $115, all by Giorgio Armani Classico

got milk?
Want strong bones?
Your bones grow until about age 35 and the calcium in milk helps. After that, it helps keep them strong.
JACKIE CHAN ©2000 AMERICA'S DAIRY FARMERS AND MILK PROCESSORS

"In a suit like this, I can be seen with my wife."

Bill Graves, voice-over artist and piano man

Three-button wool suit, $1,225, by Cerruti 1881; cotton shirt with French cuffs, $350, by Lorenzini; seven-fold silk tie, $175, by Kiton; pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott

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Creamy Center*

Norelco® PUT IT TO THE TEST

PHILIPS

"A custom-made suit is the ultimate expression of personality and luxury."

Mio Markovic, director of public relations

Made-to-order three-button Tasmanian wool suit, $2,600, cotton shirt, $260, and silk tie, $98, all by Loro Piana; pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott; shoes, $380, by Salvatore Ferragamo

Fashion assistance: Robyn Goldberg; produced by Caroline Frank; hair and makeup, Ida Korn for Tiffany Whitford NYC. Special thanks to Grand Central Terminal, NYC.

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enjoy collecting fine art.

Not to mention smoking it.

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Chris in transfer pant, micro-ringer with SONY minidisc/headphones. Palmer in carpenter pant, cargo shirt with SONY miniDV.

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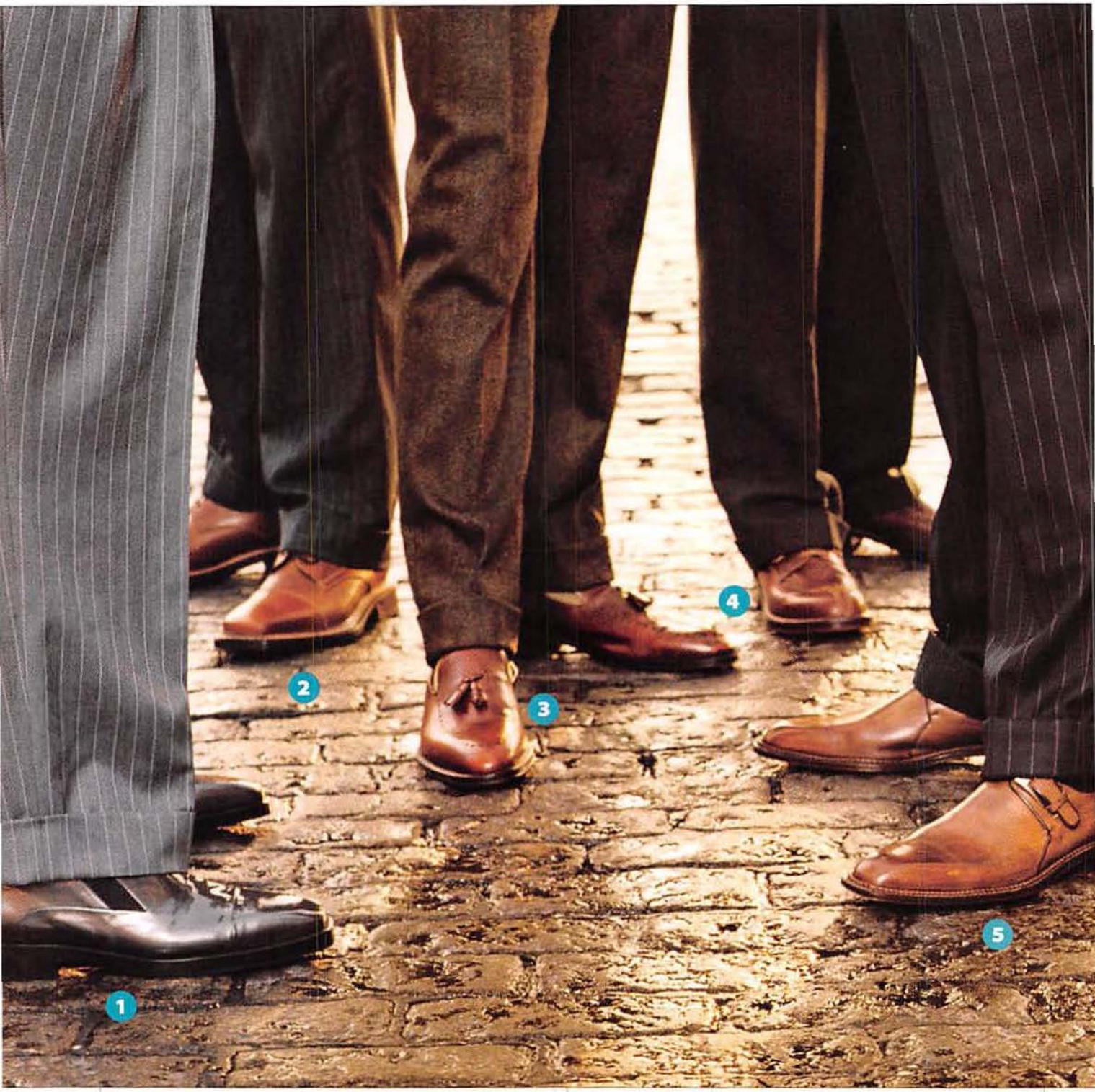


1 Patent-leather shoes, **$795**, by Warren Edwards. Wool trousers from a suit, **$1,250**, by Everett Hall

2 Cap-toe leather lace-ups, **$130**, by Skechers. Pinstriped wool gabardine trousers, **$68**, by Gap

3 Tassled calfskin moccasins, **$420**, by Gucci. Tweed slim-fit trousers, **$410**, by Tom Ford for Gucci

4 Saddle tan lace-up leather shoes, **$175**, by Cole Haan. Moleskin trousers, **$145**, by Corneliani

5 Monk-strap calfskin shoes, **$660**, by A. Testoni. Pinstriped wool trousers from a suit, **$3,200**, by Gianfranco Ferre

6 Lace-up leather wingtips, **$75**, by Dexter. Flat-front stretch trousers, **$55**, by Dockers

7 Cap-toe lace-ups, **$265**, by To Boot New York Adam Derrick. Wool trousers, **$425**, by Cerruti

8 Calfskin boots, **$225**, by Donald J. Pliner. Worsted wool trousers, **$110**, by Louis Raphael

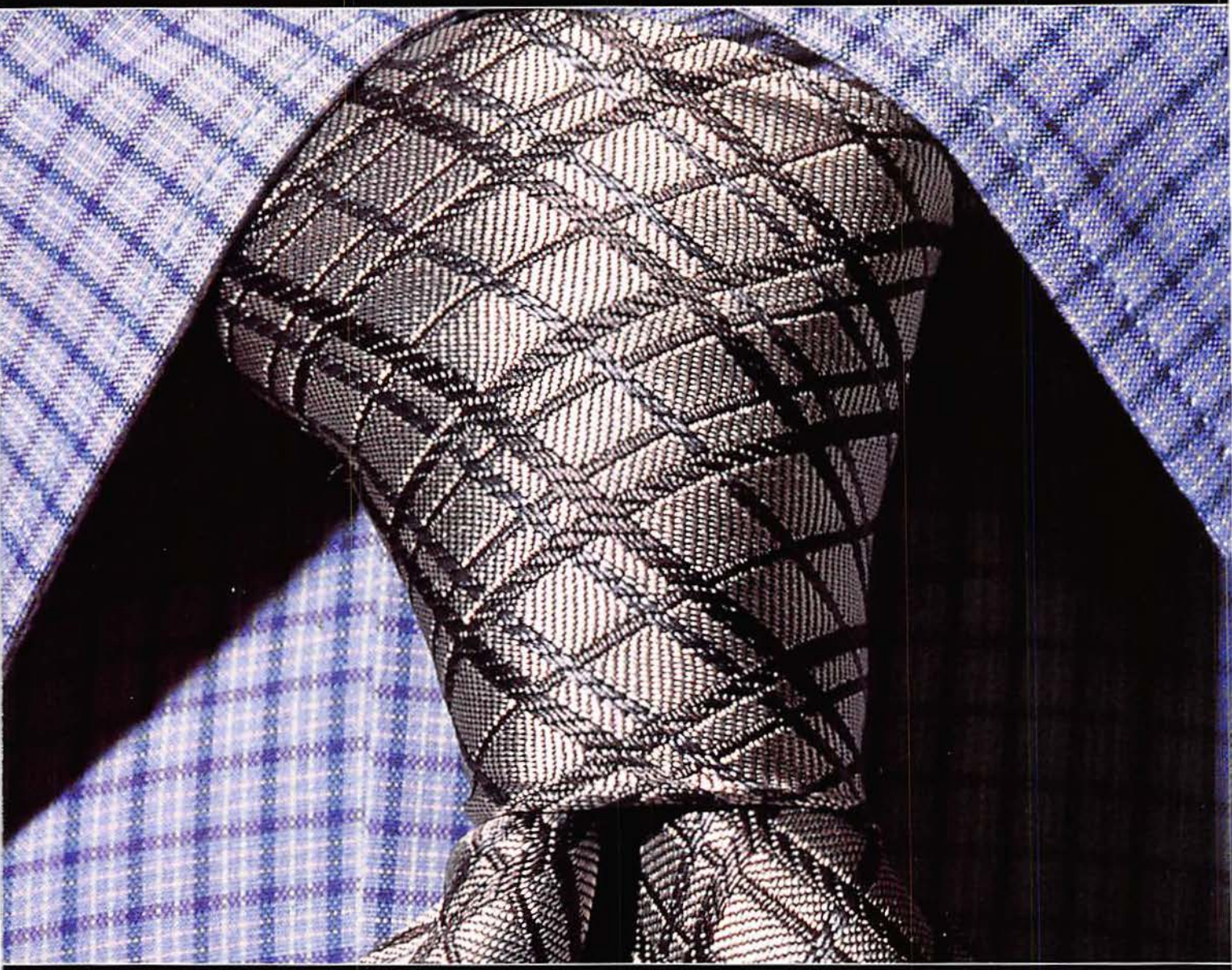
9 Lace-up wingtips, **$185**, by Kenneth Cole New York. Stretch wool blend trousers, **$99**, by Kenneth Cole New York

10 Leather lace-ups, **$185**, by Johnston & Murphy. Pinstriped wool trousers from a suit, **$795**, by Joseph Abboud

Feets of Glory

Photograph by Michael Mazzeo

This fall, wrap your dogs in the coolest shoes money can buy.



Tie One On

Take the mystery and the misery out of mixing shirts and ties.

Photographs by Tom Haynes Styling by Kimberly Keily

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Cotton shirt, $40, and polka-dot silk tie, $38, by Perry Ellis Portfolio

Cotton poplin shirt, $40, and silk tie, $38, by Regis

Cotton shirt, $155, by Calvin Klein; silk tie, $50, by cK

Cotton/poly shirt, $40, by Geoffrey Beene; woven silk tie, $38, by Claiborne

Front Lines

Button-down shirt, $85, and silk tie, $95, by Boss Hugo Boss

Cotton shirt, $495, by Kiton; silk tie, $115, by Massimo Bizzochi

Cotton shirt, $50, and woven silk tie, $40, by Tommy Hilfiger

Cotton shirt, $135, and woven silk tie, $75, by Davide Cenci

Fashion assistance, Robyn Goldberg. For buying information, see page 278.

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Cotton shirt, $98, and silk tie, $80, by Joseph Abboud

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Cotton shirt, $325, by Lorenzini; woven silk tie, $115, by Massimo Bizzochi

Cotton shirt, $155, and silk tie, $85, by Robert Talbott

GO BIG OR GO HOME

BARRETT CHRISTY · TODD RICHARDS · CAREY "HART ATTACK" HART · BUCKY LASEK · BOB BURNQUIST · "FLYIN" RYAN NYQUIST · DAVE "MIRACLE BOY" MIRRA

YOU THINK YOU CAN GO BIGGER THAN THIS BUNCH? YEAH RIGHT!

With a combined total of 41 X Games and Gravity Games medals, you think you'd have no chance in hell of ever going bigger than this crew. That's where you're wrong and InterAct is going to help you get there. And the payoff is oh, so sweet. When you purchase InterAct, GameShark and Performance brand videogame accessories now through the end of February 2001, InterAct will give you chances to win posters, skateboards, snowboards, BMX and motorcross bikes, big ticket electronics and some killer trips. Those chances will come every day, every week, and every month through February 2001.

It's simple. Buy products. Earn points. Win. What are you waiting for?

A personal invite from Dave Mirra?

Check out GoBigWinBig.com for official rules and instructions.

PLAY WITH US

InterAct · GameShark · Performance

Photograph by Nicholas Eveleigh

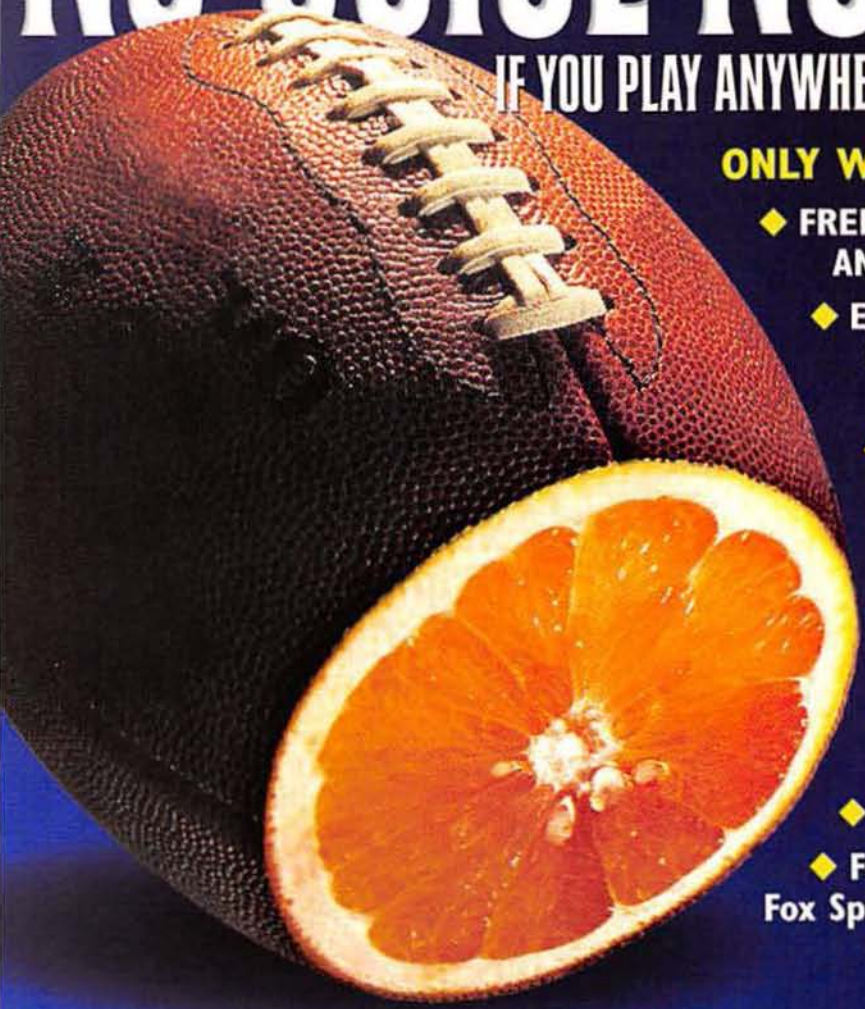
Time Bandits

For those moments when you absolutely don't care what time it is, these cK watches ($95 each) have Velcro covers that hide—and protect—the dial.

For buying information, see page 278.

NO·JUICE NOVEMBER*

IF YOU PLAY ANYWHERE ELSE YOU ARE LOSING MONEY!



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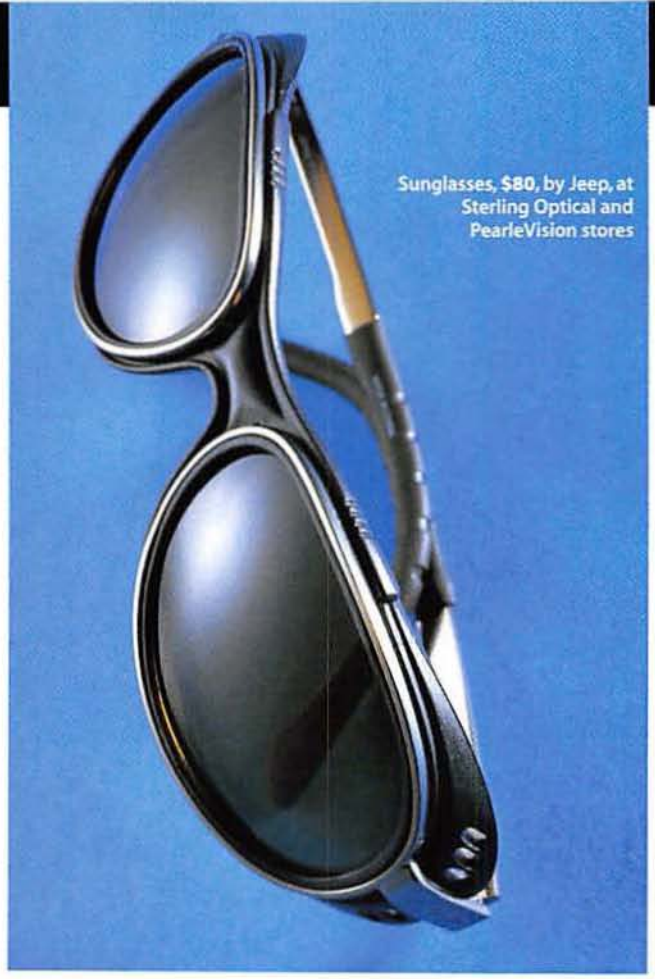
Zippered nylon pants, $46, by JNCO; visit www.jnco.com

Nylon board jacket, $30, by Spaulding, at Ames Stores



Sunglasses, $80, by Jeep, at Sterling Optical and PearleVision stores

Wool bag, $50, by J.Crew, at J.Crew stores or in catalog, or call (800) 562-0258 or visit www.jcrew.com

Player shoes, $80, by Skechers Collection; call (800) SHOE-411 or visit www.skechers.com

Good Cents

Sore wallet? Pick up these prizes for peanuts.

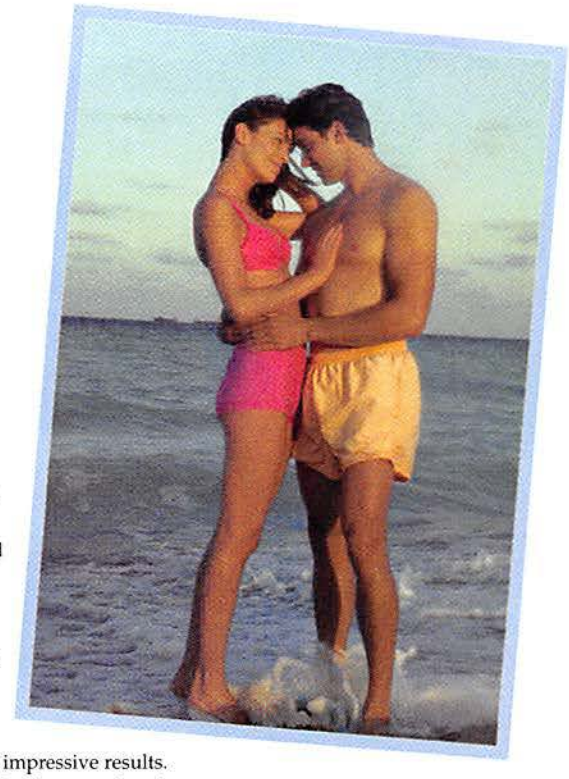
Photographs by Nigel Cox Compiled by Robyn Goldberg

Hollywood's new diet phenomenon

Lose up to 10 lbs this weekend!

The Hollywood "Miracle" diet features delicious, all-natural juices that help you lose weight while you cleanse, detoxify and rejuvenate your body.

by Pete Johnson



How often have you wasted precious time and money trying to lose weight? Let's see...I've tried every quick-fix, fad diet known to man...even tried the ones where you buy the pre-packaged food. They all seem to take months to show any results... and by that time my motivation is gone! Even straight fasting didn't work for me. Then I read about the Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet and decided to try it—I had nothing to lose but weight—and I did!

The skinny. James Kabler, world famous for his phenomenally successful Six Day Bio Diet, has now launched the faster and easier Miracle Diet. The Hollywood 48-Hour Miracle Diet is a special formulation of all-natural juices and botanical extracts so it looks like an ordinary bottle of juice—and works like a miracle! For two days you give up all bad food habits. In place of fats, sugars and artificial ingredients, you flood your body with the vitamins, minerals and essential oils found in this amazing juice. Just mix half of it with an equal amount of cold water and sip it throughout the day. It's so easy. There's no measuring or combining foods, no counting calories or points, no hassle. It's that easy.

Hollywood's best-kept diet secret. This amazing diet has been rushed to the sets of E.R., Friends, plus many of today's biggest celebrities. It's what actors, actresses and models use to fit into those sleek suits and sexy dresses—fast! And it's so delicious, refreshing and satisfying that it's featured on the menu of the famous Hollywood Hills Cafe. This phenomenal weight-loss program is great for anyone because you only have to stay on it for 2 DAYS TO SEE RESULTS! Ideal for people who have a special occasion coming up and want to look and feel their best—fast. High-school reunions, weddings, even that trip to Hawaii are all great reasons to lose a quick ten!

Detoxify your system. Based on the time-tested and popular European method of periodic cleansing of the body, the all-natural, citrus-flavored juice supplies your body with vitamins, minerals, antioxidants, essential oils and other cleansing ingredients that detoxify and rejuvenate your body, while you shed pounds. And it supplies more than 100% of the U.S.R.D.A. of 12 essential vitamins in every serving.

And it's clinically proven. Tested by an independent lab, this remarkable diet produced impressive results. A clinical trial involving 10 volunteers found that subjects lost an average of 4% of their initial body weight and noted "obvious results" at the end of two days. The diet supplied all of the needed nutrients required over the two-day period with no adverse side effects, and no problems with hunger or fatigue. All subjects were pleased and wanted to use the diet again!

There are no failures on this diet—you will lose weight—guaranteed! Lose up to 10 pounds in just 48 hours with NO risk. If you're not 100% satisfied, return the unused portion within 30 days for a full, "No Questions Asked" refund. Dieting is easier when you do it with a friend or spouse, so order enough for two!

Hollywood's best kept secret

- You may lose up to 10 pounds
- Supplies 100 percent of needed nutrients
- Special formulation of all-natural fruits and juices
  - *Pineapple*
  - *Apple*
  - *Orange*
  - *Grapefruit*
  - *Apricot*
  - *Peach*
  - *Banana*
- No counting calories or diet points

Don't take our word for it

"I lost 10 pounds in 48 hours. I broke my plateau weight of 135 to 125 pounds. It was so easy—I'm telling all my friends about it!"
Elizabeth K., New York City

"I use Hollywood's 48-Hour Miracle Diet once a month to detoxify my body and lose those extra pounds I put on."
Michael J., Chicago Illinois

"My boyfriend called and invited me to go sailing. I quickly did the Hollywood's 48-Hour Miracle Diet, lost 8 pounds and got into my bathing suit."
Jennifer T., San Diego, CA

–Results may vary–

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One 32 fl. oz. bottle . . . . . **$24.95** $5.95 S&H
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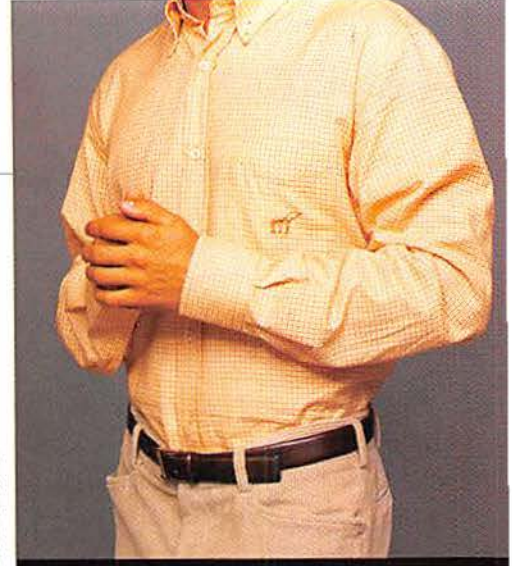
Now you can shop for apparel on the Internet that's fit for a night on the town. For Andrew Marc's sleek leather jacket, $450, click on andrewmarc.com. Need the perfect sweater too? Get 4 YOU's turtleneck, $85, at 4youmen.com.



This Month's Label

You can call it conservative, but you can't call it boring. For its affordable sportswear, the Italian brand Henry Cotton's takes traditional shapes and fabrics and kicks them up a notch with innovative color combinations. Pick some Henry Cotton's at the brand's own stores in San Francisco and Costa Mesa, Calif., and at Bloomingdale's nationwide.

The Right Direction

She'll know exactly where to find you once you splash on a little of Nautica's new men's fragrance, Latitude Longitude. The eau de toilette spray, which comes in a flask, retails for $45 for 3.4 ounces and accompanies an entire line of grooming products that'll put you on the map.

Wristy Business

You'll definitely look like a celebrity in one of these big, bold watches from Locman. Puff Daddy and Jennifer Lopez already own them, and you can get one too for $400 at Bergdorf Goodman in New York, at Neiman Marcus in Beverly Hills, or by visiting www.theartofwatchmaking.com.

Name Your Price

Go ahead! Wear a tuxedo shirt without the penguin suit. Our best picks below, from Tommy Hilfiger, BCBG Max Azria Menswear, and Roberto Cavalli.

$50 Tommy Hilfiger

$125 BCBG Max Azria Menswear

$1,000 Roberto Cavalli

For buying information, see page 278 Photographs, Mark Weiss

Gathering of Developers proudly announces a three-game series based on the rich mythology behind the blockbuster film "The Blair Witch Project."™ Haxan Films has granted unprecedented access to its wealth of intricate folklore, providing developers Terminal Reality, Human Head and Ritual Entertainment with ample fodder for detailed and compelling storylines. These chilling narratives are powered by the awe-inspiring Nocturne engine, for masterful and blood-curdling realism.

Blair Witch Volume I: Rustin Parr

Rustin Parr combines adventure elements such as research, exploration and puzzle-solving with heart-pounding action to create a frightening gaming experience.

September 2000

Blair Witch Volume II: The Legend of Coffin Rock

Human Head Studios infuses the power of Nocturne™ technology with Resident Evil-style game play, making The Legend of Coffin Rock a uniquely satisfying romp through hell on Earth.

October 2000

Blair Witch Volume III: The Elly Kedward Tale

The Elly Kedward Tale is geared toward action sequences and will feature a spell-based combat system that draws from three distinct disciplines of magic.

November 2000

I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO HEARS YOUR CRIES. I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO FEELS YOUR PAIN. YOU WILL FEEL MINE.

the Blair Witch series

THREE GAMES. THREE DEVELOPERS. ONE MYTHOLOGY

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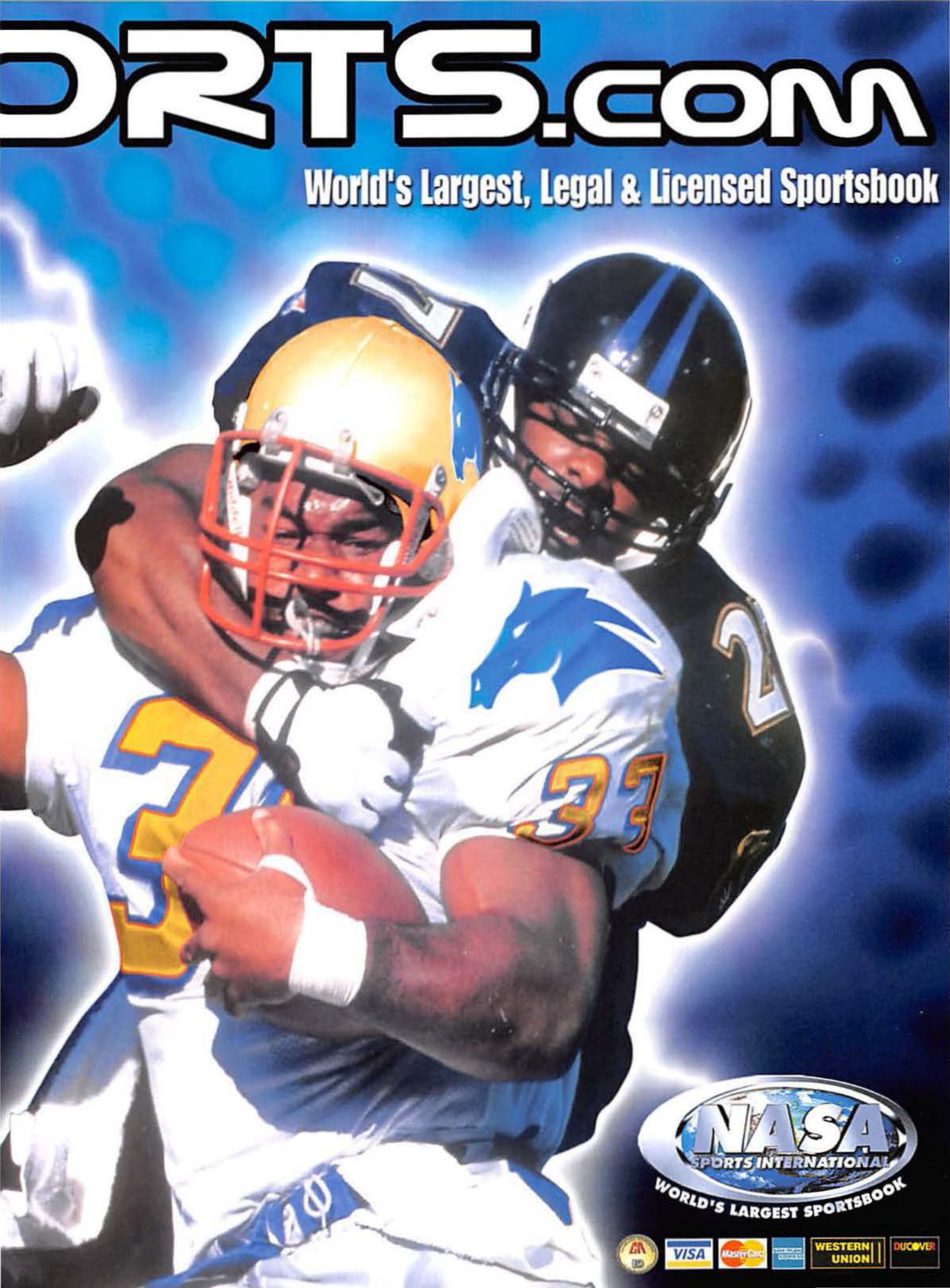

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November 2000 What to watch, play, hear, and surf

Reviews

Music

Marilyn Manson goes country. Naahh... **p.252**

Games

Belly up to three new bar-themed games **p.258**

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Little Nicky

Adam Sandler goes straight to hell p. 248

Hey, Nicky, you're so... ripped off on that haircut

PICTURE THIS

Little Nicky

Adam Sandler as a dimwitted, fried-chicken-binging offspring of Satan? Hail, yes!

Adam Sandler is the spawn of hell, whine fancy-pants critics perturbed that the moviegoing masses prefer busting a gut watching *Happy Gilmore, The Waterboy,* and *Big Daddy* to sleeping through Woody Allen's latest cosmopolitan bore. So it's only appropriate that in Sandler's new, guaranteed-hit comedy, he chose to play the son of Satan himself.

Since this fiery netherworld is filmed in SandlerVision, hellish punishments include Jon Lovitz being eternally dry-humped by a bird, and Nicky is more bumbling goofball than slimy demon, happy to hang out in his bedroom and listen to heavy metal. (Nicky's vocal tics owe a debt to Sandler's geeky, oft-beaten *SNL* rock-critic character.)

When Satan (hammy, horn-sporting Harvey Keitel) postpones his retirement, shy Nicky's bullying older brothers, played to comic extremes by skinny Rhys Ifans (*Notting Hill*) and hulking Tiny Lister (*Friday*), defect to raise their own hell on earth. Their wicked rebellion lowers the drinking age to 10 and changes New York City's slogan to I ♥ HOOKERS. Too bad their high jinks cause their pitchfork-wielding papa's body parts to start falling off. Little Nicky is sent to rein in the renegades, accompanied by a foul-mouthed bulldog that teaches our introverted-incubus hero the ways of the world (but not how to dress—Nicky sports the butt-ugliest wardrobe this side of a Yugoslavian thriftshop).

The inevitable fish-out-of-hades scenes follow, with Nicky encountering a fire-and-brimstone preacher (Quentin Tarantino) and two headbanging devil worshippers. In an especially funny bit, Nicky tells them that Ozzy is tame, then spins Chicago's "Saturday in the Park" backward to reveal the hidden message "Shed the blood of the innocent." (We *knew* it!) He even falls for a mortal art student (Patricia Arquette).

Though these good-natured shenanigans could be part of any Sandler movie, when Nicky closes in on his brothers and masters his own destructive powers, a special-effects-laden duel erupts that probably cost more than the combined budgets for *Billy Madison* and *The Wedding Singer*. Still, it's belly laughs we crave, and cameos by Dana Carvey, Reese Witherspoon, and especially Rodney Dangerfield as a retired, strip-poker-playing Grandpa Satan ensure that it'd be a mortal sin to miss *Little Nicky*. (New Line Cinema, November 10) —*Steven Russell*

Darth Vader—the awkward teenage years

FLICK FLAK

Saturday Night Dive

The next time you see these *SNL* alums at the movies, they'll be sweeping up.

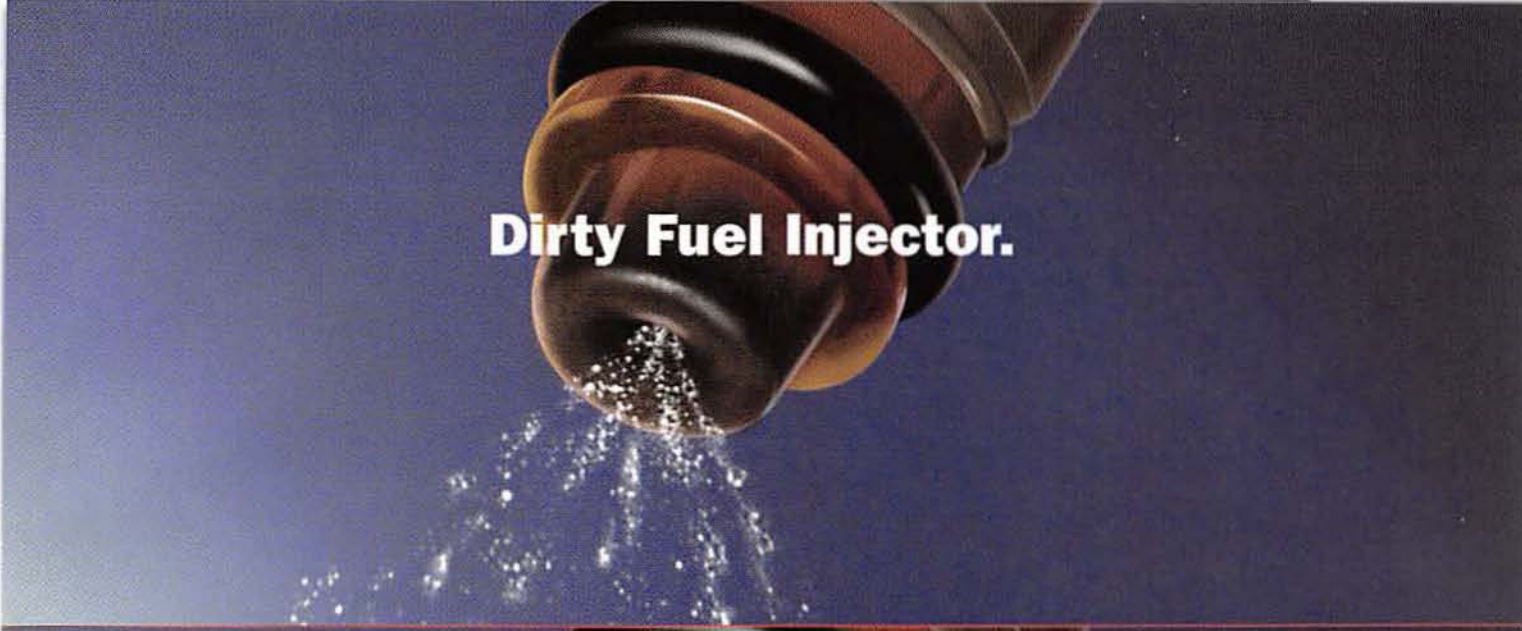
For every Adam Sandler, there are a dozen *Saturday Night Live* vets who've bombed at the box office. Presenting the Not Ready for Big Screen Players:

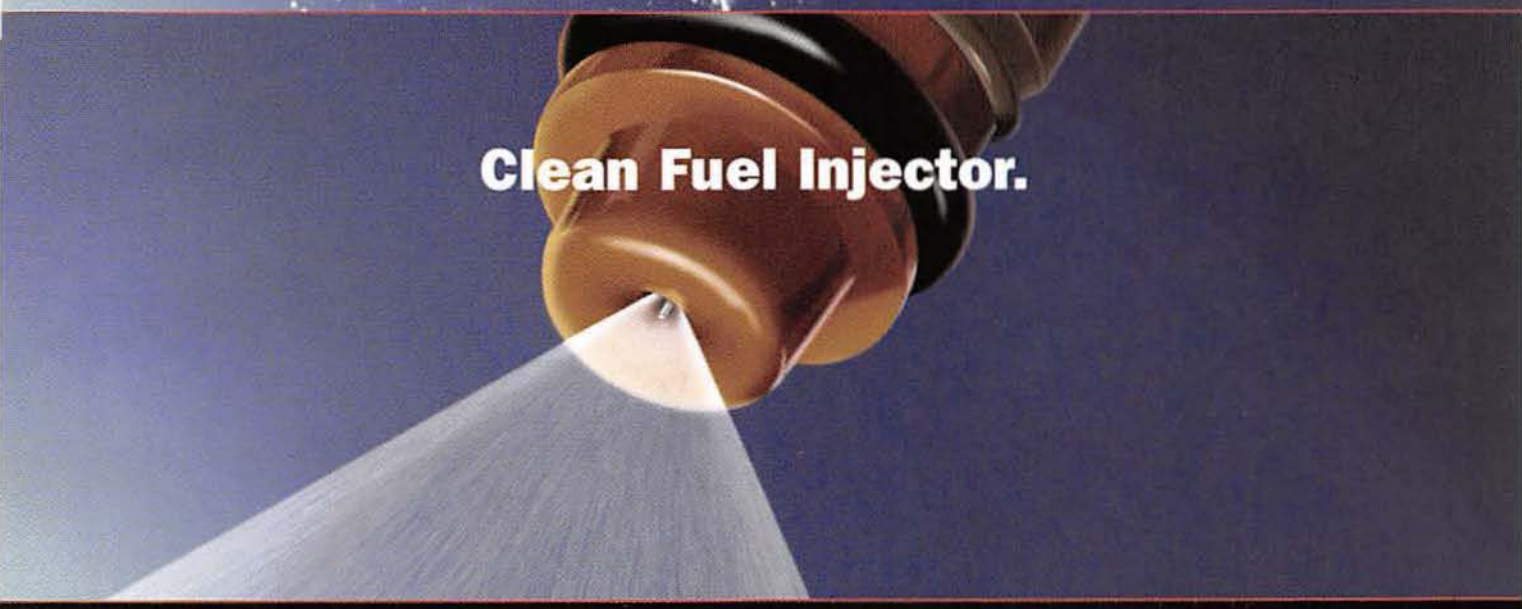
1. NORM MACDONALD We screamed, "Bullshit!" when the *SNL* news anchor was canned for cracking O.J. jokes. But even The Juice made funnier flicks. **Offense:** *Screwed* (2000). The lamest dognapping comedy ever; even Sherman Hemsley couldn't wring out a chuckle. **Dishonorable mention:** *Dirty Work* (1998). Note to Norm: You're skinny and Artie Lange is fat; that doesn't make you Spade and Farley.

2. JIM BREUER When your funniest *SNL* character is the braying mutant Goatboy, you know the masses are *dying* to see you on the big screen. **Offense:** *Half Baked* (1998). Breuer and fellow unfunnyman David Chappelle mine Cheech & Chong pothead territory—about 20 years late. **Dishonorable mention:** *Titan A.E.* (2000). Breuer voices an alien cook who serves up slop and acts like it's gourmet. Perfect casting.

3. DENNIS MILLER *Monday Night Football,* comedy specials, it's Miller time—except at the movies. **Offense:** *Bordello of Blood* (1996). "I'd rather Krazy Glue my dick to the bullet train than fuck you." Big words for a guy playing second banana to Angie Everhart's boobs *and* Corey Feldman. **Dishonorable mention:** *Murder at 1600* (1997). Miller took a bullet; the movie took a powder.

4. AL FRANKEN He's good enough, he's smart enough, and doggone it, we like him—as long as he's working the Rush-Limbaugh-is-a-big-fat-idiot beat. **Offense:** *Stuart Saves His Family* (1995). Stuart Smalley's whiny affirmations wear thin after five minutes; too bad there are 92 to go. **Dishonorable mention:** Writing *When a Man Loves a Woman* (1994). Meg Ryan as a chubby alcoholic? Cut!—*Maitland McDonagh*





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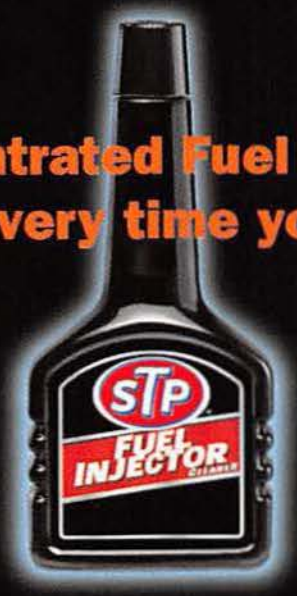

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PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Men of Honor (20th Century Fox) Release date: October 20	Robert De Niro, Cuba Gooding, Jr., Charlize Theron	The navy's first black master diver (Gooding) must overcome racism, a crippling injury, and an annoying shellfish allergy to make military history.	Sorry, Charlie, the Little Mermaid doesn't make that rumored slippery cameo.	Don't hold your breath. It may look like *A Few Good Men,* but we have a sinking feeling it will seem more like *20,000 Leagues Under Anesthesia.*
	Book of Shadows: Blair Witch 2 (Artisan) Release date: October 27	A bunch of nobodies they got for cheap	In a sequel to the obscure 1999 horror flick, four of its fans pass out touring the *Blair Witch* forest, then discover that—curses!—an evil spirit has followed them out of the woods.	If the tent's a-rockin', don't bother knockin'.	We're...so...bored. The first movie wasn't half as good as its hype, and most sequels aren't half as good as the originals. You do the spooky math, Broomhilda.
	Red Planet (Warner Bros.) Release date: November 3	Val Kilmer, Carrie-Anne Moss, Benjamin Bratt, Tom Sizemore	Earth hits its expiration date, so a coed team of astronauts tries to establish a colony on Mars despite deep-space danger and a critical shortage of Tang.	In space no one can hear you cream.	Major malfunction. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to predict that—like *Mission to Mars*—this space oddity will never get off the launch pad.
	The Legend of Bagger Vance (DreamWorks) Release date: November 3	Will Smith, Matt Damon, Charlize Theron	A broken WWI vet (Damon) teams up with a philosophical golf caddy (Smith) to recapture his links magic.	Damon pitches into Theron's rough, heh heh.	*Bagger* is not better. We'd rather be buried up to our necks in a sand trap than watch Smith do a Yoda impression and Damon putt around in knickers for two hours.
	Charlie's Angels (Columbia) Release date: November 3	Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore, Lucy Liu, Bill Murray	Once there were three little girls who went to the police academy...Then the chicks become private, um, dicks and jiggle to save the free world from a high-tech terrorist.	Coproducer Drew apparently likes potato chips more than guns.	The '70s seraphim were sexier. The shoot was plagued with tantrums. It's politically correct. We'll see you there.
	The 6th Day (Columbia) Release date: November 10	Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tony Goldwyn, Sarah Wynter, Robert Duvall	In the near future, a regular fella (Schwarzenegger) comes home to find that a clone has taken his place! Now he has to fight an evil biotech corporation to reclaim his family.	Cowed by his conservative cronies, the geriatric musclehead has dialed down the blood 'n' guts—but still wields enough firepower to supply a third-world revolution.	And on the sixth day, God decided to wait for the video. The cloning plot is apt, since this sci-fi retread was grown in a lab from a half-dozen other Ah-nold flicks.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Just out on video—for better or worse.

The Patriot Mel Gibson is a colonial family guy turned avenging head-splitting demon when pompous, nasty Brits threaten his brood. At almost three hours, it seems to last longer than the revolution, but the *Braveheart*-style bloodletting packs a cannonball wallop. (Oct. 24)

American Beauty How do you win five Oscars with a drama about the suburbs? Load it with sex, drugs, violence, wickedly dark humor, and a naked Mena Suvari. Oh, yeah—and all that swell acting too. (Oct. 24)

Return to Me A widowed architect (David Duchovny) falls for a cheeky waitress (Minnie Driver), then discovers that she's the recipient of his dead wife's heart. If you can sit through this, you need a penis transplant. (Oct. 31)

Mission: Impossible 2 Secret agent Tom Cruise falls for a renegade agent's girlfriend (Thandie Newton) while retrieving a deadly virus...or something. Mostly it's about cool explosions and motorcycle chases. (Nov. 7)

Shanghai Noon Jackie Chan is a—surprise!—martial arts master who teams with a bandit (Owen Wilson) to rescue a Chinese princess in the wild, wild West. Your copy of *High Plains Drifter* isn't amused, but you will be. (Nov. 14)

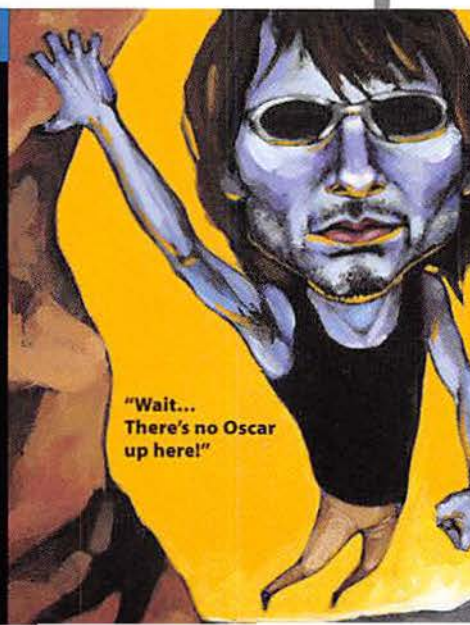

Illustration: Shawn Barber

RUNE

"Its melee-intensive combat and absolutely evil visuals should put it a 'cut' above the rest" - *IGN*

"Prepare to be knocked flat on your ass by Rune from Human Head Studios" - *Incite*

HIS city, torn AND MANGLED,
it was here I MET
AND Lopped the HEAD
of MY FIRST
DARK WARRIOR AND LEARNED
that MY VILLAGE AND PEOPLE
WERE to be the next SPOILS
of SARKAMEN'S WAR.
IT IS HERE
MY QUEST TOOK FORM.

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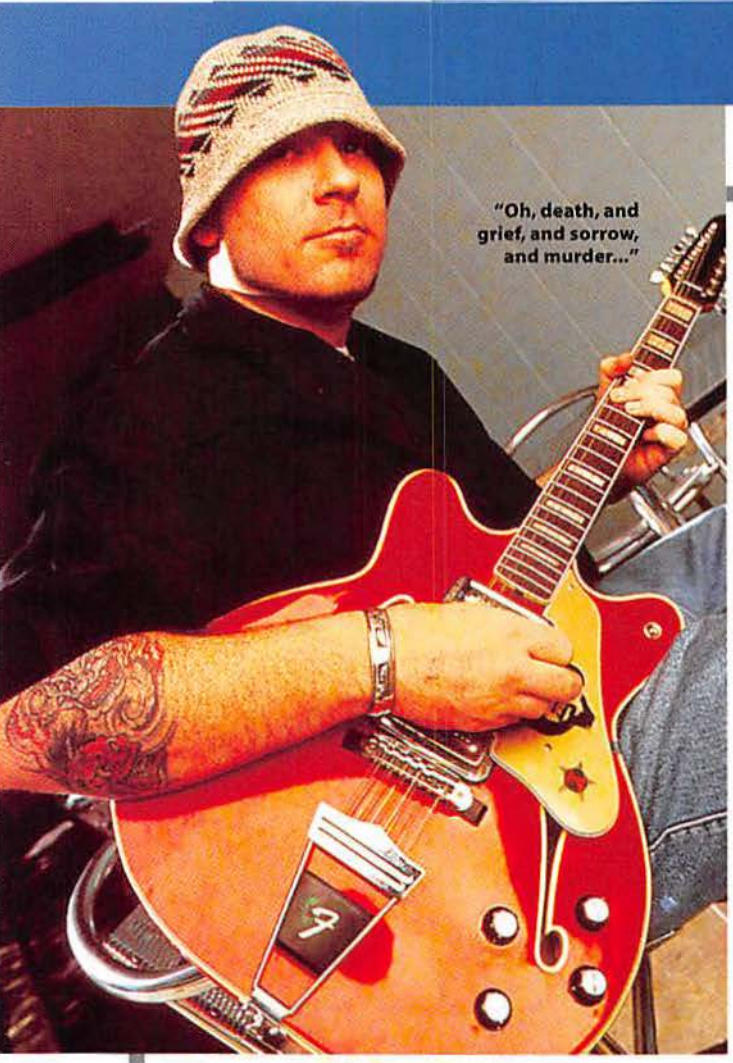

Everlast

Eat at Whitey's (Tommy Boy)

Everlast has been through his share of shit. As if it weren't enough that he had to earn a living by jumping around with Irish-American rappers House of Pain throughout the early '90s, just days after he finished recording the 1998 rock-'n'-blues-laced solo album *Whitey Ford Sings the Blues*, he suffered a heart attack. We almost had a coronary ourselves when we heard such soulful grooves coming from a one-time rap-pop cheeseball, but *Eat at Whitey's* confirms that few can deliver the inner-city blues like Everlast. This worthy successor picks up *Whitey Ford*'s thread and spins it into a more personal tapestry that's got one workboot planted in the past and the other striding confidently ahead. Everlast prowls through "Black Jesus," a roll call of racial tensions that somehow works as a party jam; strings add an ominous air to his impressive rhyming on "Whitey"; and fossil-of-the-moment Carlos Santana brings his flowing guitar lines to the brooding rocker "Babylon Feeling." Later, the death-bent lyrics of "We're All Gonna Die," "Mercy on My Soul," and "Graves to Dig" spell out Everlast's fixation with the long dirt nap. It gets a bit heavy, but even while walking the meanest streets, Everlast makes it feels like there's always a party just around the corner.—*David Peisner*

Squirrel Nut Zippers

Bedlam Ballroom (Mammoth)

Swing music is dead (again, thank God!), but that shouldn't affect the Zippers, because they play hot jazz...right? Well, no, because we 21st-century listeners don't know the damn difference. *Bedlam Ballroom*, the swanky-suited retro groove machine's latest, is another musically sound mix of frisky toe-tappers and breathy torch ballads (on which singer Katharine Whalen sounds a bit like Jennifer Tilly impersonating Billie Holiday), but there's nothing here that's quite compelling enough to send us flocking back to the supper clubs.—*Bill Crandall*

Robbie Williams

Sing When You're Winning (Capitol)

One-legged ex-cons have brighter career prospects than ex-boy-band pinups. All the more impressive, then, that Williams survived his days in England's Take That and became a successful solo artist who no longer relies on pimply 14-year-old girls for his income. *Sing When You're Winning* adds a hip-hop-flavored musical punch and a snide sense of humor to the Kinks-style pop cocktail Williams introduced us to on his 1998 debut, proving that boy-band refugees can occasionally rise above their natural punch-line status.—*D.P.*

R. Kelly

TP-2.com (Jive)

On his latest batch of silky-smooth seduction serenades, R. Kelly promises the ladies he'll "stroke you up and down," "make your body feel like heaven," and, er, "feel on your booty." And with lush layers of strings, choirs, and flamenco guitar, his grooves are nearly as sticky as his words. On "I Wish," a moving paean to his dead mother, Kelly actually manages to tame his libido for a few minutes, but most of these slo jams are aimed directly below the waist: "I'm just an R&B thug, babe," he testifies on one panty-dropper, "trying to get some ass." Hi, Mom!—*B.C.*

Collective Soul

Blender (Atlantic)

Every generation needs its REO Speedwagon. Or its .38 Special. Collective Soul manages to purée them both into one syrupy-sweet concoction. *Blender* serves up the band's polished modern pop in a fashion that proves far less irritating than anything they've managed before. Though a chunky riff overload reminds us how little their idea of Southern rock actually rocks, things turn around when they embrace their inner wusses, coughing up gooey hooks galore and even convincing King Sap himself, Elton John, to make an appearance. Schlock on!—*D.P.*

CD photographs, Robert Glasgow

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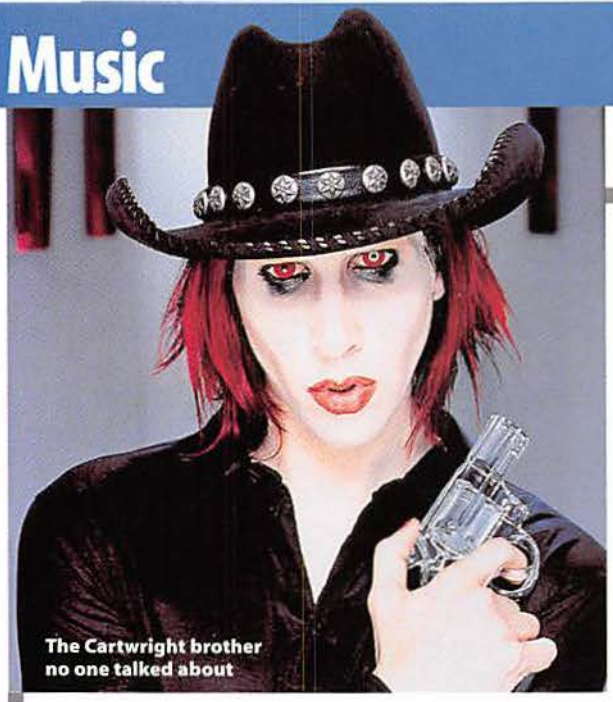


The Cartwright brother no one talked about

Marilyn Manson

Holy Wood (In the Shadow of the Valley of Death) (Nothing)

How do you spell *pretentious*? M-A-R-I-L-Y-N M-A-N-S-O-N. *Holy Wood*, the goth goofwad's latest "concept album," wraps up the trilogy begun with *Antichrist Superstar* and makes fellow professional moper Trent Reznor seem as bubblegum as Britney Spears. Manson starts off the methodical "In the Shadow of the Valley of Death" by moaning "We have no future," and any song with "Narcissus Narcosis" in the title takes itself *way* too seriously. For all of the album's teen angst, it does find Manson's band growing up, with the pop-metal "The Fight Song" and the sonic onslaught of the ferocious "Born Again" being perhaps the best work they have recorded. But for Christ's sake, dude, you're banging Rose McGowan. What do you have to be so whiny about?—*Steve Baltin*

Badlands: A Tribute to Bruce Springsteen's Nebraska (Sub Pop)

Filled with unrepentant killers and unfulfilled dreams, the Boss' stark 1982 masterpiece, *Nebraska*, is the sound of John Q. Public getting his ass beat by the Man. On this inspired tribute, artists such as Ben Harper, Los Lobos, and Johnny Cash prove Springsteen's bitter sentiments haven't lost their sting. Hank Williams III channels his granddaddy with a blackhearted take on "Atlantic City," while Chrissie Hynde's interpretation of the title track may out-bleak the original. While most tributes sound like karaoke jams, *Badlands* sounds like an *album*, making this trip back to Nebraska more than a jaunt down memory lane.—*D.P.*

Outkast

Stankonia (La Face/Arista)

Forget East versus West—these days hip-hop is all about the Dirty South. Outkast had us bouncing to the back of the bus two years ago with their hit "Rosa Parks," and their latest is an even wilder ride. Imagine the Wu-Tang Clan, Nas, and the Fugees mixing it up on P-Funk's mother ship as it cruises Atlanta and you'll get the idea. From the infectious soul swerve of "Ms. Jackson" to the rock-leaning "Gasoline Dreams," your MC tour guides, Dre and Big Boi, point out the sights in lightning-fast rhymes while a stunning array of beats, grooves, and—gasp!—live instruments ensures that the only stench coming from *Stankonia* is the sweet smell of success.—*D.P.*

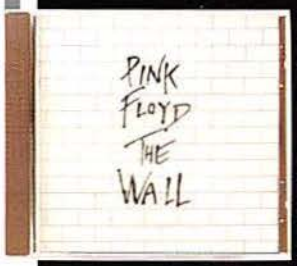
CD Photographs, Robert Glasgow

CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

Rob Thomas of Matchbox 20

Pink Floyd—*The Wall* (1979)

Ah, the granddaddy of prog-rock.
It was so well thought out, though. When you take the album as a concept, it's coherent from beginning to end—the complete rock opera. They went so far above what anybody was doing. When you listened to it on headphones, there was, like, a whole world going on. I'd never heard anything that full and clear. Musically it's innovative. Lyrically it's unbelievable. There was a madness to Roger Waters that came through in every line.



It is great for staring at the ceiling, stoned, in a dark room.
Yeah, and that was right there in my big acid phase. So I could sit and listen to "Comfortably Numb" over and over, thinking to myself, *I get it! I get it! I get it!*

Besides acid, what were you doing?
It started at the same time that I got into Zeppelin—I was, like, 16, 17. When you start smoking your first couple of joints and you go, *Oh, my God! Yes! This all makes sense to me!* I had met this girl and was living in a room in her garage. We would throw parties in the garage every night and just get spaced out and listen to *The Wall* over and over. To the point where you can mouth along to every drum fill, every guitar solo, note for note. There's not a lot of that going on anymore.

If you were ranking albums to have sex to, where would *The Wall* fall?
Y'know, I haven't tried it. And my wife and I even have a list going. I think we're definitely going to have to check that out now.

A "Sex Albums" list tacked up on the headboard?
Yeah. Like, "*Oh*, this is a good one."

Rob don't need no edukayshun

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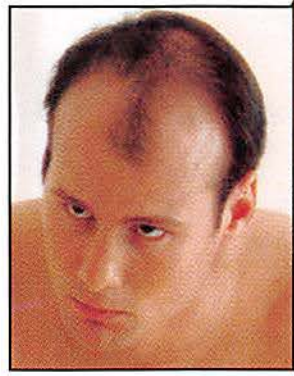

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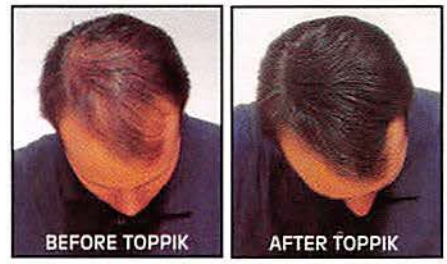

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—KYW-3 Eyewitness News, Philadelphia

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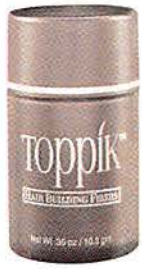
—FOX-TV News, Los Angeles



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SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

Oh, what a tangled Web they weave. We find the good stuff.

Uncouth or Dare

As Anna Nicole Smith has so ably proved, some people will do anything for money. The sadistic forces behind DareForDollars.com have decided to exploit this disturbing human weakness by challenging regular folks to perform a variety of humiliating tasks for extra cash—and by filming them for our amusement. Marvel at the couple with 60 seconds to dig through two tons of soggy horseshit to find $3,000; a guy who bowls bare-assed for a measly $1,500; and the sexy gals who compete at riding a mechanical bull for $3,200—while wearing whipped-cream bikinis. If you're feeling a bit daring (and desperate) yourself, log on to the site and make your own proposition. Alas, our offer to submit to a Sarah Michelle Gellar–Heidi Klum threesome dare for $50 was turned down. (www.darefordollars.com)

Convict Camera

Why eavesdrop on the amateur backstabbers of *Survivor* when you can watch the pros courtesy of Sheriff Joe Arpaio's Jail Cam? Four cameras provide 24-hour live feeds from the Maricopa County, Arizona, slammer as murderers, thieves, and assorted lawbreakers stupid enough to get caught are welcomed into our overburdened criminal justice system. While the intake areas offer all the grittiness of your local Zippee Mart, the search and holding cells sometimes live up to the site's enticing warning that "instances of violence or sexually inappropriate behavior by detainees... may occur." (We're shocked!) While it certainly beats the pants off the vote-'em-out approach of *Big Brother*, we do think we should be allowed to vote for that cute hooker to get an early parole. (www.crime.com/info/jailcam.html)

"Soprano? What kind of fruity name is dat?"

The Wired Wiseguy

You've seen *The Godfather* 107 times, and your buddies just can't get enough of your Vito Corleone imitation. Think that qualifies youse, er, *you* to ditch that boring CPA job and become a genuine goodfella? Fuhgeddaboutit. To walk the walk like a real wiseguy, check out the Reputed Links to Organized Crime site, a tongue-in-cheek guide to the stuff you need to get your leg-breaking career rolling. Link to must-have products like pinkie rings, Cadillacs, even office supplies ("How organized crime keeps its crime organized"), and services like chop shops and criminal lawyers and you'll be a connected capo in no time. There's even a Mobspeak glossary and a handy map of New Jersey so you can pick a remote spot to "dispose" of your first hit. (Note: The Giants Stadium north end zone is already taken.) (pages.prodigy.net/mlemus/mafiaweb.htm)—*Shane Mooney*

NET GAIN

Download This

Cool crap you can use!

Warble Speed, Sulu!

You've long been aware of William Shatner's esteemed skills as a thespian, but back in 1968, long before he took a gig as the crooning Priceline pitchman, Cap'n Kirk beamed down a trippy album of dramatic readings, from works including *Hamlet* and "Mr. Tambourine Man." The most warped cut, however, has to be his mangled interpretation of the Beatles' "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," during which he offers the kind of bombastic overemoting the world wouldn't witness again until...*The Wrath of Khan.* Check out a snippet: (slonet.org/~rloomis/shatner.wav)

Desktop Dribble

The biggest drawback of the paperless office? It seriously cuts into your supplies for sinking paper-wad three pointers into your corner garbage "hoop." Don't fret, Trash Jordan, just download Office Basket, which creates a virtual basket and ball on your spreadsheet-cluttered desktop. Simply use your mouse to drag, drop, and shoot your rock, then revel in applause as it swooshes through the net. Too bad the only NBA-style groupie you're likely to pull is the cleaning lady. (www.hypermind.dk/cgi/getfile.cgi?desktop/office-basket.zip)

"No, I didn't swallow a Tribble."

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www.cybertip.net

ARTS

Like, cool Daddy-o

Like, cra-a-azy man...

Check out the American Museum of Beat Art, which features the best of beatnik. This collection of works and artifacts from the Beat Generation includes writers, artists, poets, and their offspring as well as underground vids and films, posters, and the ubiquitous bongo drums!

www.beatmuseum.org

TRIVIA

Film fanatics

Who said "Then we're stupid, and we'll die"? Never argue about movie dialogue again. Buy the scripts and storyboards for thousands of movies. Also a section of treatments for upcoming and "stalled" projects. There are also links to sites that have advice to budding writers.

www.scriptshop.com

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DECORATE THE DEN

Up on the wall

Got a favorite movie? Remember that classic gig? Or do you just need to cover up that embarrassing stain on your bedroom wall? Stick 'em up at Allposters.com, where you'll find an amazingly large selection of posters categorized by type—from animals and artists to women and vintage images.

www.allposters.com

HUMOR

Ditch the banners

Sick of the mind numbingly inane banner ads on so many sites? Visit Chickenhead.com for a selection of hilarious alternatives in Bannertown, which you can paste in. Also check out the Dear John letters for entertaining ways to ditch a loser.

www.chickenhead.com

ENTERTAINMENT

Red-hot celebrities

Here's one absolutely fabulous site featuring a host of photos and gossip on all the sizzlin' celebs. Drool over Britney Spears, slobber over Sandra Bullock, and ogle Courtney Love. Plus there are loads of movies, soundtracks, and screen savers too!

www.absolutely.net

"Say, Gena, throw us the towel will ya?"

CHECK-OUT TIME

Ticktock, tick-tock, ticktock...

SITE OF THE MONTH

There are some things it's better not to know... and this is one of them! The Internet was made for sitting in quiet, futile, fascination as your life ticks away. A totally addictive site, just tell it your date of birth and it will tell you when you're going to meet your maker. A great conversation starter on that "difficult" first date.

www.deathclock.com

THE BIZARRE

Beware!

Been caught "playing away" by the other half? In revenge, the she-devil has trashed your apartment—there's paint splashed everywhere, all your electric gizmos are in bits, your clothes have been shredded, and there's dishwashing liquid in your brand-new DVD player! What you gonna do? Call the cops? Nah, create a Web site detailing the sobering consequences of getting caught with your pants down!

www.crazybitch.com

ESSENTIAL STUFF

Pass that wrench...

Ever wanted to know exactly how a Wankel rotary engine works, how much air a human breathes a day, or what makes a refrigerator cold? Impress your buddies with your incredible knowledge of the mechanics of how things work by logging on to this site.

www.howstuffworks.com

STYLE

Lookin' good

Shopping site for the urban-adventurer. Netsetgoods.com offers accessibility to the latest must-haves in fashion and home design from around the world—from Spiewak vests to Tru Tru Pony Hobo bags—all presented in funky style. It's a no brainer to navigate too. Global lifestyle essentials are now online.

www.netsetgoods.com

FOLD HERE

Recommended site: Log on, have FUN

MAXIM ONLINE

Find more at: www.maximonline.com

ENTERTAINMENT

Movie mania

Brilliant, comprehensive film site featuring movie news, reviews, and ratings. Get complete listings of what's on in your local cinema plus trailers on the latest big releases. There are also details on the top box-office hits and hot videos for rental. Movie fanatics, stop here!

www.imdb.com

ENTERTAINMENT

Animated action

A bitchin' site featuring some superb animation. Our fave episode was from *Heather Hunter Bullet Proof Diva*—savior, seductress, and assassin rolled into one high-octane package. A girl who'll crush your balls—big time!

www.othervision.com

See also...

www.honkworm.com

See 'Dog in a box on two wheels' and 'Fishbar'—cult classics.

TRIVIA

It's raining in Georgia

This is actually a software application that links back to a Web site. Using hi-res cloud images taken from five geosynchronous weather satellites, a superbly animated globe displays the weather anywhere in the world *in real time*. Plus links to live web-cams dotted around the world.

www.earthbrowser.com

Is there anywhere it's *not* raining?

GIFTS FOR YOU

You know you want to

Tired of only your girlfriend having all the slinky, silky, sexy underwear? Want to try some yourself? Here's the site. Boxers, swimwear, thongs, briefs—in every style from animal prints to outer space, made in silk, satin, and, er, nylon. Also boasts free screen savers and games.

www.kiniki.com

BOOZE

Drinks at eight...

OK, which olive is the best accompaniment for a perfect martini? Showing the basics of cocktail making and party hosting, this is the site for people who want style, culture, food hints and tricks to impress even the most hardened of party guests. The party organizer is a hoot!

www.mixology.com

Also, check out

www.snacksonline.com

All the tasty little nibbles you'll need to get the party really swingin'.

MASS KILLERS

Pol Pot Pal

This site keeps tabs on who's hot and who's not in the brutal world of dictators. Add your vote to find the top dictator of the last 50 years, judged on insanity, paranoia, greed, corruption, and corpulence. Top living dictator? Stand up North Korea's Kim Jong Il!

www.thedictatorship.com

TRAVEL

Globe trotters

Going somewhere unusual for your vacation? This travel and language site translates more than 70 different languages ranging from Afrikaans to Zulu. Includes foreign language dictionaries, translation, currency exchange rates , and info on hotels worldwide. So now you can get shitfaced all over the globe.

www.travlang.com

GIFTS FOR HER

Size does matter

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www.naughtypillows.com

MUSIC

MP3 band-its

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Hold my place...

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www.stadiumpal.com

BOOZE

Drink up, quick

Repository of all things bachelor—for instance, RockShots ice shot glasses. Try tequila out of a glass made of lime juice. Although a U.K.-based site, Firebox will ship worldwide. Also, check out the nifty currency calculator.

www.firebox.com

This drink is so hot, the glass is melting

FAST CARS

Burnin' rubber

Pit babes, screen savers, cartoons, news, and articles abound in this high-revving site. Take a pit stop to get the lowdown on Formula One, Cart, and Nascar—it's throbbing with high-fueled info.

www.linksheaven.com/formula1

Also, check out

www.formula1tickets.com

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Jerry Garcia's coffin lid

PUB MENU

Barroom Brawls

The only thing missing from these bar-style games is a hangover smart bomb.

Ah, your local watering hole: pickled eggs, cheap draft, and bathrooms so foul you can lean on the stink. But sometimes you don't want to go where everybody slurs your name to play pinball, darts, or pool. With these games, you can play alone—and pass out in the comfort of your own home.

Virtual Pool 3

(Interplay—PC)

Normally if you wielded a cue stick against a pack of pool sharks, you'd lose your paycheck...and your shirt...and your wheels. But with *VP3*, you can rack 'em up against outlandishly named characters Atilla Williams and Coolwhip Hurlbut without inviting financial ruin. Shooting with a slide of the mouse is awkward, but after you master it, you'll hustle through virtual shithole pool parlors and yuppie bars (where the big sucker money is). The graphics are sharp enough to make you think you can scratch felt, and unlike in real life, you can view your prowess from a zillion angles. Get really good and you challenge real women's champ Jeanette "The Black Widow" Lee in her beach house—where losing your shirt wouldn't be so bad.

Don't touch his balls

Pro Pinball: Fantastic Journey

(Empire Interactive—PlayStation, PC)

We never thought that a video game could re-create the true joys of pinball, since pissed-off ranting at and throttling of the #@&%!! machine is half the fun. But *Pro Pinball* lets you set table condition (new or woefully abused) and faithfully replicates old-school bumpers, bells, and lights. (A triple-score combo might just trigger epileptic seizures.) Even cooler, the controls actually let you jostle the "table"—do it with finesse and rescue your ball; push too far and "tilt." In addition to standard spinners, targets, and ramps, the game includes frenzied multiplay for up to 10 balls at once. It only loses bonus points for incorporating a useless narrative about saving the world from an evil general. Why, does he have next game?

Sierra Sports Game Room

(Sierra—Dreamcast, PC, MacIntosh)

Using the same booze-fueled logic that recognizes barley, malt, and hops as essential food groups, bar games count as a legitimate form of exercise. So warm up with a few pints, then belly up to *Game Room*'s dartboard, tossing the projectiles via an on-screen hand. Until you master the tricky power-meter system, most shots land on the floor, but at least you'll never spear an eyeball no matter how tanked you get. Switch to shuffleboard, choose a straight, angled, or U-turn-shaped table, and challenge a virtual opponent who taunts you or encourages you like a personal trainer. Round out your cross-training with air hockey, then (and this is important) cool down with another round of cold, refreshing liquids. Three other bar games are included, but hey, why strain yourself, champ?

—Alex Porter

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IGN.COM

TEEN T Mild Animated Violence Suggestive Themes

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PlayStation.2

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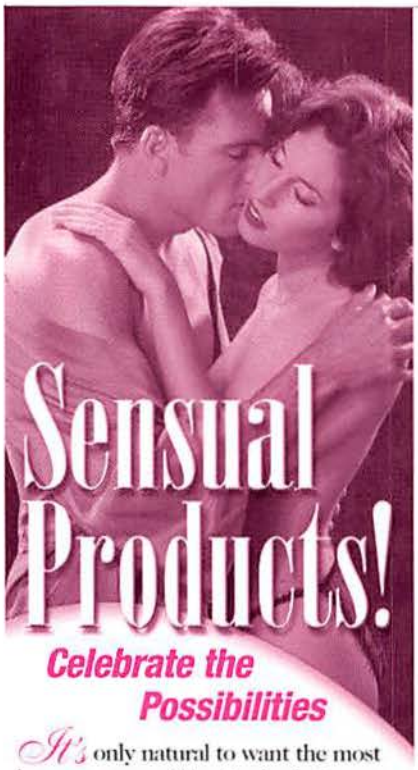

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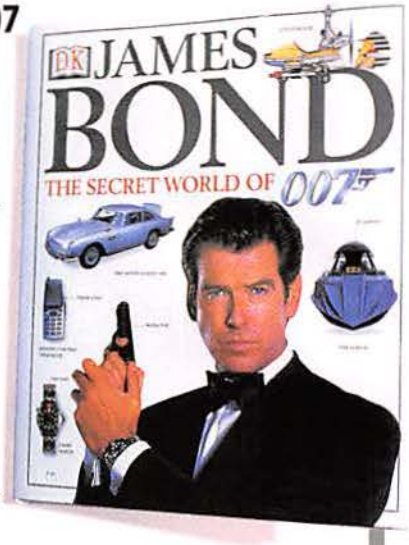
Books

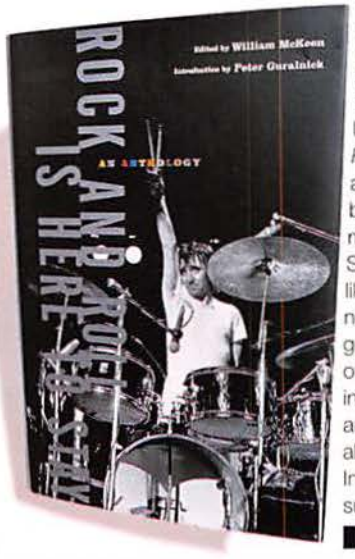
James Bond: The Secret World of 007

By Alastair Dougall (Dorling Kindersley Ltd., $19.95)



Memo from SPECTRE HQ to all aspiring megalomaniacal villains: As you are aware, our tireless efforts toward world domination have been thwarted by a certain suave British civil servant. Therefore it is strongly *suggested* that you obtain this colorful, picture-driven dossier loaded with intelligence pertaining to MI6 Agent 007. Covering all 19 Bond movies, the obsessive tome uses more than 700 annotated illustrations and photos. Of special interest are the workings of Q's high-tech (and often deadly) watches, briefcases, and other gadgets, as well as a rare glimpse at Bond's license to kill. And if we discover who leaked schematics of our villains' lairs, including Largo's *Disco Volante* yacht (*Thunderball*) and Blofeld's Piz Gloria compound in the Swiss Alps (*On Her Majesty's Secret Service*), punishment will be severe. P.S.: Remember to sign up for the annual SPECTRE picnic.—*James Heidenry*

■■■■□



Rock and Roll Is Here to Stay: An Anthology

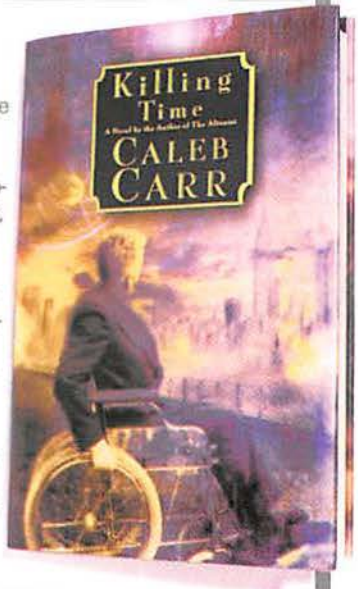
Edited by William McKeen (W.W. Norton & Co., $35)

If your religion is rock'n'roll, this just may be your bible. *Rock and Roll* is a dense collection of essays, liner notes, and public mutterings spanning the history of rock, offered by critics such as Lester Bangs and Greil Marcus, and the musicians themselves, including Pete Townshend, Patti Smith, and James Brown. Broken into sections with titles like "Ancestors," "Present at the Creation," and "Soul," the nearly 100 entries command the faithful to worship them as gospel. Sure enough, groupie Pamela Des Barres' account of her romp with Jimmy Page and Townshend's tale of feeling slighted because Jimi Hendrix liked Eric Clapton better are sacred stuff. But at 641 pages, the level of detail—arcana about fanzines and the Beastie Boys' opinions on the Internet—can get a bit tedious, just like the *real* Bible. We suggest digesting it one psalm at a time.—*Laurina Gibbs*

■■■□□

Killing Time

By Caleb Carr (Random House, $25.95)



What happens when a guy writes a best-selling novel his first time out? Apparently, he gets to coast on it for years. Carr's *The Alienist* was a riveting serial killer mystery set in an early-1900s New York so sordidly detailed you could practically smell the two-dollar whores on every page. The sequel, *The Angel of Darkness*, was more contrived than compelling. Now Carr leaves historical fiction behind—far behind—with the limp technothriller *Killing Time*. In the year 2023 (by which time war is raging and the environment is trashed), criminologist Gideon Wolfe uncovers a presidential assassination conspiracy and falls in with a gang of weapon-toting scientists who jet around the globe planting false documents to undermine an information-choked society. Which sounds cool in a Michael Crichton sort of way. Unfortunately, Carr lacks Crichton's knack for making technobabble palatable, and has lost his own gift for giving characters even rudimentary depth. Moments of sci-fi excitement do exist here; you just don't give a damn how they turn out.—*Craig Stephenson*

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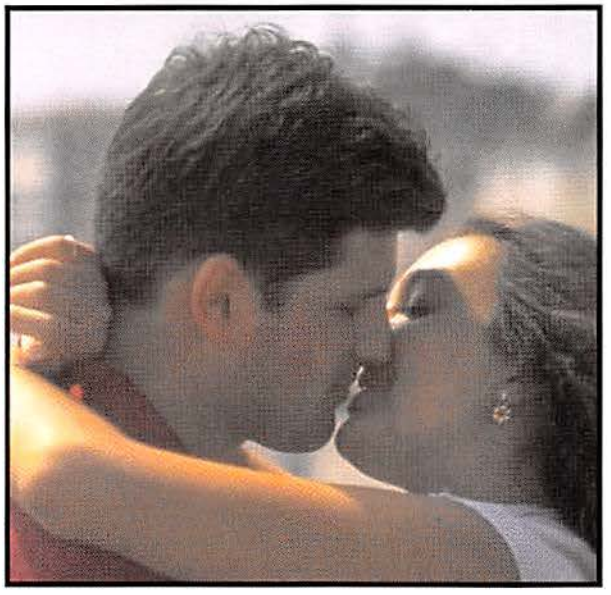

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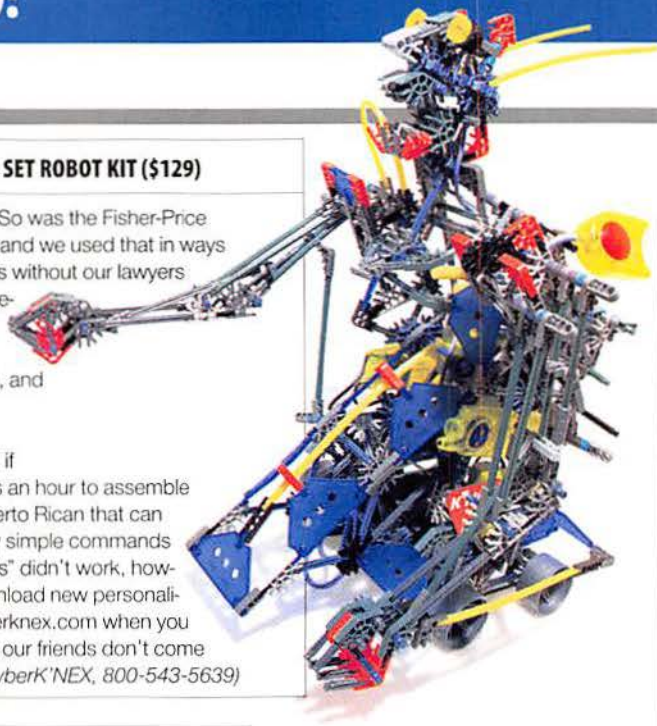


CYBERK'NEX ULTRA SET ROBOT KIT ($129)

Yes, it's a kid's toy. So was the Fisher-Price Pixelvision camera, and we used that in ways we still can't discuss without our lawyers present. This remote-control beast responds to light, motion, and impact, and you can hook it up to the Web and control it from Tahiti if you'd like. It took us an hour to assemble "Salsa," a robo-Puerto Rican that can talk, hear, and obey simple commands ("Take off your pants" didn't work, however). **Bonus:** Download new personalities from www.cyberknex.com when you get bored. Too bad our friends don't come with that option. *(CyberK'NEX, 800-543-5639)*

SEIKO SMARTPAD ($199)

How cool was it the first time you drew on your Palm organizer's screen and captured the doodle digitally? Now how annoying is it to write with a toothpick on that tiny surface? With the SmartPad you can write notes on a regular pad of paper which has an infrared sensor under it that beams them to your Palm or Handspring PDA. The SmartPad also has a pocket for a SmartPen, which writes in ink or can be used as a stylus, and utility pockets for whatever else you need (condoms, change, bullets, etc.). **Bonus:** "Hey, baby, check out my pad. Yeah, right here in my lap!" *(Seiko, 800-688-0817)*

SAITEK CYBORG 3-D GOLD JOYSTICK ($40)

Tired of showing up at the ER with dislocated thumbs? (Crybaby!) This computer joystick is designed to fit the contours of your hand, including you lefties out there (the sad, disabled bunch that you are). Equipped with connections for Macs and PCs, it has eight fire buttons, two shift buttons, a throttle, and a 3-D rudder twist function. We found it only slightly less difficult to operate than the space shuttle *Columbia*. **Bonus:** It looks like C-3PO's strap-on. Wait, that's not good...*(Saitek, 800-452-4377)*

SONICBOX iM TUNER ($100)

If you're like us, you wanna bust your knob every time you tune in to the five lame stations your radio offers. With the Sonicbox, you can select from 800 stations that broadcast over the Web and jam tunes through your home or computer stereo. Dig jazz? This box plugs into a phone line and receives 32 hot jazz stations from across the nation. The same goes for sports, rock, techno, etc. **Bonus:** So you dug that tune, eh? Hit the Tell Me More! button and this gadget will E-mail you extra info. *(Sonicbox, 650-967-4842)*

Grab Bag

The leaves are falling. . . and so is your net worth. But hell, these cool new adult toys are worth breaking out the plastic for. Trust us.

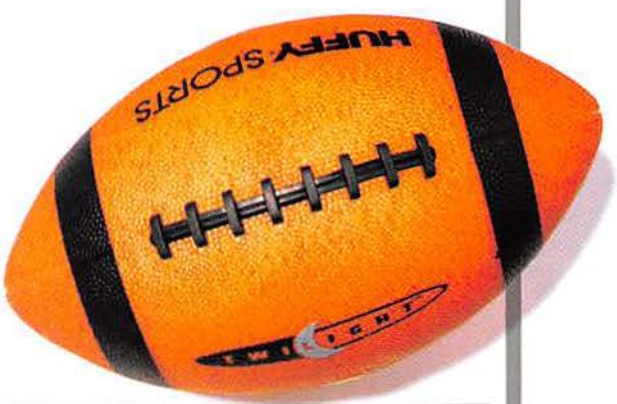
By Dan Kraus
Photographs by Robert Glasgow

MAXELL LIGHT BEAT HEADPHONES ($15)

These neckband-style earphones feature three color LED lights on each ear cup that strobe on and off to the rhythm of your tunes. Sensing serious humiliation potential, we made an intern wear them for an entire day while listening to George Michael on a Manhattan subway train. "I was almost beaten senseless by a meathead from Jersey," he told us. "But a sympathetic broad stepped in and said, 'Can't you see he's mentally challenged?'" **Bonus:** Geek factor aside, these 30 mm speakers deliver superb distortion-free sound at a high volume. *(Maxell, www.maxell.com)*

THE ELECTRIC WINE COOLER ($130)

"Your birthday's *tonight*? I mean, of course it's tonight!" In situations like these, you've got to act fast—just light a couple of candles, dust off your room-temperature bottle of Château de Thoughtless Clod, then drop it into this cool 5.5-pound, 12-inch-high wine chiller. Fill it with ice and water, plug 'er in, crank the dial to anywhere from 0 to 20 minutes, and presto—the wine (or milk, blood, or whatever twisted junk you're into) is nice and chilly. Once your girl's lubed up with drink, you can wrap a little ribbon around your "present." **Bonus:** Leftover ice slurry can be used as a sexual aid! *(Skymall, 800-759-6255)*



HUFFY TWILIGHT FOOTBALL ($25)

Mankind is now one giant step closer to the ultimate goal: playing football on the doomed *Mir* space station! Huffy's tucked an LED and three tiny watch batteries inside its new Twilight football's semi-translucent rubber without drastically altering the gadget's balance or weight, so the thing glows like an unidentified flying object. With this baby lying around, you can score all night—even as you hurtle out of control toward earth at 1,000 miles per second. **Bonus:** The pinkish skin really looks like pigskin. "Hey, rabbi...go long!" *(Huffy Sports, 800-558-5234)*

"Psst...anybody wanna split a joint?"

CUTTING EDGE

Knife Fight!

When you're ready to hack your delicious Thanksgiving bird—or to dismember your annoying dinner guests—which blade can you rely on to handle the job? By Alex Porter

Nothing undermines a guy's man-of-the-house status quicker than turning a Thanksgiving turkey into something that looks like a wartime atrocity. The usual culprit: a duller-than-Al-Gore knife. When you sit down to carve that Butterball—your girlfriend's hand stroking your knee, your future father-in-law eyeing you like you're some pervert who just buggered his daughter with a Gucci loafer—you want a knife that can get the job done.

G.I. Joe with knife-throwing action and lifelike hair!

To find the perfect weapon, we rounded up three cutting-edge carvers, an electric slicer, and the cheapest blade we could find at Kmart. Then we brought in our Japanese food critic, Hiroki, and reenacted the old *ginsu* infomercial *Maxim* style. In the bowels of a New York bistro, we tested each knife by hacking through a two-inch-thick piece of rope (to simulate Grandma's steak), a beer can (why not?), and the rib of a fully grown giraffe (don't ask how we got it through customs...Suffice it to say that one of our staffers is, um, gifted). Finally we called on Andy Prisco, instructor at the American Knife Throwers Alliance and owner of Sharperinstinct.com, to grade each on throwability (for dissuading would-be moochers the next day). The results:

GLOBAL 9" ROAST SLICER ($67)

The edge: The super-stylish six-ounce Japanese-made Global features seamless design with a hollow, nonslip dimpled handle ("My father make it," lied Hiroki). Since it's constructed of miraculous molybdenum-vanadium—ice-tempered stainless steel hardened to Rockwell C56-58 (we're impressed by this shit, OK?)—we figured it would cut through just about anything. It didn't let us down.

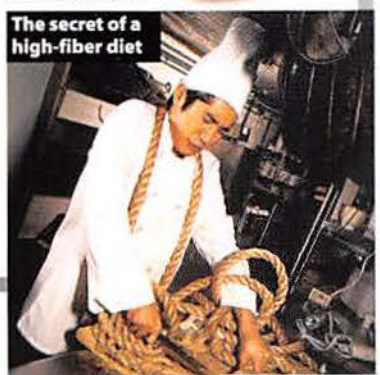
Beer can: The knife tore through the Bud can faster than a guy in a cheap rubber monster suit can decimate an even cheaper model of Tokyo. Total time: a record four seconds!

Rope: Hiroki took care of this noose-ready piece of rope with a clean, even cut in just six seconds. "Good for make rope and salmon *maki* roll," he said. "I like. I eat!"

Giraffe rib: After 10 minutes of wrist-numbing saw action, Hiroki had hardly made a nick in the bone. "I give up," he said. "This suck. Why I do this?" We got out our INS phone book and he quieted down real fast.

Throw: The Global repeatedly bounced off the target. "The handle is heavy, and the rounded point is no good for throwing," said a pissed-off Prisco. "This knife *blows*."

Overall: True to ginsu form, the razor-sharp Japanese Global made sashimi of the competition. Sure, it sucks as a throwing knife, but it's great for just about anything a non-psycho would want to use it for. We have a most honorable winner!



The secret of a high-fiber diet

Photographs: Charles Langella (test); Michael Kraus (still life)

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WÜSTHOF-TRIDENT CLASSIC 10" SLICER ($74)

The edge: Wüsthof molds this German high-carbon, 6.5-ounce stainless steel blade with a two-ton forging hammer. The triple-riveted handle is made of a virtually indestructible substance called Hostaform-C. Favorite feature: the "exposed tang" (the strip of exposed steel in the handle, not to be confused with that stuff we get in the office sometimes)
Beer can: This Fräulein destroyed our beer can *schnell*, as if it were a French military line of defense. Time: nine seconds. Said Hiroki: "Beer cut fast. I jerk off fast." Um, OK then.
Rope: This blade took 18 seconds to cut through two inches of rope. Now we know where the "wüs" in Wüsthof comes from.
Giraffe rib: By the time we got to our carnage, this knife had a few battle wounds. And as Hiroki hacked at the bloody bone, it grew apparent that giraffe-marrow soup would *not* be on our lunch menu (we sucked on the intact three-foot rib instead). "Bad bone. Bad knife," he said, surrendering after 10 minutes.
Throw: *Thock!* This blade stuck neatly in the target, quivering like a fake boob on a subway train. "Extremely well-balanced," noted our knife thrower. "A nice narrow point for sticking, and it flies smooth off the hand. Can I keep it?"
Overall: This beauty of a blade, with its perfect weight distribution, definitely had the most authoritative feel. Gripping it was like shaking hands with Helmut Kohl (yeah, we know the guy...Got a problem?).

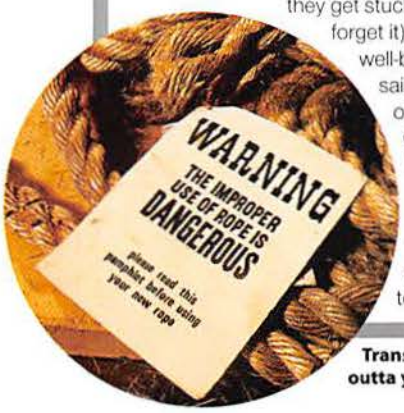
"Um, Hiroki... they're pop-tops."

HOME ESSENTIALS 10" CARVER ($6)

The edge: We went down to Kmart, hunting for the cheapest carving knife we could find, and ended up with this number from Home Essentials. A Chinese import, it's the only knife with a serrated edge we tested. The handle's made of plastic painted to look like wood and riveted to a thin, flimsy stainless steel blade. We're guessing the Chinamen who put these together work in a lovely spacious factory for big, big money. You betcha.
Beer can: The blade got tangled in the aluminum and left a lame, uneven cut. Said Hiroki: "This knife useless, like your brain." Total time: 18 seconds
Rope: Nice clean cut? Frayed knot. While the jagged blade gave our Home Essentials cutter an unfair advantage in speed (nine seconds), it turned the rope into an ugly pile of angel hair pasta.
Giraffe rib: "Kinda makes you think of a battlefield surgeon in the Civil War," said the photographer's assistant. Good thing nobody's life depended on it, though, because this amputation was a resounding failure. As expected, our cheapo model couldn't cut one after a three-bean dinner.
Throw: Our budget slicer pierced the wood on the first shot, but not without a price. Said our knife thrower: "It's actually a fairly balanced blade thrower with a decent point. Too bad the cheap plastic handle broke after one throw."
Overall: A resounding flop on nearly every level, this is the culinary equivalent of *Battlefield Earth*. Oddly, it made a winning impression on Hiroki: "This is like toy knife. I like. I stab!"

LAMSONSHARP 10" SLICING KNIFE ($73)

The edge: This American-made 6.5-ounce carver features a riveted brass-and-rosewood handle and a hardened high-carbon steel blade. LamsonSharp's been "hot drop forging" its Solingen stainless steel knives since the 1800s—it's the oldest knife maker in the States. But is the blade as sharp as it is old-world charming?
Beer can: Despite the knife's beautiful virgin edge, cutting time was a mediocre 13 seconds. "This knife pussy," said Hiroki.
Rope: The LamsonSharp sliced through the hemp like it was a hunk of overboiled organ meat, leaving a nice tidy cut in 12 seconds.
Giraffe rib: Who knew that these gangly beasts have bones like granite? The next time we go hacking up zoo animals, we'll get out our chain saw. Hiroki samurai'd feverishly with LamsonSharp's carver for 10 minutes before giving up.
Throw: No sweat. This pointed blade stuck in the plywood like a pig's penis during sex (sometimes they get stuck when...um...oh, forget it). "Another beautiful well-balanced knife." said Prisco. "The best of all five."
Overall: We're suckers for the rustic look and slick blade of this knife. And it's made in the good ol' USA! In fact, we liked it so much that we've been wielding it around outside our Times Square offices (the tourists *love* it).



Translation: Keep it outta your butt!

KRUPS OPTISLICE ELECTRIC KNIFE ($25)

The edge: This plug-in carver, a trailer-park favorite we nicknamed the Presto Eunuch-Maker, came courtesy of the German appliance outfit best known for coffee machines. It has twin self-sharpening, easily ejectable blades and the reputable Krups name. (Factoid: Don't confuse "Krups" with "Krupp," weapon maker and "employer" of death-camp slave labor in WWII.)
Beer can: The OptiSlice whined through the can like a hacksaw through I Can't Believe It's Not Butter! Noisy. Ugly. Impressive. Total time: 8 seconds
Rope: This carver tore through rope like it was toilet paper. "It work automatic," said Hiroki. "It shake like my hand after too much beer." Stopwatch: 15 seconds
Giraffe rib: Finally! After grinding away like a lap dancer for nine minutes, this knife bisected the bone. Was it worth the nerve-jangling, carpal-tunnel-inducing buzz session? "No," said Hiroki. "You people weird."
Throw: "I wouldn't ever, ever throw an electric knife—unless it was unplugged," cracked Prisco. He flung it, and the OptiSlice shattered like a glass at a Jewish wedding. We made Hiroki sweep up the mess.
Overall: It does what it's supposed to: jiggles its way through meat and bone. Plus, the curvy, ergonomic handle looks like a vibrator swiped from the set of *Deep Space 9*. We'd use it, as long as no one saw us using it.

FINAL VERDICT

GLOBAL	★★★★★
WÜSTHOF	★★★★☆
HOME ESSENTIALS	★☆☆☆☆
LAMSONSHARP	★★★★☆
KRUPS OPTISLICE	★★★☆☆

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The Plane Truth

Only suckers fly coach—but even suckers deserve the best. So we bought cheap tickets to the Big Easy on five major airlines to find out which ride had the least turbulence. By Alex Straus

Remember the days when folks got dressed up for air travel? Nubile blonde stewardesses bent forward to deliver your scotch like circa-'65 Playboy bunnies, your flight was always on time, and passengers gave the pilot a round of applause when he brought her down easy. Nowadays air travel has all the charm of a white-knuckled, diarrhea-cramped, Akron-to-Toledo bus ride. According to the FAA, there was a record 48,448 delayed flights this year—in June alone! And face it: Today's stewardesses have gone the way of Delta Burke. But what are ya gonna do, hitchhike?

In these troubled times, we at *Maxim* decided to find out which carrier flies the friendliest skies. So we planned a booze-fest bachelor party in New Orleans for the now married staffer Charles Coxe (we give it three months, tops) and booked tickets from New York to the Big Easy on five major airlines (all on the company tab, of course). Then we rated each carrier on whether it could deliver us on time, how well it can stir a stiff Bloody Mary, the cleanliness of the crapper, the quality of the service, the food, and the entertainment. Here's how they fared:

"Oh, screw it. You're all gonna die!"

NORTHWEST

The ticket: Our associate editor Dave Itzkoff got stuck in a dwarf's seat with no blanket or pillow—for a 6 A.M. flight! ("What is this," he whined, "Auschwitz?") The flight included an hour layover in lovely Memphis, both ways. Price: $210

On time: This baby landed us 10 minutes early on the way down, and the ride back was "literally a breeze." Total travel time, round-trip: 10 hours, 15 minutes

Booze: For four bucks we got Mr. & Mrs. T's Bloody Mary Mix and 50 milliliters of Smirnoff on ice in a frat-party cup. It tasted like "rotten ketchup...down to the last drop."

Personnel: "I couldn't tell the difference between the steward and the stewardess," said Itzkoff. "They both looked sadder than those clown paintings on velvet. When I asked to get bumped up to first class, I thought they'd burst into tears."

Grub: Cheerios with enough milk to fill a bottle cap, a banana, a Styrofoam bagel, and a thimble of orange juice. "Insulting," said Itzkoff, whose stomach growled all the way to the first oyster shop on Bourbon Street.

Entertainment: Movie? This plane didn't even have *screens*. "I could see the jokers in first class reading magazines," noted our loser in coach, "and all we got was the in-flight safety card, which I stole, by the way. You're not going to print that, are you?"

Toilet: The john was so clean our guy hung a DO NOT DISTURB sign up and took a nap.

Overall: Northwest's flight had fewer frills than an inner-city emergency room, but it delivered our boy to the party right on time (he was sitting on a shemale stripper's lap within minutes of landing).

Photographs: Charles Langella (stewardess); Robert Glasgow (still life); stylist: Dina Fragale; makeup: Deborah Allayio for Garren NY; hair: Ralph Castelli for Roxanne Renfrow; location: Idlewild, NYC.

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From the Director of "ANALYZE THIS"

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CONTINENTAL

The ticket: Continental hooked our honored guest, Mr. Coxe, with a $285 direct round-trip flight from Newark. "The guy next to me on the way down was fatter than a sumo wrestler," he said. We're sure he said the same about you, pal.

On time: The liner landed Chuck a *half-hour early,* snagging Continental the *Cannonball Run* first prize. But the flight back was delayed for three hours, leaving our bachelor retching in the aisles with the d.t.'s. Total travel time: 9 hours, 10 minutes

Booze: For four bucks this carrier served Mr. & Mrs. T's mix with an airplane bottle of Skyy, a juicy lime wedge, and a half-dozen ice cubes. Bitched our boozer: "It tasted like a bloody dishrag."

Personnel: "We had two stewardesses," said Chuck. "One took 11 minutes to respond to my buzzer. The other looked like Gorbachev with tits. I was afraid to ask for another drink."

Grub: Ham and cheese, or chicken on a roll with lettuce; an apple; and chocolate. "Sure, I opened my mouth...to yawn."

Entertainment: *Nada.* When Coxe asked if they had *Maxim,* "the wench said, 'Of course not!'" So he entertained himself by urinating in the bathroom during heavy turbulence.

Toilet: "From the moment I boarded, the entire plane reeked of toilet," said Chuck. Ironically, he was face to face with half the toilets in New Orleans before our trip was over.

Overall: With the exception of the early arrival (yes, a *major* plus), this carrier failed us. And it refused to refund art designer Matt Cokeley's ticket, even though his grandmother had died. Said flyboy Coxe: "I want revenge."

DELTA

The ticket: For a piddling $213, Delta flew associate editor Albert Baime to New Orleans with a short 50-minute (two-beer) stopover in Atlanta each way.

On time: The flight arrived in New Orleans on time, but the ride back "left me stranded in Atlanta for three hours due to weather," said Baime. "Funny thing was, it was a sunny day." Good thing he doesn't have a life. Total travel time: 12 hours, 20 minutes

Booze: "It took the lady 344 seconds to find the Smirnoff to go with the revolting Mr. & Mrs. T's mix," our guy complained. "Hey lady, it's after 9 A.M., where's my booze?" Cost: four dollars

Personnel: "Nice, slow, ugly." Hey, some guys are easy to please.

Grub: The Delta Sky Deli came in a brown paper bag: an eight-ounce orange juice, raspberry yogurt (*huh?*), a cinnamon croissant, and a banana. When our guy demanded eggs, he was told that "the flight will land soon, sir...Then you can eat whatever you want." Don't blame us for your lousy career choice, sweetheart.

Entertainment: No *Maxim* and no sound to go with the scintillating Shirley MacLaine TV bio. But Delta's "award-winning *Sky* magazine" had a feature on "actor-hunk" Mel Gibson. "There's just something about the word *hunk* that makes me want to tear into a magazine," Baime enthused.

Toilet: "The bathroom had plenty of free Maxithin menstrual pads [no relation to the mag...we think] but no condoms," said our staffer. "That's sexist. That aside, the hole was cleaner than my sty at home. I think I'll move in."

Overall: Sure, it was cheap, but the flight was late and the food sucked. "But I'm alive and expensing the whole thing," said our guy, "so I couldn't be happier."

AMERICAN

The ticket: Senior editor James Heidenry flew out of JFK and wasted 70 layover minutes in Miami each way. Price: $236

On time: The flight down was delayed for an hour (one of the stewardesses didn't show up). On the way back "I got stuck in Miami for four hours," said Heidenry. "After leaving at 3 P.M., I stumbled home at 4 A.M.!" Total travel time: 17 hours, 45 minutes. *Ouch!*

Booze: A Bloody Mary (Skyy vodka, Campbell's mix, ice) was delivered hourly on the way back, free. "I saw the clouds and swore I was in heaven."

Personnel: The help handled all our guy's needs. But he noted: "something about my stewardess made me feel as if I were in a mental ward and she was Nurse Ratchett."

Grub: American served a Chicken Italiano pizza pocket: "The best chicken pizza pocket I'd had all day!"

Entertainment: Along with your standard mags and newspapers, American featured reruns of *The King of Queens.* "It was better than Xanax," said Heidenry. "I was out like a busted light in minutes."

Toilet: Though the john smelled like peaches, there were enough short-and-curlies on the seat to stuff a mattress. Thank God we get to stand up.

Overall: Drug-free sleeping aids, five hours of delay, nuked processed chow, and all the pubic hair a guy could want. We're proud to be American!

"Should the cabin lose pressure, this bra will release."

US AIRWAYS

The ticket: US Airways hooked us up with a direct flight both ways. And the ticket was so cheap ($208), we had extra bills to stuff down strippers' G-strings!

On time: Our flight down landed on schedule, and the flight back arrived just a few minutes late. Said senior editor Steve Russell, "Now, *that's* flying." Total travel time: 6 hours, 5 minutes (first place)

Booze: US Airways served Smirnoff and Mr. & Mrs. T's mix (four bucks). "Damn good," said our guy (who, we should point out, would guzzle emu urine if it would get him drunk). "The stewardess let me have my second round for free! I think she dug me." Yeah, right.

Personnel: The stewardesses were surprisingly polite and helpful. Said Russell, "One was shirtless under her little blazer, and not half bad-lookin'." Um, somebody needs to get laid.

Grub: What Happy Meals would look like if the Nazis won the war: turkey with cheese on a roll, raw carrots, and stale butterscotch cookies. "Edible," said Russell, "barely."

Entertainment: No movie and no *Maxim,* but they did offer *National Geographic,* so at least we saw some skin.

Toilet: "Clean, hot, and smelly," our guy reported. We can only assume he meant the bathroom.

Overall: Hardly a joyride, but US Airways edged out Northwest for the gold (the stewardess' cleavage won us over!).

FINAL VERDICT

NORTHWEST	✈✈✈✈✈
CONTINENTAL	✈✈✈✈✈
DELTA	✈✈✈✈✈
AMERICAN	✈✈✈✈✈
US AIRWAYS	✈✈✈✈✈

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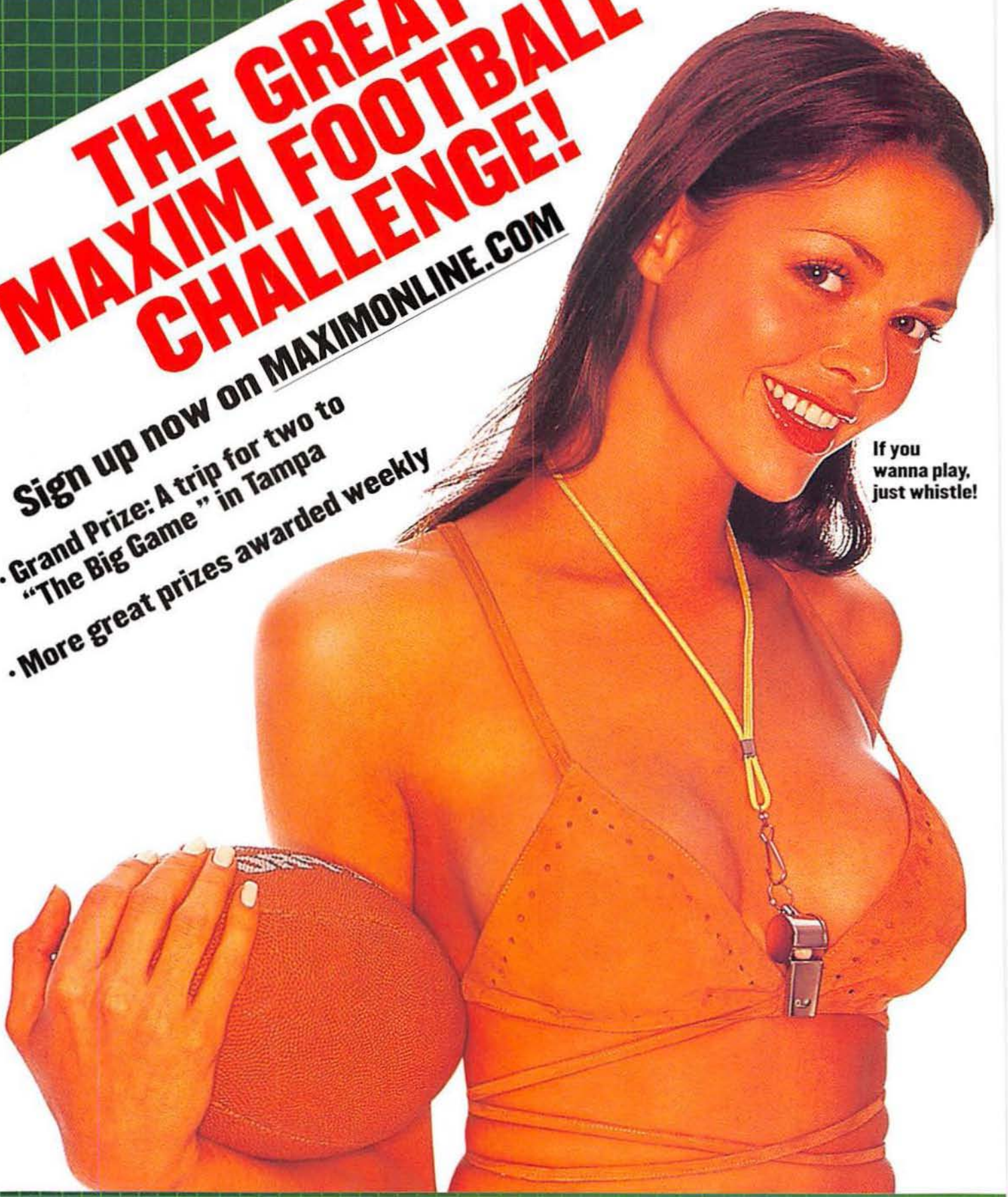

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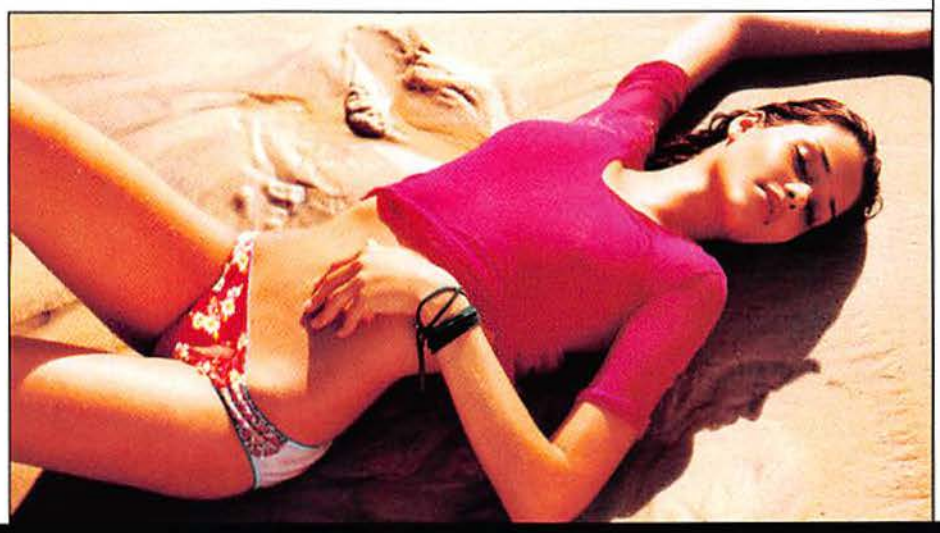

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The Chicago Hot Dog

Fluky's, Chicago, IL ($1.85)

The fare: A boiled all-bull meatbag, tossed on a steamed poppy-seed bun with mustard, onions, pickles, relish, hot peppers, tomato, and celery salt.
The joint: The grandfather of this classic fare ("The Chicago hot-dog phenomenon wouldn't exist without Fluky's," says *Chicago Magazine* dining editor Penny Pollack), this place burns through more wieners than gonorrhea—20,000 a week. It's named after the original owner, who earned the moniker for not dying while getting noose-dragged up two stories through a window as part of a club initiation. Your guess is as good as ours.
Notable clientele: Michael Jordan, Jim McMahon
Best drink: "Beer doesn't go well with boiled meats," says Fluky's current owner, Jack Drexler. Hmm. We guzzled a case of Colt 45 with ours.
Taste test: "This sucker makes a Coney Island hot dog taste like a spent cigar," said one New York tester. "But it gave me gas. No wonder they call Chicago the Windy City." *(847-677-7726)*

Philly Cheesesteak

Pat's King of Steaks, Philadelphia, PA ($5.50)

The fare: Eight ounces of thinly sliced rib eye fried up in seasoned soybean oil, then stuffed into an eight-inch Italian roll with some chopped fried onions. The secret ingredient: molten Cheez Whiz dumped on top.
The joint: The birthplace of the Philly cheesesteak in 1930, this shack is known for its legendary 30-year bloody battle with Geno's Steaks across the street. (Pat's Cheez Whiz concoction won us over.) Every year, this place tears through 300,000 pounds of cow and enough Cheez to fill a swimming pool (25,000 gallons…dive in!).
Notable clientele: Brian Setzer and practically every Philly athlete since Pete Rose was in diapers
Best drink: Fountain Coca-Cola (Pat's sells more Coke than any other restaurant on the East Coast.)
Taste test: "All that succulent bubbling beef is mind-numbing," said one tester. "Simply awesome. And just 1,070 calories per sandwich!" *D'oh! (215-468-1546)*

Eat Me!

We grilled food experts everywhere looking for the nation's best sandwiches. Then we dug in. Feast your eyes on our hoagy hall of fame! By Myatt Murphy

The French Dip

Philippe the Original, Los Angeles, CA ($3.95)

The fare: Four ounces of roasted bottom-round beef on a six-inch French roll that you dip in boiling-hot cow blood. *Mmmm!*
The joint: One day back in 1908, sandwich maker and French immigrant Philippe Mathieu accidentally dropped a roll into a pan full of hot cow plasma. Then he tossed some steak in and fed it to a cop. An all-American lunch was born. ("It's like a slice of Raymond Chandler L.A.," says *Los Angeles Times* food editor Russ Parson, "The best French dip I've ever tasted in my life.") Nowadays, Philippe's serves 2,000 dips a day (sandwiches, not locals).
Notable clientele: Johnny Cochran, Matt Damon
Best drink: A glass of California's own Silver Oak cabernet
Taste test: "The last time we saw this much blood and gore, John Woo's name was pasted on the credits," said one taster. Said another: "After double dipping the bread, this meal left us snapping like starved pit bulls in a nursery school." *(213-628-3781)*

Lobster Roll

The Lobster Shack, Cape Elizabeth, ME ($8.75)

The fare: Want some tail? Take a bite outta this baby: A hefty scoop of freshly boiled bug meat deposited on a grill-toasted hot-dog bun, with lettuce and a dollop of mayo on top.

The joint: In a part of the country where they serve lobster at McDonald's, the rivalry to eviscerate crustaceans for profit is savagely fierce. The Lobster Shack narrowly edged out a win for best lobster roll in this year's annual Maine *Portland Press Herald* readers' poll. Since 1968 the Shack has been blowing through 14,000 pounds of fresh meat a year. This place serves up so much claw that it once denied ex-president George Bush a private meal for demanding that it close down during the busy lunch hour. They won our vote!

Notable clientele: The Grateful Dead

Best drink: Shipyard Stout or Geary's Ale—Maine microbrews that locals guzzle by the case.

Taste test: "It's sinewy and salty with lots of fat," said one tester, "like Jimmy Hoffa's flesh after marinating on the ocean floor. And I mean that in a *good* way." ***(207-799-1677)***

Italian Hoagy

The White House, Atlantic City, NJ ($9.70)

The fare: This John Holmesian 20-incher stacks provolone, cappicola, salami, and Italian bologna on a semi-crisp Italian roll. Then it's smothered in tomatoes, onions, hot peppers, oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and oregano.

The joint: White House fans span from the glitter of Hollywood to hotshot politicians to death-row inmates looking for a last meal. (No, we're not kidding…more fat for frying!) This place grabs more rolls (500 a day) than Richard Simmons at a book signing.

Notable clientele: Bill Cosby, Joan Rivers, and Don Rickles (We assume all three were looking for work.)

Best drink: Seven and seven

Taste test: After sitting on it first to make it edible ("It's friggin' gigantic!"), one tester noted that it "tastes like someone crammed an entire deli down my throat. Sure, it's the best sandwich I've ever eaten. But no wonder people from Jersey are so fat." ***(609-345-1564)***

Sliced Pork Sandwich

Cozy Corner, Memphis, TN ($3.95)

The fare: Four ounces of "Boston butt" pig meat, smoked in a charcoal pit, then laid on a six-inch toasted sesame seed bun. Add slaw and secret homemade sauce; drool accordingly.

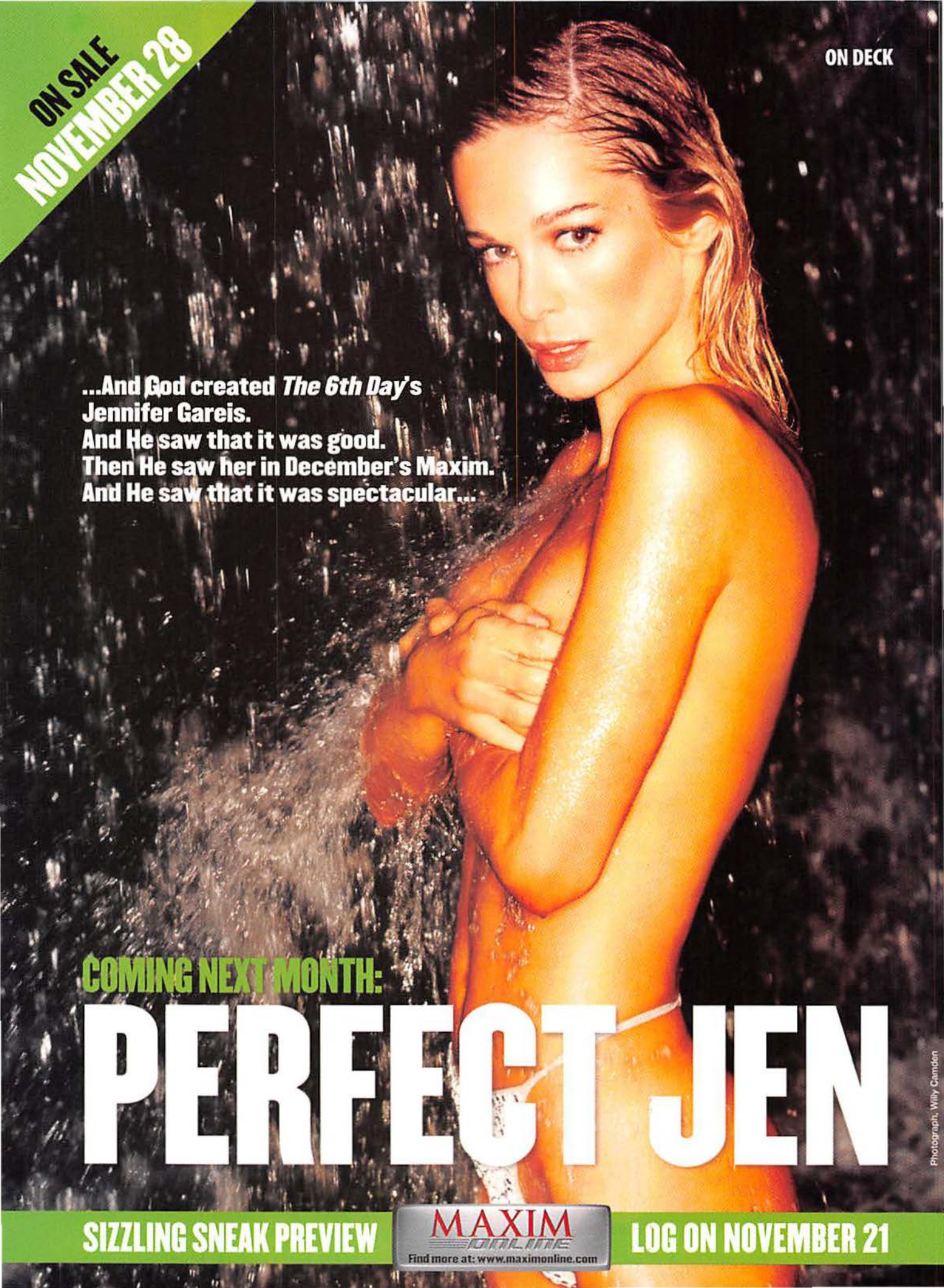
The joint: "Cozy Corner takes its pork seriously," says *Memphis Commercial Appeal* food writer Fredric Koeppel. (Hmm, so do we.) Opened in '77, this joint sees more Boston pig butt pass by than Steven Tyler's doorman—210 pounds per week. The secret to their sandwich's spicy tang: the rub, a mix of seasonings they massage onto the beasts before sending them to the furnaces.

Notable clientele: Danny DeVito, Robert Duvall

Best drink: A cup of iced tea, finished with a shot of Rebell Yell

Taste test: Our boys pigged out, literally. "Other white meat, my ass," said one converted tester. "This peppery meat tastes way richer than any turkey." Added a Hebrew staffer: "This is awesome. Please don't tell my mom." ***(901-527-9158)***

Photographs, Maria Quiroga; food stylist, Megan Schlowe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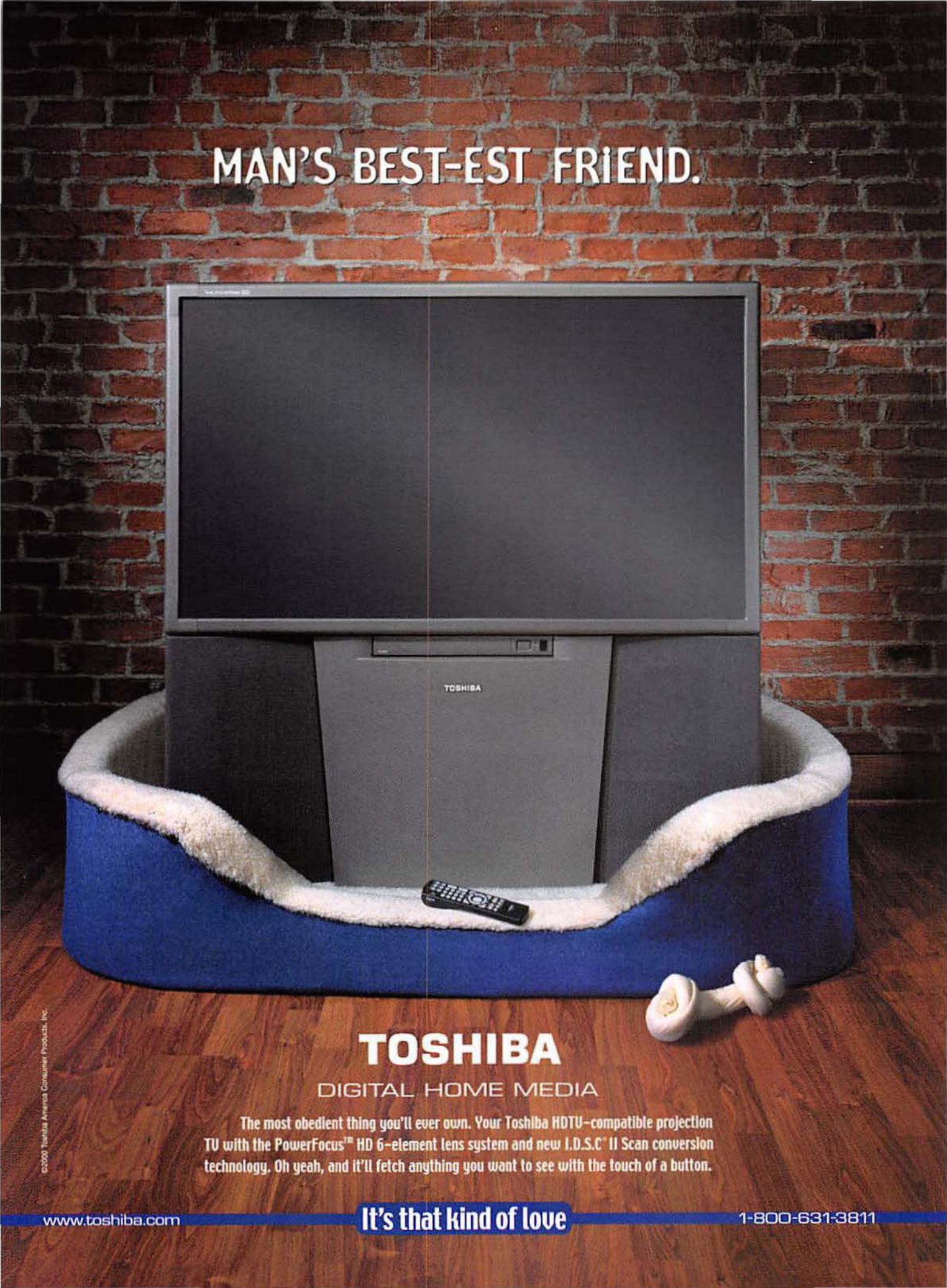
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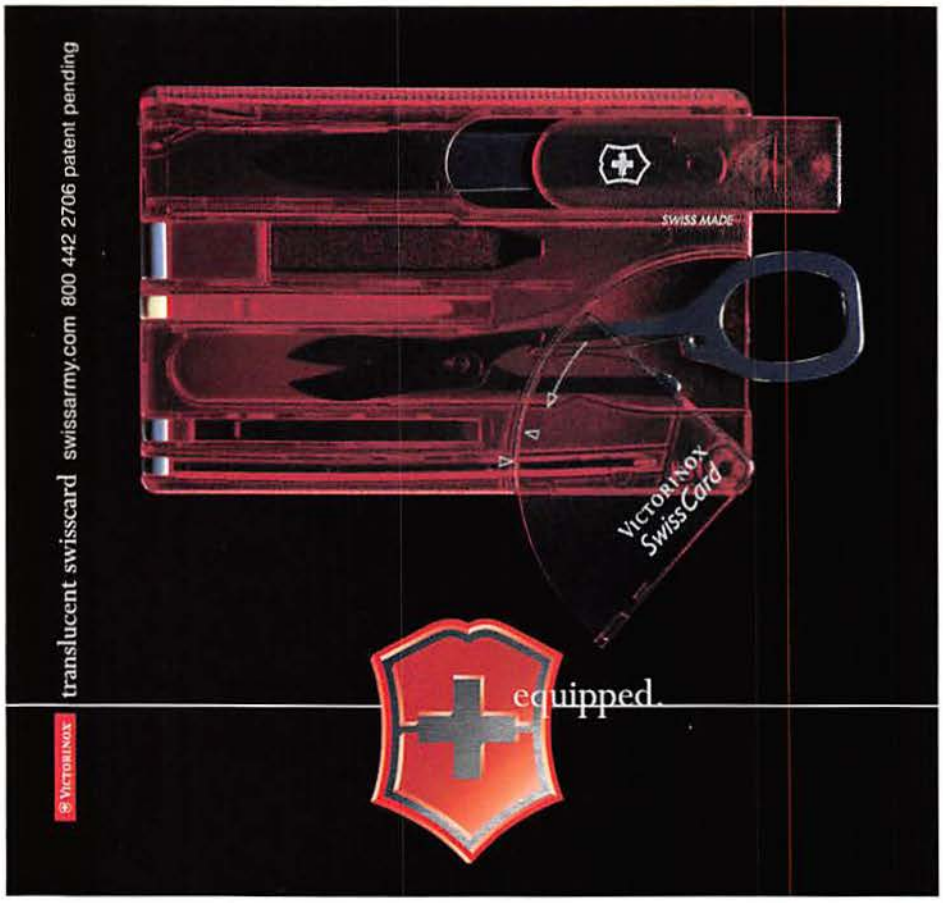

BUYING GUIDE

A CUT ABOVE

Pages 216–217: Suit, $1,295, by Canali, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; at Kap's, Andover, MA; and at James Clothiers, McLean, VA. Shirt, $175, by Canali, at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; at Richard's, Greenwich, CT; and at Andrisen Morton, Denver. Tie, $95, by Canali, at Mitchell's, Westport, CT, and at Rubenstein Bros, New Orleans. Shoes, $380, by Salvatore Ferragamo, at Salvatore Ferragamo stores and at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. Pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, at Nordstrom, and at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Page 218:** Suit, $1,950, shirt, $275, and tie, $125, all by Jack Simpson for Dormeuil, at Dormeuil, NYC. Pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores and at select Neiman Marcus stores. Cuff links, $175, by Catherine Zadeh, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. **Page 219:** Suit, $1,675, by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna stores, at Neiman Marcus, and at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shirt, $125, by Thomas Pink, at Thomas Pink, NYC; or call (888) 336-1192. Tie, $90, and pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, at Nordstrom, and at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores. Shoes, $595, by A. Testoni Black Label; call (877) TESTONI. **Page 220:** Suit, $18,750, shirt, $475, and tie, $115, all by Giorgio Armani Classico, at Giorgio Armani, NYC. **Page 222:** Suit, $1,225, by Cerruti 1881, at Cerruti store, NYC. Shirt, $350, by Lorenzini, at Louis Boston; at Bergdorf Goodman; at Stanley Korshak, Dallas; and at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco. Tie, $175, by Kiton, at Bergdorf Goodman; at Louis Boston; at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; and at select Neiman Marcus stores. Pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, at Nordstrom, and at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Page 224:** (foreground) Suit, $2,100, shirt, $140, and tie, $98, all by Davide Cenci, at Davide Cenci, NYC. (background) Suit, $1,200, by Hickey-Freeman, at Bergdorf Goodman. Shirt, $225, and tie, $90, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores and at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Nordstrom stores. Pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, at Nordstrom, and at select Neiman Marcus stores. **Page 226:** Suit, $2,600, shirt, $260, and tie, $98, all by Loro Piana, at Loro Piana, NYC; or call (212) 879-2805. Pocket square, $68, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, at Nordstrom, and at select Neiman Marcus stores. Shoes, $380, by Salvatore Ferragamo, at Salvatore Ferragamo stores and at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores.

FEETS OF GLORY

Pages 230–231: (from left) Shoes, $795, by Warren Edwards, at Warren Edwards, NYC. Trousers from a suit, $1,250, by Everett Hall, at Everett Hall boutiques. Shoes, $130, by Skechers; call (800) SHOE-411 or visit www.skechers.com. Trousers, $68, by Gap, at Gap stores; or call (800) GAP-STYLE; or visit www.gap.com. Shoes, $420, by Gucci, at Gucci stores and at Jeffrey, NYC. Trousers, $410, by Tom Ford for Gucci, at select Gucci stores. Shoes, $175, by Cole Haan; call (800) 201-8001. Trousers, $145, by Corneliani, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes, $660, by A. Testoni; call (877) TESTONI. Trousers from a suit, $3,200, by Gianfranco Ferre, at Gianfranco Ferre stores, NYC and Beverly Hills. Shoes, $75, by Dexter; call (888) 8DEXTER or visit www.dextershoe.com. Trousers, $55, by Dockers; call (800) DOCKERS or visit www.dockers.com. Shoes, $263, by To Boot New York Adam Derrick, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Trousers, $425, by Cerruti, at Cerruti boutique, NYC. Boots, $225, by Donald J. Pliner; call (888) 307-1630. Trousers, $110, by Louis Raphael, at Robinson's, L.A. Shoes, $185, and trousers, $99, by Kenneth Cole New York; call (800) KEN-COLE or visit www.kennethcole.com. Shoes, $185, by Johnston & Murphy, at Dillard's, at Nordstrom, and at Macy's; or call (888) 792-3272. Trousers from a suit, $795, by Joseph Abboud, at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's stores.

TIE ONE ON

Pages 232–233: Shirt, $39.50, and tie, $37.50, by Perry Ellis Portfolio; visit www.perryellis.com. Shirt, $39.50, by Geoffrey Beene, at Lord & Taylor, NYC; at Robinson's, L.A.; at Dayton Hudson, MN; and at Macy's. Tie, $37.50, by Claiborne, at Lord & Taylor, at Macy's, and at Dayton Hudson. Shirt, $155, by Calvin Klein, at Calvin Klein, NYC; and at Bergdorf Goodman. Tie, $50, by cK, at Bloomingdale's and at Macy's. Shirt, $40, and tie, $39, by Regis, at Macy's, at Rich's, at JCPenney, at Lord & Taylor, at Filene's, and at Dillard's. **Page 234:** Shirt, $85, and tie, $95, by Boss Hugo Boss; call (800) HUGO-BOSS. Shirt, $50, and tie, $40, by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call (800) 888-8802. Shirt, $135, and tie, $75, by Davide Cenci, at Davide Cenci, NYC. Shirt, $495, by Kiton, at select Neiman Marcus stores, at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; at Louis Boston; and at Bergdorf Goodman. Tie, $115, by Massimo Bizzochi, at select Neiman Marcus stores, at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; at Louis Boston; and at Bergdorf Goodman. **Page 236:** Shirt, $325, by Lorenzini, at Bergdorf Goodman, at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; at Louis Boston; and at Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Tie, $115, by Massimo Bizzochi, at select Neiman Marcus stores; at Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; at Louis Boston; and at Bergdorf Goodman. Shirt, $97, and tie, $80, by Joseph Abboud, at select Nordstrom and Bloomingdale's stores. Shirt, $125, and tie, $85, by Thomas Pink, at Thomas Pink stores; or call (888) 336-1192. Shirt, $155, and tie, $85, by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores and at Nordstrom; or call (800) 747-8778.

TIME BANDITS

Page 238: Watches, $95 each, by cK; call (877) 839-5223.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 242: Tommy Hilfiger, $50, at select department stores; or call (800) 888-8002. BCBG Max Azria Menswear; call (888) 636-BCBG. Roberto Cavalli, $1,000, at Roberto Cavalli, NYC.

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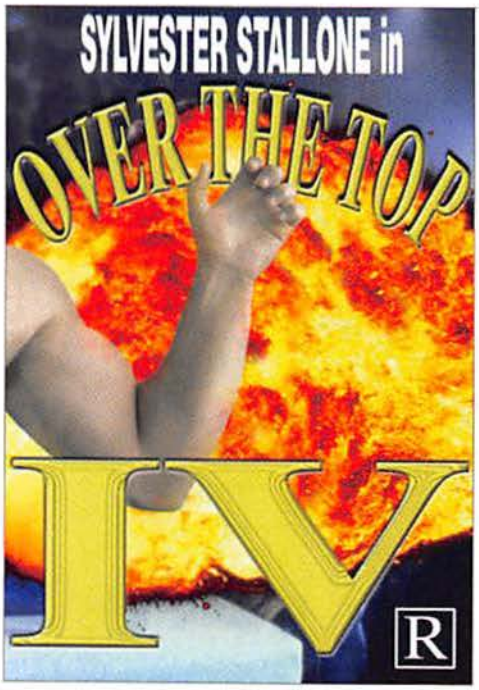

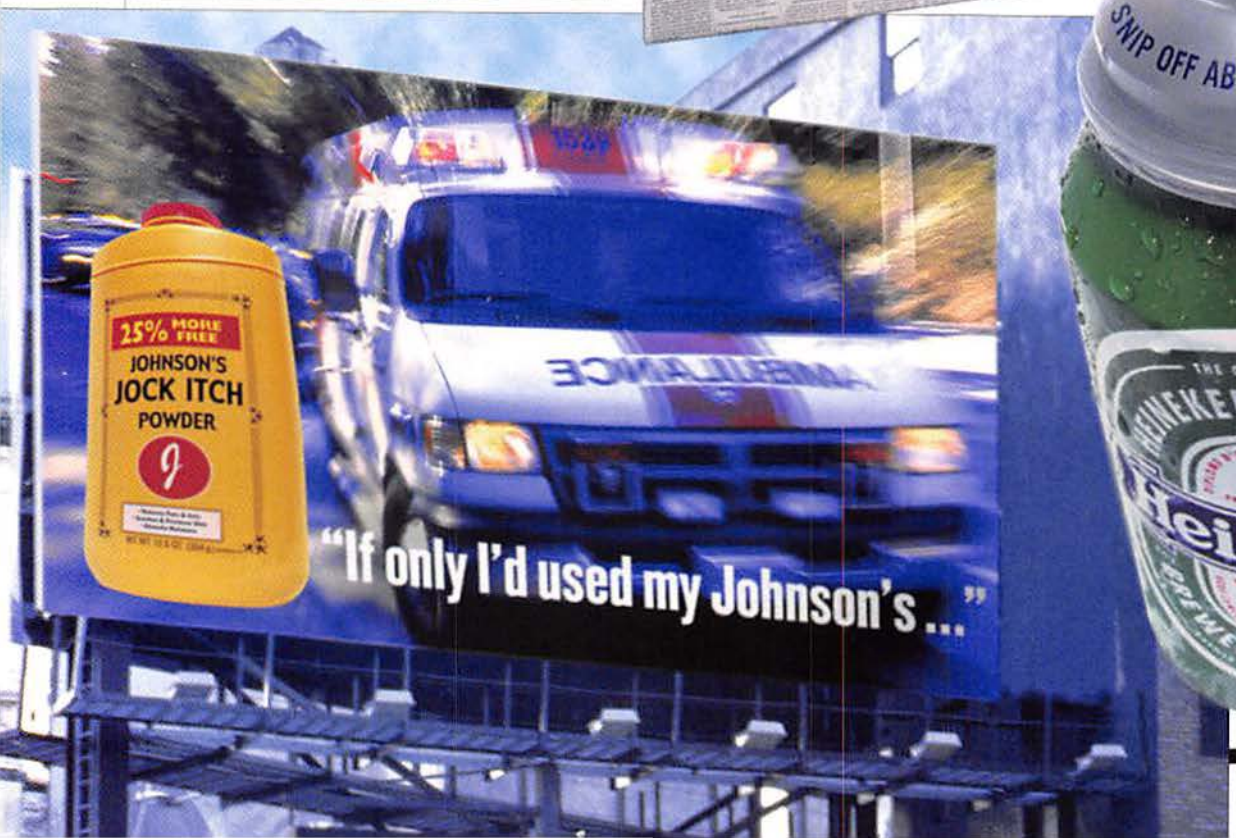

Photo-illustrations, www.sosnovsky.com; photographs, Robert Glasgow (still-life)

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